PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
SEPT. 1983 $3.00
CANADA $3.50

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:

MALCOLM FORBES
TAD SZULC
BOOM BOOM MANCINI
JACK ANDERSON
HARRISON SALISBURY
MICHAEL KORDA
XAVIERA HOLLANDER
DOCTOR RUTH WESTHEIMER

PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

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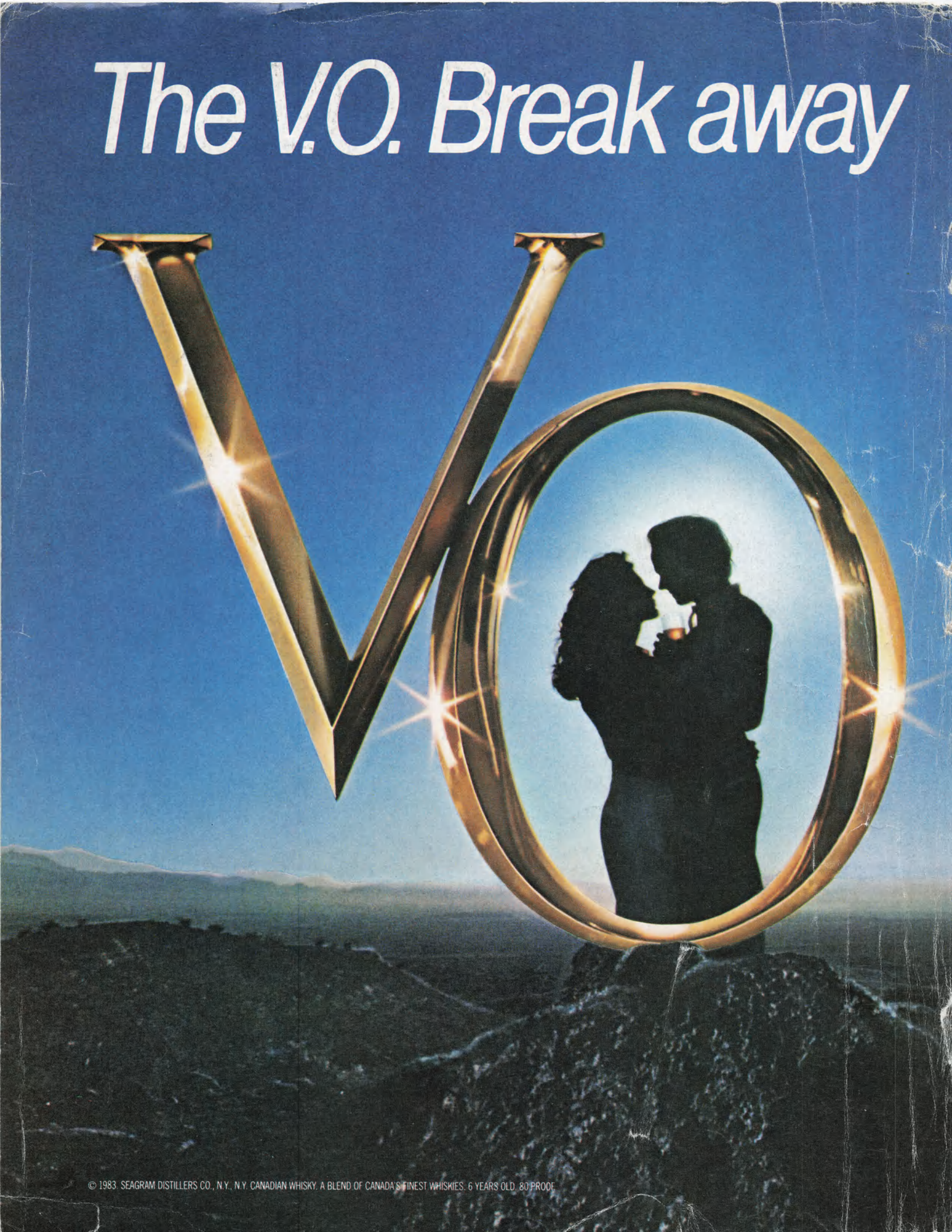
The V.O. Break away



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1. On an official entry form or plain 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address, zip code and the name of the former Governor General of Canada whose name appears on the Seagram's V.O. label. You can obtain this information by looking at any V.O. bottle at your favorite liquor store or bar or by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Seagram's V.O. Label Request, P.O. Box 82320, St. Paul, MN 55182. **2.** Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by September 15, 1983. Your entry must also include the correct answer to the question on the entry form. Prizewinners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of entries received by Siebel/Mohr, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. **3.** Grand Prize Winners (3) will each receive $25,000 to be used for a "Break away" vacation of their choice. All prizewinners will be notified by mail. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prizewinner. **4.** Prizewinners must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home states. Only one prize per family or household. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes, approximately valued at $200,000, will be awarded. **5.** Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental U.S., Hawaii and Alaska. Employees of Seagram Distillers Co. and their families, its affiliates and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, advertising agencies and judging organization are not eligible. Sweepstakes void in Ohio and Texas and where restricted or prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws apply. Prizewinners are required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release, including publicity rights to use names and pictures of winners without compensation. **6.** A list of major prizewinners may be obtained after October 15, 1983 by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: V.O. "Break away" Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 82341, St. Paul, MN 55182.

SEAGRAM'S V.O. "BREAK AWAY" SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

MAIL TO: SEAGRAM'S V.O. "BREAK AWAY" SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. BOX 82342, ST. PAUL, MN 55182

I have read the sweepstakes rules and would like to enter the Seagram's V.O. "Break away" Sweepstakes. I certify that I am of legal drinking age in my home state.

To enter the sweepstakes, take a look at any V.O. label. You can see that V.O. is distilled, aged, blended, and bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government. But every label also includes the name of Canada's former Governor General. What is his name?

ANSWER_____

NAME_____ AGE____ SEX____

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PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/September 1983 Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

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This month's cover features Lisa Schultz, who was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon 35mm camera and a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 187.

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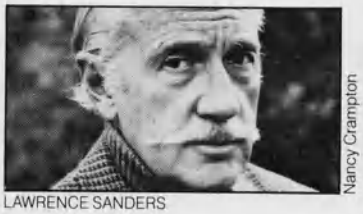
DR. RUTH


LAWRENCE SANDERS

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TAD SZULC

SCOT MORRIS

John Muth
BILL LEE

HOUSECALL

We're celebrating our fourteenth anniversary with this very special issue of *Penthouse*, and true to our fashion, we're celebrating it in a very special way–by giving our readers, along with ourselves, a birthday gift to cherish and remember: a veritable cornucopia of pictorial and literary treasures. But first, we require your assistance in selecting our 1983 Pet of the Year–a most pleasurably difficult decision at best, but one that will have even greater ramifications later this year. In an internationally televised extravaganza, our newly crowned American Pet of the Year will compete with similar Pets of the Year from over thirty countries in what will certainly be the biggest, richest, and most glittering beauty pageant of all time. The particular young lady whose personality, sexiness, and good looks win her the title of *Penthouse*'s first International Pet of the Year will receive a coronation gift worthy of her new station in life: a $1 million Grand Prize Award! This unique gift and the gala festivities surrounding its bestowal will initiate a tradition worthy of *Penthouse* and our many millions of reader-supporters around the world. So we ask your help in deciding who should be America's own Pet of the Year, and–at the same time–find out how you can win an all-expense-paid holiday as one of the judges in this historic, globally televised first competition. All the delectable details–pictorial and otherwise–begin on page 60.

Competition of a less combustible sort is featured in **Scot Morris**'s all-new "Games" column, beginning this month on page 150. Morris's "Games" and "Competitions" have been among the most popular staples of our sister magazine *Omni* for five years. In *Penthouse*, he tells us, "the emphasis will be on popular culture–sports, cars, entertainment, gambling, and sex–as well as science and the future."

What's happening these days in Latin America is no game, except perhaps for those people who are determined to see history repeat itself. Since no one seems clear about how we got mired down in that unhappy part of the world, we asked veteran investigative reporter **Tad Szulc** to find the answer. His exclusive report, "El Salvador Is Spanish for Vietnam" (page 56), is not reassuring. Szulc, whose outstanding thirty-year coverage of Washington and Latin America has made him one of America's leading experts on that area, found that "the blind policies of two succeeding U.S. administrations have made El Salvador a crucial spot in world affairs, playing right into the hands of the Kremlin and its friends." Along with Szulc's report is a shocking interview with a death-squad leader in El Salvador's Usulután province, conducted by **Jeff B. Harmon** (page 58). In case anyone is under any illusions about what's happening there, Fernando, who graphically describes the torture and murder that comprise his occupation, is happy to set the record straight: "This is a civil war, whether you want it or not. It's a fucking war, the same way it was in Vietnam."

Even as we brace ourselves for another military and political fiasco, we have not yet finally and decently come to terms with the 4 million men who served in the last one. Because of our ten-year history of ceaselessly campaigning and lobbying for veterans' rights, *Penthouse* decided that this special anniversary issue should take a fresh look at where these once forsaken and despised heroes find themselves today. On special assignment for *Penthouse*, **Harrison E. Salisbury**, a Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter and editor and one of the world's most respected journalists, spoke to veterans across the land to find out if the long conspiracy of silence against them had at last ended–and about the effects of those many years of neglect. His article–angry, heartbreaking, but not entirely without optimism–begins on page 72.

Our interview this month is a no-holds-barred conversation with publishing superstar **Malcolm Forbes**, the irrepressible optimist whose extraordinary interests and areas of expertise include, among others, ballooning and cross-country motorcycling, art collecting, antiques, rare homes and castles, real estate, government, and, of course, business and economics. As head of *Forbes* magazine, he presides over one of the largest and most successful business publications in the world, and in this exclusive interview with writer and former *Penthouse* editor **Joe Spieler** (page 106), Forbes explains persuasively why he believes that "all those that have been pessimistic for very long about this country–its future and its growth–are wrong."

Dr. Ruth Westheimer is another original. Perpetually witty, cheerful, and unflappable, with a real quality of caring about people, she hosts phone-in radio and television programs that have brought this diminutive, grandmotherly doctor national fame and fortune. In our excerpt from *Dr. Ruth's Guide to Good Sex* (published by Warner Books), you can read actual transcripts of some of her most unusual–and amusing–conversations with her listeners (page 110).

This month's fiction is an exclusive preview of the latest novel by best-selling author **Lawrence Sanders** (who wrote *The Third Deadly Sin* and *The Case of Lucy Bending*, among many others). *The Seduction of Peter S.* (page 76), which will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is an irreverent look into the world of male prostitution as seen through the eyes of an unemployed actor who discovers that he can use his skills in a much more lucrative, and enjoyable, occupation.

Other special features of this Fourteenth Anniversary Issue include: investigative columnist **Jack Anderson**'s blistering "Advise & Dissent" on libel laws (page 98); a slightly tongue-in-cheek essay by *Power!* author **Michael Korda** on the use and abuse of telephones, featuring some of the most innovative and unusual phones on the market (page 144); champion boxer **"Boom Boom" Mancini**'s sporting look at this fall's sophisticated men's wear (page 128); and dangerously handsome Humor Editor **Bill Lee**'s sensitive and insightful view of what might have happened if William Tell had been of a different ethnic persuasion (if you don't understand why we call this humor, just turn to page 148).

There's no misunderstanding about why *Penthouse* has been so successful; for fourteen years we've consistently had the most beautiful girls and the most loyal readers in the world...perfect birthday gifts, year after year.

For those of us
with expensive tastes
and smart money.

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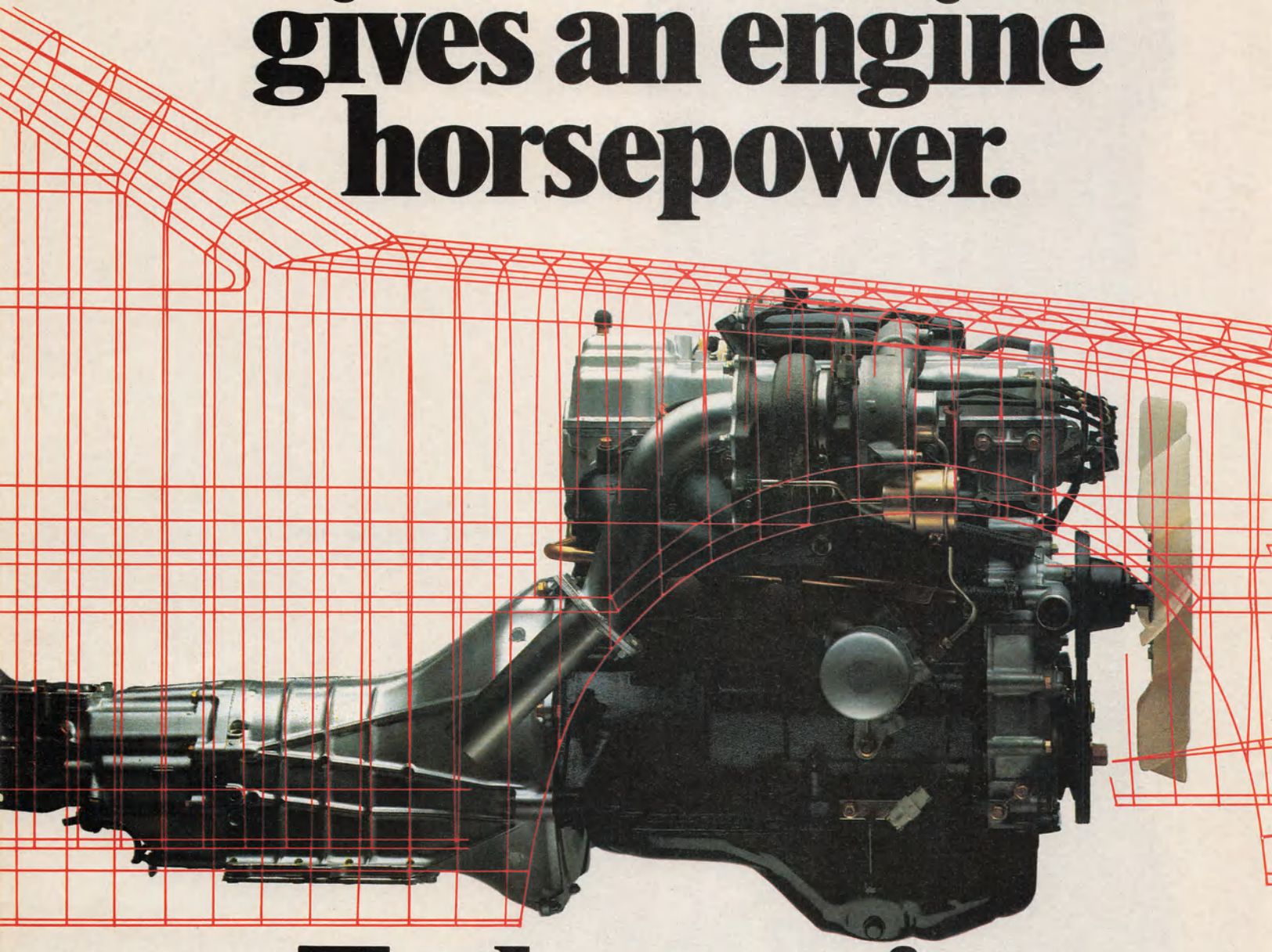
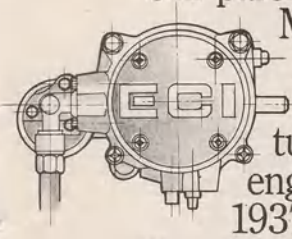
Turbocharging gives an engine horsepower.



Turbotronics™ gives an engine the brains to use it.

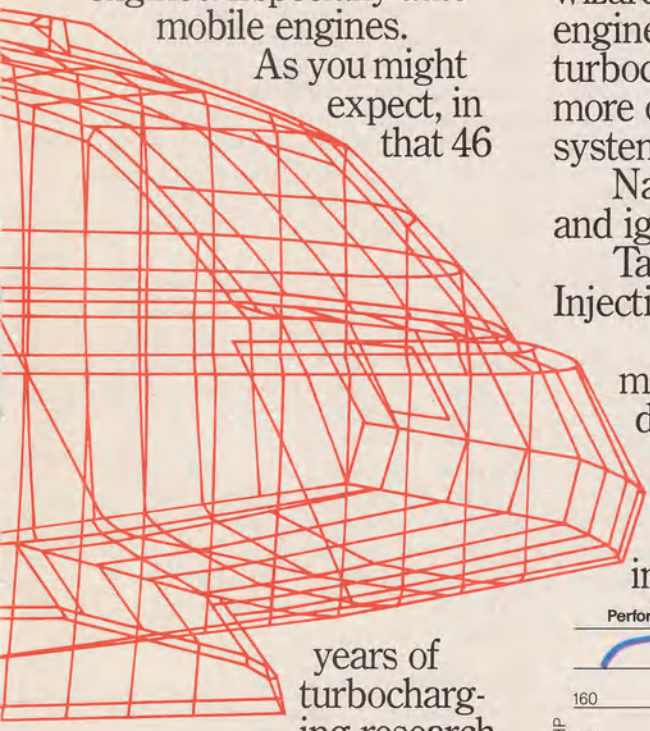
At Mitsubishi Motors, we're anything but new to the science of turbocharging.

Our parent company, Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, has been turbocharging engines since 1937.



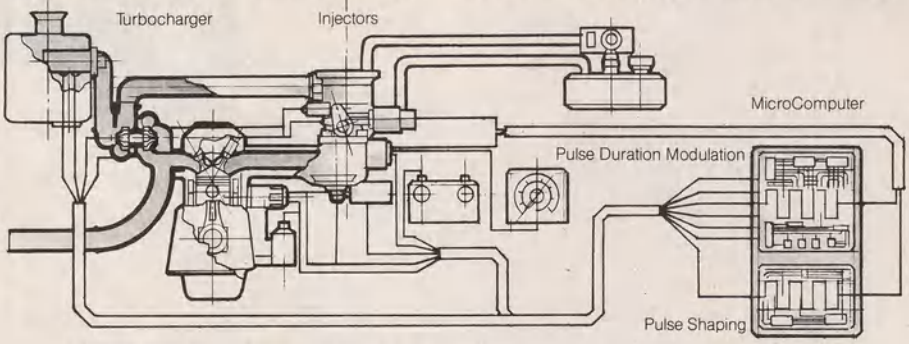
Everything from airplane engines and motorcycle engines to automobile engines. Especially automobile engines.

As you might expect, in that 46 years of turbocharging research, engineering and testing, there can be found more than a little knowledge about the subject.



Knowledge Mitsubishi Motors engineers have put to work in our high performance engines.

Like the fact that simply bolting on a turbocharger will give an engine plenty of horsepower but very little in the way of flexibility, reliability or durability.

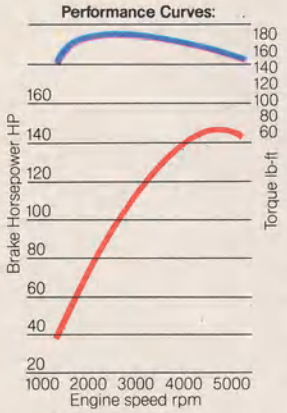


Which is where Turbotronics™ comes in. Turbotronics is a bit of electronic wizardry that allows an engine to get more out of turbocharging by getting more out of other vital systems.

Namely fuel injection and ignition.

Take Electronic Control Injection for example.

ECI incorporates a microprocessor to digitally control fuel injection volume according to up-to-the-millisecond readings of air temperature, throttle position, throttle opening speed, battery voltage and air flow.



The electronic ignition system, on the other hand, utilizes a turbo boost pressure sensor and a knock sensor to retard or advance ignition timing for varying engine loads and driving conditions.

All of which adds up to smooth low rpm performance without sacrificing speed at high rpm.

Even the turbocharger itself is backed up by a two-way electronic control system: a standard wastegate operated by excess boost, and a special control circuit that includes a thermovalve to prevent the engine from being over taxed before it's completely warmed-up.

The result of Turbotronics is small, powerful engines with plenty of flexibility and performance, thanks to optimum combustion under all engine loads.

Which, in plain English, means usable turbocharged horsepower.

Horsepower that can only be appreciated in one way: when you step on the throttle of a Mitsubishi Motors powered automobile.

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PENTHOUSE®

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SEPTEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

HAPPINESS IS . . .

I've read your stories with great pleasure but it seems that all the guys who write in find movie stars as sex partners. I've found and want to pass on to your readers my most enjoyable experience. I'm six feet four, weigh 245 pounds, and am built like a linebacker. I also look like Robert Redford.

One night I was coming home from a hunting trip when my truck broke down. It was raining, and no one was in sight. I started walking. Finally, after about half an hour, along came a car and stopped. A woman was driving and wanted to know my problem. I told her about my breakdown and she said I should hop in and she'd get me help. I was soaked to my ass, and she said first we would go to her cabin and dry me off. Well, I thought I was big, but she was bigger. As we drove, our hips actually touched, moving slowly to the motion of the car. I started to get a hard-on from this contact. By the time we got to her cabin, I really had one. My rod was as hard as steel.

It was dark and I hadn't really gotten a good look at her face. She opened the door. A fire was burning and it was really cozy and warm. Then she turned the light on. What a face! She had teeth missing and bulging eyes and a long, crooked nose. Damn, if she wasn't the ugliest woman I've ever seen.

She was dressed in a brown sack dress but her hair was beautiful and well-kept.

She told me to go in and take off my wet clothes and she would dry them for me. She told me to put on one of her housecoats. Damn, it was so big I felt like I was standing in a tent. She told me to sit by the fire and warm up. She had a bearskin rug, so I lay down. I was so relaxed, and very tired, that I fell asleep easily.

All of a sudden, I felt something wet tickling my toes. I looked down and there she was, stark ass-naked. She worked her way up my legs to my cock. She really had me going. My cock was as hard as steel. She sucked my balls and lapped at me. I was really enjoying it, but in the light from the fire I could see her big, sacky tits, with two brown spots as big as silver dollars. Her nipples were half an inch long, and the flab from her belly was just hanging, like a dog's belly right after having pups. She kept sucking until I blew my load in her mouth.

I relaxed and lay back, and she lay down beside me. I began fingering her warm, juicy pussy. To my surprise I could just about get my ring finger in. Boy, she was tight. I began sucking her tits. Her nipples were the hardest I've ever sucked on. I finally got two fingers inside her wanting pussy; it was like a pump, slowly taking my fingers in. We started French-kissing and our tongues wrapped together in the space where her teeth were missing. By this time my cock was hard again and she begged me to fuck her. Well, I climbed up on this mountain of flesh and sunk in. She guided my cock into her pussy. Believe me, it was like trying to put it in a Coke bottle. She was dripping with wetness and finally I got it in. My balls were flapping against her clit and I felt like my cock was being sucked off my body. She hunched and pumped, lifting me like I weighed 100 pounds. I couldn't take it anymore and told her I was going to come. She let out a scream and we came together. Wow! What a fuck!

I lay on top for about a half hour and I still had to pull to get my limp cock out of her wet, tight pussy. I looked at her and almost fainted. She was bald. Her wig fell off; she had little stubbles of hair and big, bald ugly spots. I'd been fucked and sucked before, but never like this. I stayed for two wonderful days and really enjoyed it. All you guys can have the beautiful ones: I'll enjoy the unwanted and forgotten ones. She told me that was the first time she had been fucked in ten years. I'm going back on a pussy-loving trip soon.—*Name and address withheld*

HERE, HERE!

Seven years and hundreds of pantyhose later, my life has become totally captured with the daily demand of wearing my sheer, soft, sexy lingerie. Included in my wardrobe are two mini-slips, three dozen bikini panties, two panty girdles, and a dozen pantyhose, both support and nude, in black, white, and taupe. All this would seem natural until you learn that I am a healthy man who has found in these last several years that my lingerie collection is an obsession.

I found great excitement in my shopping at department and grocery stores for my pantyhose, love the feeling next to my body, and find that I am constantly hard and excited throughout the day when I wear my pantyhose. I am a successful lawyer, and I find that I want to disclose my feelings to the women I date, and have found a 50 percent failure in the open-minded women of today. Only one girl friend continues to participate in my fantasy to the point that we can actually share in my selections of lingerie, although she

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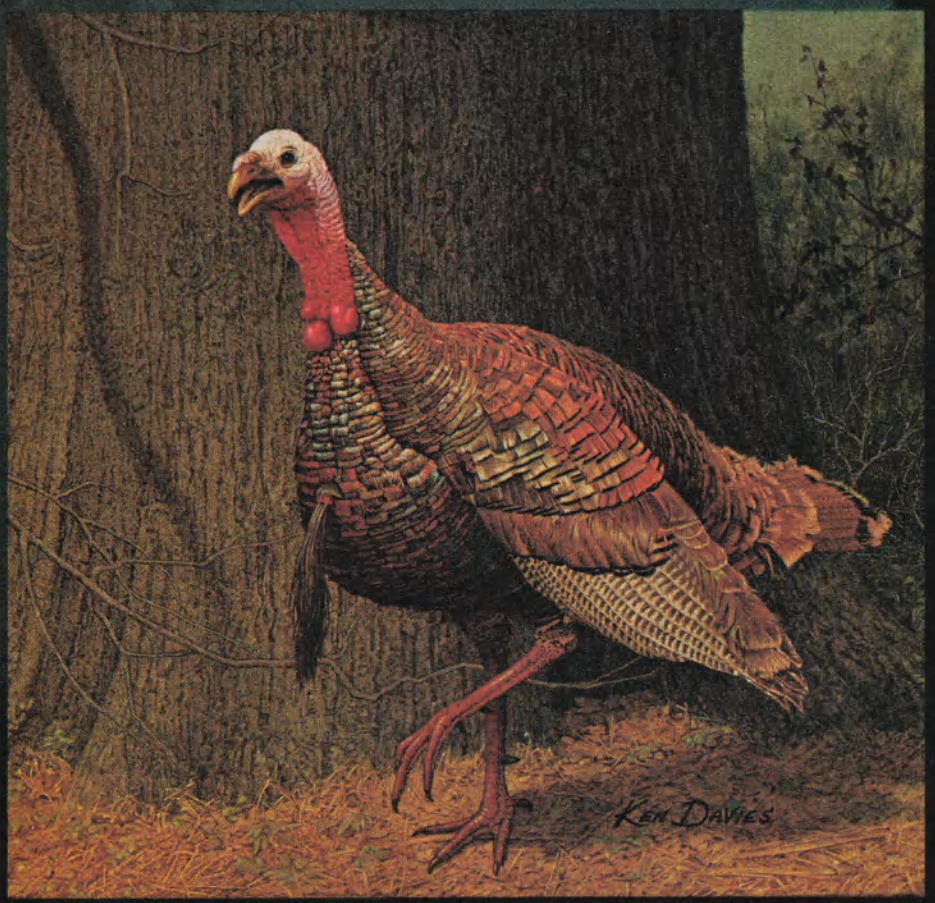

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does not go out of her way to surprise me with any goodies. From time to time, when I wear panties under my pantyhose, I seek the added satisfaction and stimulation of wearing a sanitary napkin next to my penis. The resulting pressure of the tight bikini, the support pantyhose, and the pressure of the napkin all pressing against me is fantastic.

Wearing tight white slacks, white or nude pantyhose, and spending my weekends at the major shopping-center malls in Southern California is a satisfying experience. Several articles have appeared recently in *Forum* that alleged that other men can wear shorts with their pantyhose and not be noticed in crowded surroundings . . . and I find this difficult to believe, even if they shave.

I have no desire to be anything other than a good-looking man, but find that the panty manufacturers and traditional feminine attitudes today can't deal with the facts of life. If men enjoy the nylon, silk, and satin world, we should be allowed to show and tell without fear of guilt . . . or repression.—*Name and address withheld*

M.O.

First of all, let me say that your column is one of the best features in your magazine. I've been reading your letters for several years, and I think it's great to be able to share erotic experiences with other readers.

I am presently an inmate in a Texas prison, and I would like to share an experience of my own from my last time out there in that so-called free world.

After being a guest at a prison for five and a half years, I found myself once again riding the winds of freedom. My first stop would be at my girl friend Angie's apartment. Angie is a dance instructor. She has strawberry-blond long hair, she's five foot eight, and she measures a firm 38-24-36.

I showed up at her door unexpectedly, and went into the apartment and literally ripped her clothes off while she tore at mine. I pushed her down on the four-poster bed and made her do things she didn't think possible.

I put her legs up near her hips and she was so wide open I had to hold her down because she thrashed around so much. I kissed her all over and teased her until she begged me to put it in! This long, fat dick of mine throbbed and acted like it had a mind of its own as I thrusted away deeper and deeper, with her crying from wave upon wave.

Her nipples were hard as rocks and my licking and sucking drove her wild. Then she leaned over me, her soft blond hair trailing over my body. She gave my dick a long kiss, then swallowed it up, going up and down slowly, then faster and faster, while tickling and fingering my balls, stopping only long enough to kiss and run her tongue over my chest and down to my dick again. I wanted to shoot my load, but for some reason I just couldn't—this worried me. We did it doggie-style, side by side, missionary again, standing, sitting, kneeling, you name it . . . still nothing.

We stepped into the shower, soaped each other up real good, and made love in the shower stall, slipping and sliding against the tile wall. Then I ordered her to lie down in the bathtub with her legs up and I took her like that, both of us grunting like animals and wanting more and more. Like a teenager she gave me love bites all over my neck and I acted like a love vampire on hers. I still could not come. I bit down hard on her nipple and it sent her over the edge, screaming with waves of orgasm.

Her piercing scream filled my ears, and then I heard the loud crash of the bedroom door coming down. I looked over my shoulder, only to catch the gleam of a pair of shiny handcuffs of an off-duty police officer. The glint of the handcuffs lit the firecrackers and from deep within, long streams of hot, thick come jetted out and into her womb as I bucked and slammed into her again and again. Ooooooooh! Mama!! Look at all the beautiful exploding colors! Baby, I love you! Let's hold on to this feeling forever! The police officer gave us an embarrassed look, then promptly left. I later discovered he lived across the hall, and was alerted by Angie's screams of lust.

Angie and I sat down and discussed this unusual sexual episode. I finally concluded that because of being in prison for so long, I had developed a fetish for handcuffs! "How strange," I kept saying. Angie sympathized with me and told me I should not feel ashamed. She agreed that perhaps being in jails and around cops had a psychological effect on me, but for me not to look at it as a curse, but rather as a plus because now we both knew what turned me on, and it was what made me unique. She was willing to fulfill the need!

The following morning we went shopping at a local pawn shop and each bought a brand-new pair of handcuffs. We raced back to Angie's apartment. As I took the handcuffs out of the paper bag I became very excited. My dick got harder than forty dollars' worth of jawbreakers as I slipped them on Angie's wrist, behind her back. I laid her on the bed. I was so excited and felt hot all over. Boy, my long, fat Peter was really up there!

I put her legs up around my neck and plunged into her hot pussy. She had her hands in a fist under her hips, and I moved in circles while going up and down, and she thrashed with me, trying to put my dick further into her womb. I started going like a rabbit until she cried out and fainted from the orgasm and I was at the same time shooting loads of hot sperm into her throbbing vagina. I lay on top of her and we both kissed tongues and licked the sweat from each other. Then I would reach around her back and feel the handcuffs and my dick was like a steel rod again, prodding her

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tummy. Boy, this was great! I turned her over, and on all fours she backed up to my dick. I grabbed her hips with one hand and yanked as I pumped forward.

We kept going until we were like two dogs in heat. Angie kept turning to look at me lovingly as we went until, ah, ah, I shot wads of sperm and we both fell together with me on top of her and the handcuffs by my pubic area. Nice . . .

Now that I'm back in prison, I have the luxury of catching the gleam of handcuffs. During the daily routine count when a guard passes my cell, I get a hard-on and whack off like there's no tomorrow.—*Name and address withheld*

PHOTO FINISH

I am twenty-one and my boyfriend is twenty-four. We are both great fans of *Penthouse* magazine and are especially turned on by the beautiful photography and the letters in the "Forum" section. We always read the letters together, and they never fail to get us super hot and horny. Our favorite letters, though, deal with the subject of masturbation, which is one of our very favorite erotic pastimes.

Ed is a real hunk. He has light brown hair and blue eyes, he is six foot one, weighs 180 pounds, has a trim, firm physique, and an absolutely gorgeous eight-inch cock. I, on the other hand, have sandy blond hair that falls over my breasts, blue eyes, am five-five, and weigh 120 pounds. I am very proud of my figure, which is 37C-24-36, and I love showing it off—especially my tits, cunt, and ass, which is round and firm.

Ed and I have been lovers for about a year, but it wasn't until six months ago that we discovered our mutual enjoyment of masturbation. We were sitting around one evening, smoking joints and getting really high, when he suggested that it would be a great turn-on if I would model in the nude for him. As I said, I love showing my body off, so I was very receptive to the idea. "I have only one stipulation," I told him. "I want you to pose for me, too!" Ed readily agreed, and got his 35mm camera loaded with film and attached the flash . . . ready for action!

He began taking some shots of me as I began slowly undressing in the living room. The grass had me feeling extremely sexy and sensual, and this, combined with Ed's encouraging remarks as he photographed me, was really firing up my exhibitionist urges.

Once naked, I began to caress myself before the camera, cupping my ample breasts, squeezing my erect nipples, and occasionally stroking my downy pussy hair. Ed, while telling me how sexy and beautiful I looked, instructed me to lie down on the couch . . . "Just relax, babe," he told me, "and let yourself flow with your feelings." I allowed my fantasies to run free and imagined I was truly modeling for *Penthouse*. I thought of all the tens of thousands of men who would be seeing my nude pictures, and perhaps, would even jerk off while looking at me, wishing they could fuck me.

These thoughts were making my pussy throb and my juices flowed freely as I cast all inhibitions aside—I wanted these photos to be the sexiest possible. I licked my lips and wantonly gazed at the camera as I spread my legs wide, revealing the flowering, wet folds of my pink pussy. My clit was erect and swollen as I rolled it between my fingers. Throwing my head back, I massaged my heaving breasts with my other hand as I guided first one, then two fingers into the tight, hot sleeve of my pussy channel.

Ed kept telling me how hot I was making him, how I looked like a purely sexual bitch, and how my image was going to burn holes in the film. I loved it! I allowed myself to become totally narcissistic, moaning as I pumped my fingers deep into my seething cunt. My hips began to undulate, pumping back in rhythm to my finger-fucking movements as I bent my head forward, lifting my breasts toward my mouth so that I could tongue my sensitive nipples. I was going totally wild with self-lust, moaning constantly as I writhed and masturbated before the camera, oblivious to everything except my own intense pleasure and the steady bursts of light from the flash.

The surges of pleasure were building to an agonizing peak when I finally rolled off the edge. I groaned loudly as the waves swept me to orgasmic bliss, pounding my fingers deep and hard into my steaming slit, savoring the incredible pleasure I was feeling.

After resting for several minutes and returning to my senses, I took one look at the huge bulge in Ed's trousers and told him it was his turn to pose for me. "I need to get something first," he said. He quickly returned from the bathroom with a jar of Vaseline, saying, "I don't have the benefit of natural lubricants," smiling devilishly.

"Okay, babe," I said, "get naked for me!"

He wasted no time in undressing. When I saw the engorged condition of his hard-on, I realized that he must be experiencing extreme discomfort. Ed assumed my position on the couch as I began photographing him, my pussy still wet and juices running down the inside of my thighs.

"Your cock looks so good, honey. Stroke it for me now, and make it feel good for me." Ed smeared a healthy serving of the jelly over his thick shaft and also on his balls, making everything glimmer and glisten, reflecting the room's light. My mouth was watering as I watched him wrap his hand around the circumference of his shaft, then slowly begin to slide up and down the entire length in smooth, slow strokes. I eagerly photographed this erotic sight, watching him stroke, squeeze, and milk that beautiful fuck-meat. The motions of his movements were causing his swol-

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len balls to roll back and forth in their sack, and the shaft and head were a deep purple color, engorged and distended to incredible proportions.

Ed now was pumping ferociously on his fuck-stick, and I knew he was close to coming. "Do it for me, Ed. I want to see you come for me, sweetie. Make it squirt hard for me—make it come!"

Ed let out a long, low groan and, as his hand slid down the shaft, he pushed his hips upward and exploded violently. I believe I actually had a mini-orgasm as I watched the first thick stream of sperm squirt through the air and splash forcefully across his face, neck, and chest. Somehow I managed to continue working the camera, attempting to capture each shot of come-juice as it sailed out of Ed's pulsing prick. He came for an eternity, shooting in exhaustion. He was covered in steamy pools of rich, thick jism as I set down the camera and joined him on the couch. I licked some of his tasty come off his face as I pressed my body against his, smearing his warm juices over our flesh while swaddling his still-hard prick with my seething cunt. He entered me as we writhed together like shameless animals, fucking hard and fast until we achieved simultaneous orgasms within a few minutes. We then fell sound asleep, like babies, for most of the night.

Well, we got the pictures back shortly after that eventful evening, and they are fantastic, I get really hot whenever I look at them, and in two of the pictures of Ed, you can clearly see his come squirting through the air! I love it!

Since then, Ed and I have taken pictures of us together, putting the camera on a tripod and using the self-timer. But by far our biggest thrill has come from our newfound joy of masturbating together. We jerk off together at least once or twice a week now and we both agree that our comes are some of the best we've had. Ed always uses Vaseline when we jerk off, and now I have two beautiful dildos that I use to give myself a beautiful, deep fuck.

Masturbation may not be the only way to get off, but it sure has become one of my favorites!—*Name and address withheld*

FOUR'S COMPANY

My wife of twenty-two years has always been cool and reserved in public. Still a virgin when we married, she was familiar with the basics but tense and fearful on our honeymoon, even more so the first time she saw me naked with an eight-inch hard-on. It took several hours of careful preparation before she was hot enough to let me attempt any penetration.

But by the end of the week, her tight, slick pussy was hungrily sucking all eight inches three and four times a day. Fortunately for me, she did slow down a little over the years, but we still fuck at least twice a day, five days a week.

Although she loved to fuck and we've tried every position we can think of, it took her several years to get into oral sex, much to my frustration. At first, she'd allow me to tongue and suck her juicy cunt, but wouldn't return the favor. Then as more books on oral sex came out, she decided it wasn't as "dirty and perverted" as she'd thought. After the first time she felt my stiff cock throbbing in her moist, warm mouth, she took to it like a duck takes to water.

Our sexual relations improved considerably over the years, but always between the two of us. I'd often hinted at how much I'd enjoy watching her turn on, and be turned on by, another woman, but to no avail.

Last month, I'd finished with my winterizing projects and stopped by a bar where we hang out. Business was slow, and although she doesn't normally drink, she'd had a few that evening. It was then I noticed our neighbor, Rachel, was lightly brushing my wife's breasts each time she raised her glass and my wife's hands were casually resting on Rachel's bare arms. They stopped whenever I happened to glance toward them, but I could still see the activities in the bar mirror.

My wife has a very definite look in her eyes when she's getting aroused, and she was getting that look. My cock started to stiffen when I caught her letting her fingers caress Rachel's neck and across the swell of her breasts. She caught me looking, paused a moment before smiling at me, and said, "Mind if I go home, hon? Rachel and I have some things to talk about."

I don't like going home early, but this was an exceptional situation and one I'd been waiting for, for over twenty-two years. I did manage to wait for twenty minutes before walking to the cabin. My cock was so hard, it was being rubbed raw against my jeans with each step. I managed to work it free as I stood on the porch and watched between the partly open drapes as Rachel started eagerly sucking one of my wife's 38-D breasts. My wife was obviously enjoying the sensations immensely; her long legs spread further and further apart and I could see her hips start thrusting against Rachel's leg.

I began jacking off as Rachel moved her lips from my wife's tits and down along her body until she reached the thick black bush barely covering the already swollen cunt lips.

Then as I watched Rachel begin to bury her tongue deep into my wife's slit, I suddenly realized I wasn't alone. Jean, Rachel's husband, was standing next to me, intently watching. He soon began jacking off as my wife began returning the pleasures to Rachel.

Jean and I looked at each other, somewhat embarrassed, as we both jacked off while watching our wives enjoying themselves. We started laughing at the situation and then I motioned toward the door. He shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Why not?"

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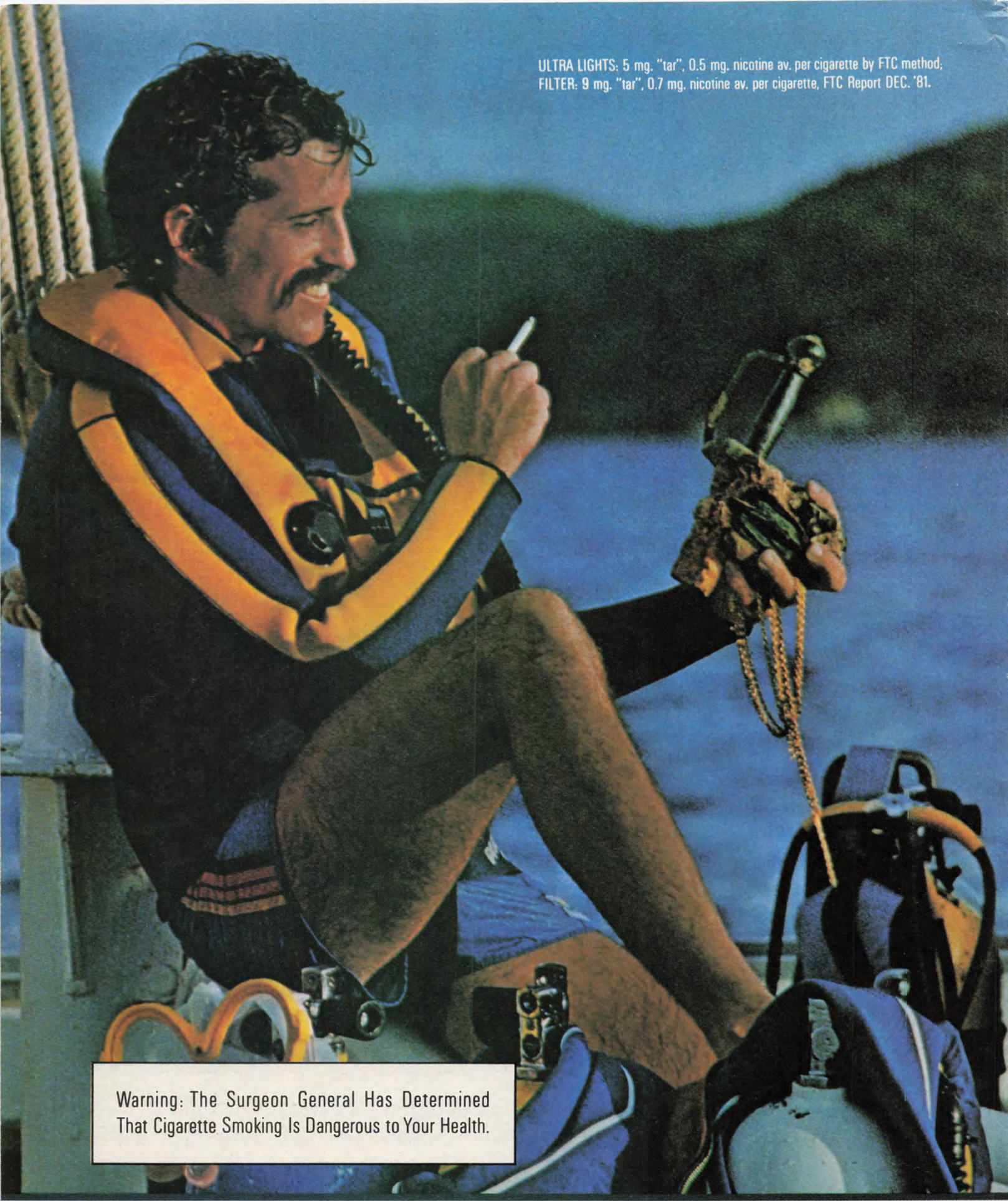
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Our wives were too engrossed to notice the two of us enter the room; my previously reserved wife was obviously enjoying the sensations she was creating within her partner's aroused pussy. Rachel's hands were pushing my wife's head deeper into her cunt as her hips jerked upward in short spasms.

I'd wondered how I would feel watching another man fucking my wife; I quickly found out when my wife rolled off Rachel. Jean quickly straddled her body, ran his ten-inch cock between her large tits and then into her creamy hole. The sight did bother me, but not as much as watching my wife's body twisting and squirming as she responded to his throbbing cock like it never had before. Her strong legs kept trying to pull him deeper into her body to touch parts my cock had never been able to explore.

My jealousy was quickly forgotten when Rachel crawled across the carpet and kissed her way up to my cock. I almost shot my full load when her warm mouth, still moist with my wife's juices, engulfed the entire eight inches of my trembling cock in one smooth movement, something my wife had never been able to accomplish.

I wanted to pull out and drive into Rachel's cunt; my balls were about ready to explode and I didn't think Rachel would want to take my load down her throat, but I was wrong. Her hands pulled my ass tighter to her as her lips continued sucking vigorously on my cock. I did explode, pouring the pent-up load straight down her throat.

My wife watched a little later, after Rachel had revitalized my limp cock, as it found its way into Rachel's hungry and demanding cunt. She later admitted to being turned on, watching my cock fucking another woman.

It was a long, long night; the new sensations, experiences, and techniques managed to keep both Jean and me up more times than I'd ever dreamed possible.

Our sexual life hasn't been the same since that night. Although we've had opportunities to expand our circle of friends, we've all pretty well agreed there is enough variety with the four of us to last quite a few more years.—*Name and address withheld*

PISSED OFF

I'm writing to you so you can pass on to the readers how I got spanked and really enjoyed it.

I first realized that I enjoyed this sort of thing one afternoon when my boyfriend gave me a whack across my fanny when we were fooling around. When I felt his hand smack across my rear, I immediately felt a strong desire for more.

After that I wanted him to do it again, and I tried to think of what I could do that would make him want to spank me. Then one night, when we were driving home from a party, I knew just what to do. He is very particular about his car, and before

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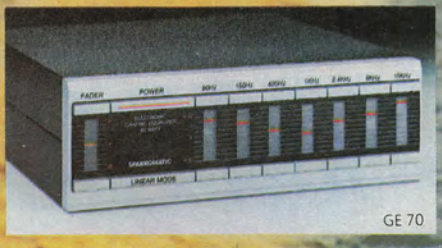

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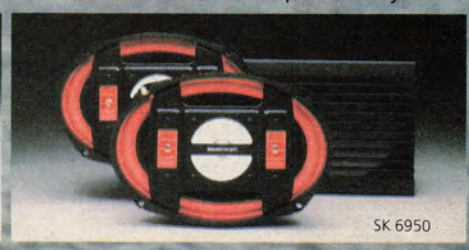

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long I knew I just had to pee. So I quietly sat there and wet my pants, knowing it would really upset my boyfriend when he found out. When we got to my place and he realized what I had done, he was very upset and I let on I was too.

That's when I realized my plan was going to work. He was giving me a real tongue-lashing when I said to him that if a little person did something like that, they would get a spanking. He looked at me kinda strange and then said that's right, and he grabbed me and pulled down my wet pants and spanked me real good. I began to sob, but after six or eight smacks I could feel a really terrific orgasm coming—and when I did climax, it was real ecstasy.

Now we do this more often because we both really enjoy it.—*Name and address withheld*

A GOOD RAPPORT

I work in a bar at one of the military clubs here in Hawaii, and recently had an encounter I felt worthy of your column.

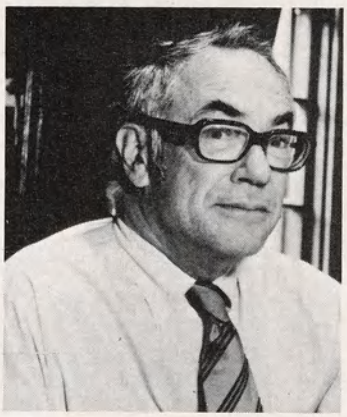
On a Tuesday night I was expecting the usual slow evening. I got to work around 7 P.M. After getting everything settled with the off-going bartender, I took stock of the few customers, pleased to see that two were very attractive ladies. I caught the eye of one and smiled and was pleased when she returned the smile. As the night wore on, instead of using the waitress, she'd come up to the bar to get her drink. I found out her name was Ruthie, and her husband was out to sea. She was a natural blonde, with blue eyes, about five foot three, with an ass just molded into jeans, and nipples that stood out against the light shirt she had tied around her waist.

After a while, her friend left and Ruthie came over and sat at the bar. At 1:30 I asked my partner if he'd mind closing the place and then asked Ruthie if she'd like to smoke a joint. She said sure.

When we got to the car I asked her if there was any particular place she'd like to go. She lit up the joint, looked at me, and said, "Your place." Needless to say, I didn't argue and had her home in record time.

I turned on some music, and as I turned around there she was, her shirt untied, one of her hands massaging her breast and running her nipple between her thumb and fingers, while her other hand slowly unzipped her jeans. As she peeled her jeans off those wonderful curves, she slowly turned around, giving me an excellent view of her white-lace-panty-clad ass cheeks. She had a very deep tan, which the white lace accented. She bent over from the waist to slip the jeans off her ankles and the mound of her pussy was pressed against the sheer material with some curls peeking out of the crotch. As much as I was enjoying the show, I had to feel her. I walked up behind her, moved her hair off her shoulders, and started nibbling on her neck and earlobe. I wrapped my arms around her waist, then moved up and cupped her tits, lightly pinching the nipples. She started moaning softly and rotating her ass against the bulge in my jeans. She told me to pinch her nipples harder and took my left hand and guided it to her pussy. I slid my hand under her panties, letting a finger slide up and down her slit, spreading her juices from her clit to the brown, puckered ass hole. Each time I ran my finger over her clit, she'd shudder. She lifted one leg, giving me wider access to her pussy, and I slid a finger deep inside her. She was very hot and wet and took two, then three fingers. She reached behind and grabbed me around my neck for support and started rotating her hips, her ass constantly rubbing my dick. I told her her ass felt so nice I might slip something in it. She just moaned, "Anything—I want your hard dick everywhere tonight." After a few minutes of finger-fucking her and running my thumb over her clit I felt her shudder and heard a small cry escape her lips. She pulled my hand from her pussy and turned around to face me, bringing my hand to her mouth and licking my fingers clean, looking me in the eye the whole time. When she was satisfied my hand was clean, she started to unbutton my shirt. Pulling it free of my trousers, she ran her hands up and down my chest, checking me out with a slight pouting look. She then leaned forward and her tongue raced over my left nipple. I've never had a woman suck my nipple before, but now I understand why women enjoy it so. As she licked and sucked first one nipple, then the other, a tingling sensation ran from the bottom of my spine to the hair on my neck. As she continued, she unzipped my pants and pulled my cock out, running both hands along the shaft and the using one to caress my balls. She stepped away, still holding my dick, and told me to "fuck my mouth real slow, I want to feel your dick sliding across my tongue and down my throat." She knelt down and slid my pants down to my ankles, helping me to step out, while her tongue raced up and down the shaft, then darting across the head of my dick. She sucked me nice and slow, using just the pressure of her lips as she took me deep in her throat, then sucking as she pulled away. After maybe five minutes I started thrusting my dick in her mouth. She backed off and told me to relax, we had all night. Once again she started licking my dick from the shaft up to the head, then back to my balls. Finally, she took my balls in her mouth and wrapped her silken hair around my dick, jacking me off slowly. With both of my balls in her mouth, she started moaning. With the vibrations of her lips and tongue around my balls, and her silken hair around my cock, I was on the verge of coming. She must have sensed this because she gripped my dick tightly and stopped all motion. When I had settled down somewhat, she again began licking the shaft and blowing hot air

WHO CARES?



Malcolm Forbes, publisher and motorcyclist. *"As one who loves motorcycling, I feel personal responsibility for helping to keep motorcycling unfettered by unneeded rules and regulations. By keeping our riding habits reasonable, it'll help enormously to keep unwanted laws off the books. By muffling the unnecessary noise that annoys so many, we make friends rather than enemies. By obeying traffic safety laws, we protect ourselves and need have no truck with those who would outlaw us. That's not much to ask if it saves cycling freedom for us and future generations of cycle enthusiasts."*

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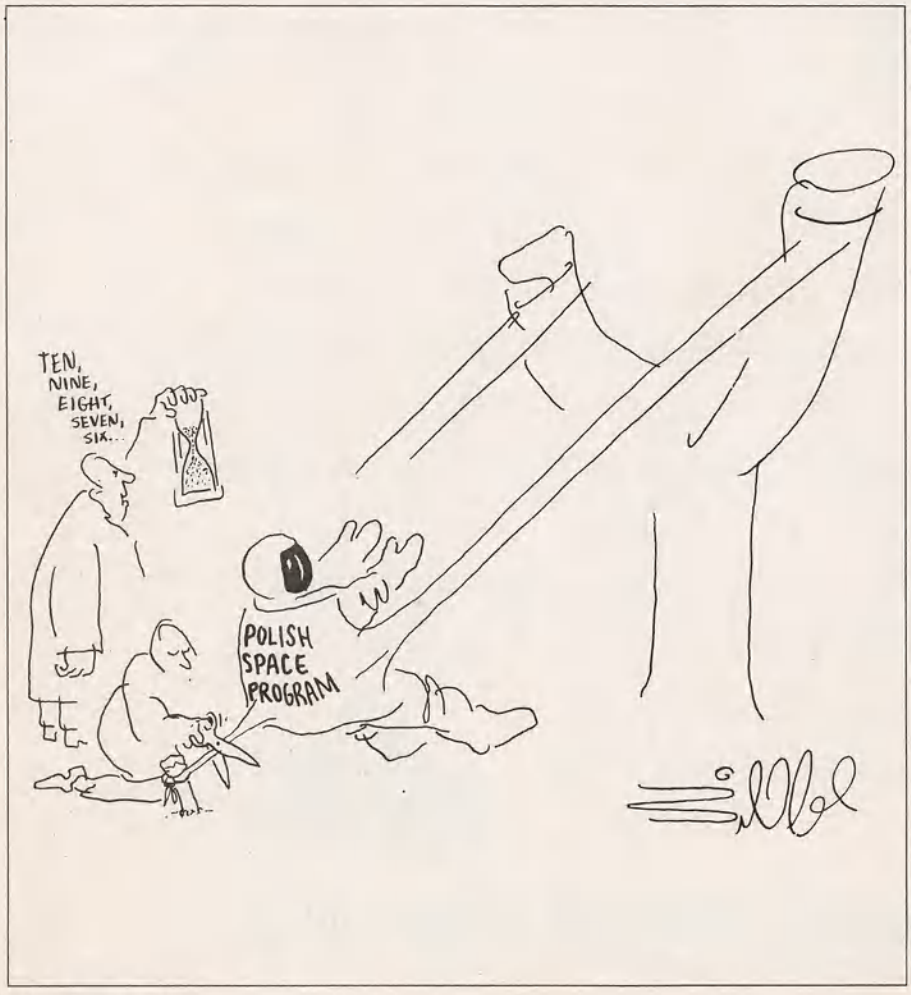
on my dick. I needed relief, and although this felt great I wanted her lips wrapped around me. I grabbed her head and forced my dick between her lips, humping farther and farther into her mouth. She reached around and grabbed both my ass cheeks in her hands and forced my dick deeper into her throat until my balls were slapping her in the chin. She picked up the tempo until her hair was flying wildly around her face. I told her I couldn't take any more and unloaded four or five squirts of come deep down her throat. When my spasms subsided she quit sucking and lay on her back, pulling the crotch of her panties aside, saying, "Fuck me."

I moved up and started to suck and lick her breasts, gently biting her nipples. She reached between us and, wrapping her legs around my back, grabbed my dick and started rubbing it up and down the slit of her pussy. My dick, which had been semisoft after her great blowjob, started to respond and in no time was as hard as ever. She arched her back further, and in a single thrust I buried my dick in her cunt, balls to the walls. She let out a small scream and dug her nails into my back, trying to pull me in farther. I fucked her long and slow, pulling all the way out till only the head was in her pussy, then sliding all the way home, grinding my hair against her clit. Ruthie started to moan loud enough to wake the neighbors, but with a pussy as tight and hot as hers, I didn't care if the world knew. Between grunts and groans she was moaning things like "nice cock," "fuck me deeper," "finger my ass," and "fuck my pussy till it hurts." As the ache in my balls increased and I started slamming into her cunt harder and harder, Ruthie suddenly pushed me away and locked her thighs. I began wondering what the hell she was trying to pull, when she asked me if it was all right if I came in her ass. She spread her cheeks with one hand while she used her other to finger her pussy and lube her tight, puckered hole.

I used some saliva on my dick mixed with her juices and placed the head of my dick against her ass. Easing just the head in, she grabbed the carpet in both hands, telling me to go easy. She needed to take it slow. I reached underneath her and started fingering her clit as I slowly eased a little more dick in her back door, and soon she started rolling that fine ass with me. It seemed like hours but was really only minutes before she was able to handle my whole cock, and the look on her face was pure pleasure. She was now moving all the way back against me. All I had to do was stay there, fingering her pussy and squeezing her nipples as she slid her ass back and forth against my dick.

Butt-fucking Ruthie was pure pleasure, and that familiar ache was back. She seemed well used to my dick sliding in her, and I needed more. I told her to use her hand on her pussy, because I was going to ram her hard and fast. She reached under and began to finger her pussy as I grabbed her hips and started fucking her ass with long, hard strokes. With each thrust of my dick up her ass, she grunted as if in pain but swung that ass around to meet me like a woman who loved it, moaning out "harder," "faster," "good cock, good cock," and "I love it."

She brought me over the edge till I shot load after load up her ass. With the first squirt of come up her ass, she really went off, saying she could feel my dick throb. She fell flat on the carpet, taking me with her. Even with me pinning her down, she was rotating her ass against me, trying to milk every drop of come out, till finally I popped out of her now loosened ass, totally spent.—*Name and address withheld*



BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

I live in the best of all possible worlds, for me. My twin fetishes are lingerie and lesbians. I live with two roommates, who happen to be gorgeous and decidedly gay. They don't care about me being dressed in lingerie all the time; in fact, it rather turns them on. I often watch them have sex, which they do frequently, and they enjoy seeing me there, dressed in a bra and sheer panties, garter belt and stockings, and a beautiful negligee. I usually masturbate and try to time my orgasm to coincide with theirs. It really turns me on to think of them spasming in each other's face. I have also discovered that not only can I suck my own cock, but I love to do it. I lie on my back and lift my legs until my crotch area comes into reach. Then I brace my legs under some support and proceed to give myself a blowjob. I didn't like the taste of the come at first, but now I swallow it eagerly. Jane and Rose both say they like to see me do it, and what really turns them on is when sometimes I let the come dribble out of my mouth.

In six months of living together, we had never done anything more than watch each other. Until last weekend. When I came in from work, I went into my bedroom and took my clothes off. I was feeling pretty sexy, so I took a shower and put on some of my most beautiful lingerie. My prick was bursting with pleasure, and I caressed it lovingly for several long moments. Then I heard voices from the living room, or should I say moans, and I opened my door to a lovely sight. Jane and Rose were lying locked together and French-kissing on the fur rug in front of the fireplace. They both were wearing garter belts and stockings, and Rose had on a pair of lacy black panties. As I watched, they quickly uncoupled and Jane switched position. She pulled Rose's panties down and began to kiss her pussy. Rose was eagerly reciprocating, mashing her face and mouth into Jane's spasming cunt and driving her tongue in as far as she could.

My cock was straining, and I had been

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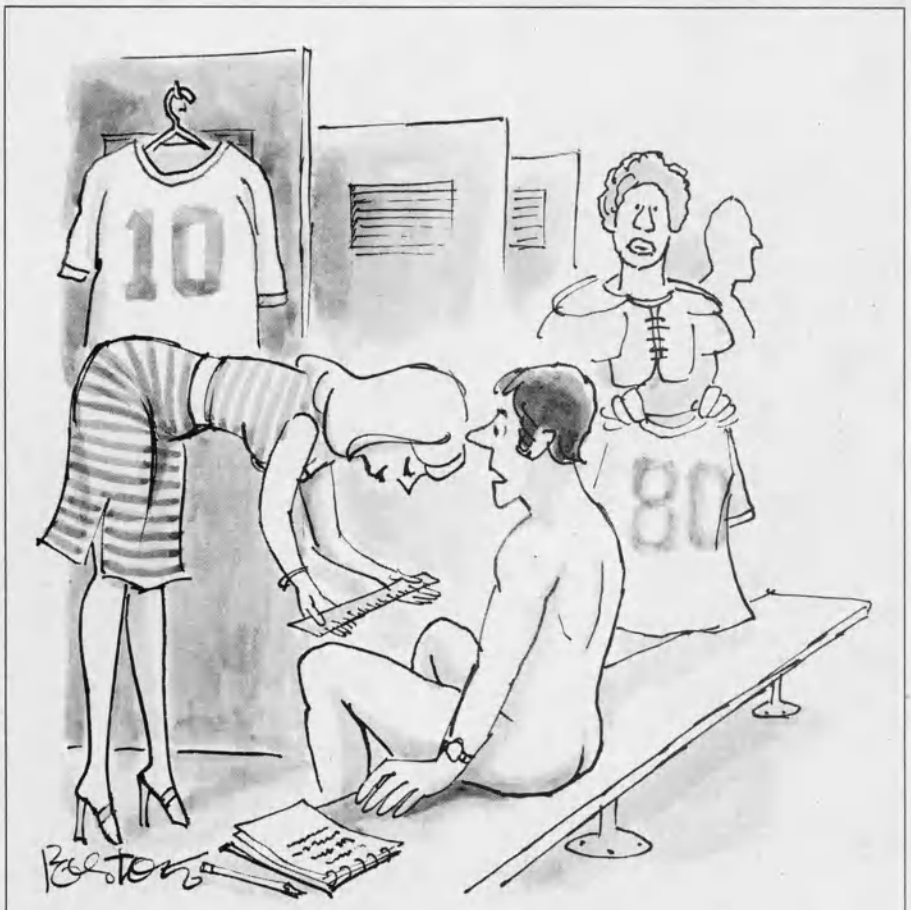
unconsciously rubbing it harder and harder with the nylon of my nightgown. The scene was so incredibly erotic, and I started to get into position on the couch to suck myself, when Jane said, "William, wouldn't you like to come over here? I'd love to suck on that beautiful hard prick of yours, and I bet Rose would too." They had never asked me to join them before, and I had never really wanted to, until now. I walked over to them and stood there, unsure of what to do next. Jane made that decision by putting her head up under my negligee and slipping the panties down past my balls. She took the whole swollen cock in her mouth and gave one great suck. I felt a spasm building up in my groin, and in a second I exploded, semen bulging her cheeks out and causing her eyes to grow wide in astonishment at the quantity. I had always shot a prodigious amount of semen, and this time Jane could not keep it all in. It dribbled down her face and onto her chest, where Rose was glad to get into the act and began to lick it off Jane's chest, concentrating particularly on her beautiful and already stiffening nipples.

"Would you like to suck my pussy?" Jane suddenly asked me. I don't know what came over me, but I settled her back on the couch and knelt down in front of her and began to suck the first cunt of my life. I loved it, especially when she started bucking. Rose was still sucking her tits and fingering her ass hole as I sucked on her hot pussy. She came in waves and I swallowed gobs of delicious cunt cream. Suddenly I felt myself being grasped, and another mouth surrounded my prick and began to suck. It was Rose, and I collapsed over backward and ended up in a 69 with her, Frenching her pussy as she pulled on my dick. I felt a second warm mouth on my penis, and for a while two people licked, kissed, and sucked my prick, but I was too engaged in Rose's pussy to notice much. I did suddenly feel a jolt of energy in my crotch and I realized the second mouth had taken over the sucking. It was obviously a person who knew how to suck and loved to do it. I was getting Rose to the edge of a really great orgasm, and just as she began to spasm against my mouth, my prick let go a large spurt of semen. I had recharged quickly, and as I lifted my head from Rose's heaving pussy, I was totally startled to see a young, good-looking guy sucking the remaining come off my prick. I looked down and saw that his cock was very large but beautiful-looking in a way. I realized that if I loved to suck my own cock, I also ought to like sucking someone else's. So I shifted position and slowly moved my face closer and closer until finally the tip of his penis touched my lips. I spent about five minutes just licking and kissing the skin at the tip of his penis. Then I engulfed his rigid cock with my mouth and began to suck him. It was a tremendous sensation, sliding in and out of my mouth, and feeling it against the back of my throat. At first, I sort of pretended that it was my own, but that illusion quickly faded because I couldn't get mine in as far as this, and it was great when I could feel the whole length of it throbbing in my mouth. I knew he was about to come, so I wet a finger and slipped it into his tight ass hole. This was just the extra sensation he needed, and he ejaculated powerfully into my mouth. I had had a lot of practice swallowing semen, my own—still, I couldn't catch it all, and his dick slipped out of my mouth once and squirted all over my face. Rose slipped off her panties and rubbed them over my now clean face, and the lovely nylon and woman smell was intoxicating, and I could feel my prick beginning to rise again.

Jane took me by the hand and led me back to her bedroom. I had never been in her bedroom before, so I didn't know what to expect. She led me over to the bureau and opened the top drawer. It was filled with panties and brassieres, and rolled-up stockings. She opened the second drawer. It contained what looked to me like slips and nightgowns. She then took me over to the closet. In the closet were a dozen incredible beautiful negligees that I had never even seen her wear. She turned to me and took my hand. "I'm going to be going away for a few days," she said, "and I'd like you to stay in here while I'm gone. That is, if you'd like to." I sort of gulped. "All I ask is that you put things back where they belong. Okay?" I still wasn't 100 percent sure of what I was being offered, but she snatched a pair of pink panties from the drawer and pushed them in my face. "Do I have to be clearer than that?" She pushed me back toward the bed. "Now lie down on that comfortable bed and suck yourself. I want you to fantasize about having all my lingerie to play with and wear and masturbate in while I'm gone." So I got on the bed and assumed the position with my legs braced against the headboard, and since I am very supple, I can get most of my prick comfortably into my mouth. As I began sucking on it, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that Jane was taking negligees out of the closet. She draped them over me and I could feel the lovely nylon rubbing against my balls and smell the lovely erotic smell of nylon lingerie. Soon I was encased in a little tent of nylon, my mouth and tongue working over my already overexercised prick. Just as I was feeling that I needed a little something extra, I felt the touch of a warm tongue on my ass hole. She made her tongue as rigid as she could and started tongue-fucking my ass at the same time that my own cock was fucking my eager mouth. Even after all that sex, I still had a tremendous orgasm, and had to swallow rapidly to get all that wonderful come. I began to realize that I was going to have a fantastic time when Jane was away.—*Name and address withheld*



"Would you tell me the name of that sports magazine you represent again, miss?"

NARY A TRACE

While on jury duty in Los Angeles several years ago, I had a fantastic sexual encounter that lingers in my memory so vividly that I feel I must share it with other "Forum" readers.

A severe case of claustrophobia makes me avoid riding in elevators as much as possible. On this occasion there was no choice. The court (a coroner's inquest) was on a high floor, so I couldn't take the stairs.

Returning from lunch, I found myself jammed into an elevator loaded with wall-to-wall bodies. A lady with a rather ample derriere had backed into me and, when more people entered, was pressed hard against my cock, which in seconds responded by getting hard, also. I knew she could feel it but there was nothing I could do about it.

Suddenly, at about the fifth floor, the elevator jerked a couple of times and, as the lights went out, stopped completely. Almost immediately my phobia started working on me. Others in the car were getting restless, also. Luckily there were no small children to start squalling. I could feel panic beginning somewhere in my brain and a salty taste came into my mouth. Just as I was about to lose control, I felt a movement in front of me and realized that the lady was no longer backed against me but was facing me. She was pulling my ready dick out.

My phobia was forgotten. I carefully put my arms around her, hugged her tight, and sought her mouth with mine. As my tongue entered her mouth my dick was entering her moist and warm pussy. It seemed to have a vacuum and sucked my penis until it was in to the hilt. With no outward movement on the part of either of us, the inward movement of her vaginal muscles massaged and caressed me until I could feel my climax starting to build somewhere in my aching testicles. As my tongue probed that sensitive and erotic area under her tongue, the muscular contractions gripped my penis even harder. It was almost as if I was tonguing myself.

Once started, my climax never slowed but steadily built to an explosion that made me shoot my wad into this wonderful woman. At the same instant I could feel her shudder and the grip on my cock increased, milking all my juice from me. Her climax, while passive on the outside, was very violent on the inside.

While we were standing, still kissing and enjoying the after-soak, a trap door in the top of the elevator opened.

"Okay, folks, we'll have you out of there in no time."

A worker pointed his flashlight down into the car.

It was great to be out of that situation but I wished I might experience the sex part again and, even though the cure was only temporary, I highly recommend this as the ideal way of coping with claustrophobia when you find yourself in a tight spot.—*Name and address withheld*

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FRINGE BENEFITS

My wife and I both work and we have two small children. It has been a continuous problem to find and keep a good baby-sitter. Since we have a large home we decided to hire a live-in baby-sitter, and it has worked out much better than we expected.

Lucy, our baby-sitter, is short, with dark hair. She is not fat but has a full figure with shapely legs and full breasts. I was turned on by her right from the beginning but I had to hide this fact so that my wife, Paula, would not be suspicious.

Lucy was a very warm and friendly person who likes to kiss and hug the children all the time. She could be described as a "touchy-feely" person who liked warm physical contact with others. She was the perfect babysitter.

Whenever I could, I arranged to sit beside Lucy on the couch when watching TV so I could "accidentally" touch knees, elbows, or feet. Whenever I did this she made no efforts to move away; in fact, she always adjusted her position to make the warm contact closer. It was the same when sitting or lying on the children's bed just before nighttime. At all times I was very subtle and shy about this. I really didn't want to get caught.

Another thing that really turned me on was that Lucy was very open and free and natural about touching Paula. It was interesting to note that Paula never made any efforts to reduce the contact, whether it was brushing each other's hair, adjusting each other's clothing, or just holding on to each other as they passed in a busy, crowded kitchen. Paula always was a bit of an exhibitionist and would often walk around almost nude when Lucy was around.

One Friday night I came home and found Lucy and Paula lying on the floor in front of the TV. Paula was teaching Lucy how to do some exercises. I sat down pretending to watch TV but really intending to watch the girls exercise.

Both girls had satiny nighties on with nothing underneath. How did I know this? Well, when they started to do leg circles up in the air, I got a full view of two beautiful cunts and I think they knew what they were doing. I was going crazy trying to look at the view yet appear to be watching the TV. Finally, when they were doing spread-eagles lying on their backs and I was staring at the cunt lips with all my concentration, Lucy said, "Hey, no peeking." This made both of them laugh and embarrassed me so much I didn't know what to say.

Right after that we all retired for the evening. I was so horny I could hardly take it. Funny thing was, so was Paula. When my fingers found her cunt I could not believe how wet with excitement she was. She was literally dripping streams down the inside of her leg. She helped me finger herself and we both enjoyed the slurping and slushing sounds of her cunt. At one point I immersed my two fingers in her and

brought them to her mouth and she eagerly licked and sucked them. She had never tasted cunt juice before, and this was a great turn-on for both of us. Soon she was licking her own juiced-up fingers. She said two things that surprised me: She asked me if I enjoyed the view, and of course I said yes, and she said, "Eat me." Never before had she said such a thing. This all made me think that she and Lucy knew what they were doing during the exercises and they knew I was watching and that I was turned on. It also made me think that my wife might be slightly bisexual.

The next day was a hot, beautiful Saturday. It was too hot to do anything but just laze around, and that was exactly what we did. Both Lucy and Paula had skimpy bikinis on and they lay out on the deck to sunbathe. I took a chair in the shade with a strategic view, pretending to read a book.

For the most part the girls lay on their stomachs and there was not much to see, but eventually Lucy turned over on her back. I remembered from the night before that she had a very thick, black, hairy patch around her cunt, but the light was poor and her legs were constantly moving, so I didn't get a good look. Today was different, though. She had on a skimpy bottom that was really too small. She had beautiful curly pubies poking out the sides and the top of her bikini. This was a real turn-on for me because it reminds me of raw, natural womanhood. I was having a real good stare trying to make out the faint impression of her cunt lips when she caught me looking and our eyes met. Unexpectedly, she half-smiled and stared in a warm way. Soon she started to part her legs and raise her one knee in the air. This created a great view for me as I saw more and more pubic hair sticking out. Then she adjusted her bathing suit bottom right in my plain view only five feet away. Her hands lingered around her crotch for what seemed like minutes. All this time her eyes were closed but I knew that she knew I was watching intently. My heart was pumping like crazy. I was so nervous I didn't know what to do.

Right at that time Paula stirred and asked if I would put some suntan oil on, but I muttered that Lucy would be better at it. Lucy agreed to do it and stood on her knees over Paula, who was now lying on her back. She was between Paula's parted legs and started up at her shoulders. When she got near her bikini top I started to pay attention. She was applying the oil very slowly and smoothly in a massage-like manner. Her hands slipped in and out of Paula's bikini top, which was quite loose. She kept on getting closer and closer to her nipples. Paula was getting turned on, because there was a wet spot between her legs and she was mildly moaning and moving her body like she was in heat. Finally, Lucy put her whole hand in and gently cupped Paula's breast.

All this time Paula's eyes were closed and she did not resist Lucy's roaming hands. By now the wet spot was getting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

SILLER ON WIFE RAPE

If Sidney Siller had ever been raped at gunpoint, he would know that one does not have to be physically beaten to be raped. In his "Advise & Dissent" entitled "Wife Rape—Who Really Gets Screwed" (May 1983), not only does Mr. Siller laugh at the idea of marital rape, he also encourages women to invite murder. Why else would he demand that a woman prove that she resisted? What would constitute acceptable evidence of resistance for Mr. Siller: a broken neck, uterine stab wounds, or perhaps a gaping gunshot hole in the head? Does counsel demand that a robbery victim prove attempted resistance?

Nowhere in his thinly disguised attack against the women's movement does Mr. Siller define rape. If he had, there would have been nothing to write about. According to Webster's dictionary, rape is the "illicit carnal knowledge of a woman without her consent, effected by force, duress, intimidation or deception as to the nature of the act." Mr. Siller, rape is rape, no matter who commits it—husband, father, brother, uncle, or the freckle-faced boy next door.

According to statistics provided by the Boston Women's Collective, the tragic fact is that one out of every three women in the United States will be raped during her lifetime. If Mr. Siller has a wife, daughter, or sister in addition to a mother, then he will best concern himself with protecting them against rape, because the odds are against them.

Studies have shown that the rapist often knows his victim and that 60 to 70 percent of rapes are premeditated. Females as young as six months and as old as ninety-three years have been raped. Not only does rape occur in dark alleys late at night, it occurs in nice suburban homes, in beds with clean sheets. Rape occurs in nurseries and nursing homes.

Many rapists are married men. Is the rape more credible if another man's wife is raped? Is rape excusable if a man rapes his own wife? A marriage license does not give carte blanche to a man to do as he chooses to his wife. If Mr. Siller had his way, every potential rapist could get married and then commit rape. As a husband, he would go unpunished.

Fortunately, many responsible men are acknowledging that rape is a tragedy that concerns all of us. Men who love and cherish their wives, mothers, and daughters have come together to form a group called Men Against Rape. I hope one of their number contacts Mr. Siller. In the meantime, I must ask: Mr. Siller, what would your mother say if she read your article?—*Cecile C. Weich, New York, N.Y.*

Sidney Siller replies:

It seems that you continue intentionally to confuse the crime of rape with the manufactured political and media issue of marital rape.

It is well known what is meant by the word rape. *The word* deception *is what I am concerned with. Further, I disagree with your statistic that one out of three women in the United States is raped in her lifetime.*

I have for many years on national TV and radio spoken out against the crime of rape, in that I consider it to be one of the most misunderstood of all violent crimes. It is my view that it is a sexual crime, and that the present punishment for this type of sexual crime is of no real value to society in terms of rehabilitation of the criminal offenders. I am for prosecution and punishment of all guilty rapists.

I also favor the prosecution of husbands who actually rape their wives. However, the present judicial methods of evaluating the guilt or innocence of a husband accused of raping his wife are likely to lead to outrageous miscarriages of justice. Perjury and corruption will become commonplace. In the hands of a corrupt and unethical lawyer an articulate and deceitful wife could easily frame her husband. Bear in mind that independent corroborations of the commission of the crime of rape are no longer required in most jurisdictions. We cannot afford to increase the chance that miscarriage of justice might occur.

If we could guarantee that a conviction for marital rape could not be used in a subsequent divorce or custody case and that independent corroborating proof of the rape act be required, then I would favor the prosecution of anyone found guilty.

Incidentally, my late mother long ago approved of my position on this issue and I am sure she would have loved the article.

Congratulations to Sidney Siller for an informative and thorough piece on "marital rape," an obvious contradiction in terms. A marital rape law gives any divorcing woman vindictive enough to use it a loaded gun aimed at the head of her husband. Unless she gets what she wants (the house, the children, a king's ransom in alimony), she can drag him through the courts on a felony rape charge.

Being found not guilty of rape *is* like win-

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ESCORT WINS
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—CAR and DRIVER

If you keep up with magazine tests, you know that ESCORT does more than just outperform other radar detectors. In its most recent evaluation, Car and Driver concluded: *"The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."* But performance, as measured by warning distance, is *not* the new breakthrough. After all, ESCORT has been beating all comers since its introduction in 1978.

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While long detection range is obviously essential it does *nothing* to solve a problem that has cropped up in the last year. In fact, increasing range by itself just makes the problem worse. If you already have a good superheterodyne unit, you know what we mean. A new generation of imported detector *transmits* radar signals, and can set off your unit as far as a mile away. The longer the range of your unit, the farther away you find them. As Car and Driver pointed out last November: *"Since there are far more detectors on the road than police radar units, interference... could become a genuine nuisance."*

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At first it was just an irritation. At least ESCORT owners had a way of distinguishing the polluters from the real thing. Our unique audio warning differentiates between the two police radar bands: it "beeps" for X band and "braps" for K band. The polluters' trashy signals triggered both warnings at once, and made a new sound—different than the sounds for police radar. (The rest of the industry didn't even know there was a new problem. Their detectors were making the same sounds as always, just more often.)

Radar Epidemic

As more and more of the "polluting detectors" hit the streets, the problem became more serious. If one of the "polluters" is approaching in an oncoming lane, the alarm from your detector is brief. But if it's traveling the same direction as you, your alarm can go on for *miles*. And the offending detector doesn't have to be in the car right next to yours. It can be ahead or behind, and up to a mile away. A very serious problem indeed.

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We will then send you a special shipping label and details on how and when you can send us your ESCORT.

ning a nuclear war. Technically, you may win, but life will never be the same again.

Mr. Siller's call for a "National Organization for Men" to organize a defense against this tyranny is already being answered. The Men's Alliance for Legal Equity (MALE) is a nonprofit men's rights organization dedicated to defending men's interests in affirmative action, sexual harassment, pension law, divorce law, the draft, and many other areas where men have been and are selectively victimized. Our statement of principles reads: "Sexual abuse is a two-way street. Men who rape or sexually abuse women are nasty people and should be put in prison and, for the most part, have been put in prison. But women lie and tease and cheat and steal; women use sex to barter and manipulate and try to sleep their way up the corporate ladder, and false and malicious accusations of rape have become a national epidemic. If anything, it is men who have not been adequately protected from sexual abuse, and we intend to step into that void."—*Dan Soliday, National Director, MALE, Woodbridge, Va.*

Let me start by congratulating you on your courage to publish Sidney Siller's essay.

Out of the growing number of men's issues, such as battered husbands, father's rights, and false accusation of rape, the issue of wife rape is a particularly risky one. In our experience, anyone who has opposed feminists on the issue of spousal rape laws has been wrongly accused of being in favor of rape. It is the sort of attitude we have come to expect. Another case in point is what happened to your own motion picture, *Caligula*, when it played as an R-rated feature. All of the violent scenes against women were edited out and the sexual-violence scenes against men were left intact. The fact that the women's groups that monitor sexual violence in erotica had nothing to say about this state of affairs, and just remained silent, says more to us about their attitudes toward men than their attitudes toward violence in movies.

When society became preoccupied with women's concerns, it did so to the absolute exclusion of men. Your publishing of Mr. Siller's article is a step in the right direction. Perhaps someday a men's publication will create the space to view men's issues regularly.

The Coalition of Free Men and the national umbrella organization with which we are associated, the National Congress for Men, will be watching *Penthouse* closely for more positive signs—and we won't back down from anyone who tries to make us feel guilty for buying it.—*Thomas Williamson, President, Coalition of Free Men, Manhasset, N.Y.*

JUNE'S A KNOCKOUT!

I just renewed my subscription and I'm quite pleased with your June 1983 issue. As a naturist, I prefer my women raw and wild, unencumbered by lingerie, makeup,

shoes, and other accessories.

Your pictorial "Steve and Leanne" hits the spot. I'm pleased that it doesn't objectify the lady but shows her as an equal partner with her man. The pictures that show Steve's penis are a welcome sight.

I also like the fact that both Leanne and Pet of the Month Janet "Tara" Sharpe carefully trim their hair. I'd much rather see a neatly shaved and/or trimmed pussy than one hidden under a tangle of hair. We men shave our faces and trim our beards, so let's hear it for women who trim their most beautiful parts!

As always, the erotic letters in "Forum" and Xaviera's column are a turn-on. Your investigative articles, such as the report on diamonds and your well-done interview with L. Ron Hubbard, Jr., are outstanding.

Keep up the good work!—*Name withheld*

In your June issue Leanne, in John Copeland's spread, is one of the loveliest women you have ever featured.

She is so expressively sexy I can't believe it. A classic beauty.

Please let us have more of her.—*Paul Baker, Lompoc, Calif.*

I have just read your June 1983 issue and once again enjoyed it very much. What I'd like to congratulate you on and encourage you to show more of is the pictorial of "Steve and Leanne." It was certainly refreshing to see that sharing sex between a male and female can be appreciated. It was done in a very tasteful manner. I, for one, would like to see more of the same! Thanks not only for the times I've enjoyed reading *Penthouse* but also for the many enjoyable hours spent with a loved one after reading it!—*Kathleen E. Janda, North Palm Beach, Fla.*

Happy to oblige (above)!—The Editors

DOUBTS DeWOLF

I read with much interest your interview with L. Ron Hubbard, Jr. (June 1983 *Penthouse*). However, it seems to me that many interesting questions were left unaddressed by the interviewer. I think this leaves much of what Mr. DeWolf said open to serious question; for instance, the whole issue of why, after admittedly not seeing his father for over twenty years, he suddenly decided that his father was dead. Was it his own financial condition, or was there some new development in the Church of Scientology that led him to this conclusion?

There are other areas the interviewer, Mr. Sonnenschein, glossed over. It seems Mr. DeWolf's information would be of great use to the IRS, who have been closely watching the Church of Scientology for years; yet they apparently do not consider him a worthy witness, for he has never been subpoenaed by them in this regard. Why do the authorities, who have expressed their interest in the Church of Scientology with various raids and suits, not find Mr. DeWolf's account credible, and, I assume the obvious question is, why does *Penthouse*?

Mr. DeWolf also mentioned some current secret activities of the Church of Scientology, yet he did not make it clear how he could know of such things when he has had no ties whatsoever with the Church for twenty-four years. The interviewer never asked. It seems highly unlikely that the Scientologists would go out of their way to inform him of any questionable activities they may be currently involved in.

The part about Mr. Hubbard, Sr., being a poor science-fiction writer convinced that the way to riches is to create a religion doesn't quite ring true. His book *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health* was published in 1950 and became an immediate best-seller. The book avoids anything even closely relating to religion, and in fact encourages the readers to use the techniques themselves with no mention of any organization at all. In today's arena of TV preachers boldly asking for donations, it becomes difficult to believe that the original intention of the book *Dianetics* was to get rich by starting a religion. Since his book was so successful, logically it would follow that the way to get rich is to continue to write best-sellers that encourage self-help.

The final amazing thing about the interview is the proclaimed connection of Scientology to black magic. The Church of Scientology has published literally dozens of books, available in many bookstores, disclosing their techniques, and I could find nothing even resembling the devil, or weird tortures, or 666, or strange rites in them. One book I saw, curiously titled *Self Analysis*, was full of seemingly harmless memory-building questions like "Remember a time you had just finished constructing something." This is a far cry from the "mind-cracking" techniques that Mr.

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DeWolf said he was teaching. Did Mr. Sonnenschein check into any of the books that the Church of Scientology actually uses? I realize you were not writing an exposé of the Church of Scientology—it was just an interview—but it does seem that questions about the subject's credibility are relevant.

I guess that is my real point here. Here is a man who has legally changed his name, yet is boldly proclaimed on the cover as L. Ron Hubbard, Jr. So we obviously have another celebrity child cashing in on the fame of his parent. How do we, the readers, know if any of his rantings are authenticated, or in any way worthy of our serious consideration? He must, of course, rely upon the reputation of the publication to assure us. I submit that simply being related to the famous and having, or purporting to have, a controversial tale to tell should not dazzle the press or relieve it of its duty to confirm what it reports to the very best of its ability.—*Larry Miller, Hermosa Beach, Calif.*

Allan Sonnenschein replies:
It is unfair to question Mr. DeWolf's motives in seeking to learn if his father is alive or dead. L. Ron Hubbard's estate is estimated to be worth millions, and Mr. DeWolf on behalf of not only himself but all other heirs sued to learn the truth. He cannot be faulted with that action, nor can he be faulted because he has not been of "great use to the IRS." In fact, however, Mr. DeWolf has assisted the Justice Department and the FBI in their investigation of the Church of Scientology.

It may very well be true that L. Ron Hubbard did not write the book Dianetics *to begin a new religion and make money, but the fact remains that he did create one and that its worth is estimated in excess of $100 million.*

L. Ron Hubbard's relationship to the teachings of Aleister Crowley and Satanism has been written about and known to others, and former Scientologists who have known Mr. Hubbard have spoken about it to the media before the Penthouse *interview with his son.*

The reason that Mr. Hubbard, Jr., changed his name had less to do with a "child cashing in on the fame of a parent" than with his having to keep vengeful members of Scientology from harming his family throughout the years. Whether everything Mr. DeWolf told Penthouse *and its readers is true will be known after we complete our present investigation of the allegations made about L. Ron Hubbard and Scientology.*

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JAMAICAN REVELATIONS

My, things must have changed in Kingston, Jamaica, since 1975 as described in your article "Catch a Fire," by Timothy White (June 1983).

The Kingston Sheraton and the Pegasus hotels are both modern high rises, built before the late seventies. Neither hotel has "guest cottages"—it would be a waste of valuable downtown real estate. The "vacant lot" across the street that Timothy White describes I remember as a stately old British-style country club, with stone fences and carefully manicured lawns.

The effects of a 75 percent unemployment rate are painfully visible everywhere. However, the Jamaicans whom I came to know have all retained their easygoing, friendly manners, and view the fear and paranoia of foreign tourists with deep sorrow, mixed with some confusion as to why.

While Jamaica did have some political upheavals in the late seventies, I feel the level of violence as described by Mr. White is a gross distortion. The Rastafarian cult has been either involved in or surrounded by drug-related violence all over the world, not just in Jamaica (where they are a small minority). I cannot believe this is due to politics. The breed of human rat that infests the drug trade is indifferent to politics.

The article by Mr. White has so many obvious errors of detail that I would question the accuracy of any statement in it that cannot be confirmed by reading a Bob Marley record jacket.—*Stephen Judd, Ontario, Canada*

Timothy White replies:
The opinions expressed in your letter are obviously deeply felt, but I am afraid you are mistaken on all counts. The Kingston Sheraton, now known as the New Kingston Hotel, does indeed have guest cottages (called "junior suites"—I've stayed in them) that are adjacent to its pool. In 1975, there were several vacant lots across the street from the hotel complex

on Knutsford Boulevard, between which lay the Liguanea Tennis Club, to which you allude. The club is still there, and so are some of the vacant lots.

You describe the Jamaicans you came to know as "easygoing" and having "friendly manners." In the Penthouse *excerpt of* Catch a Fire, The Life of Bob Marley, *I characterize the Jamaican people (among them, Bob Marley) I came to know over the last eight or more years according to their individual traits. Jamaicans are a complex and varied people, both ethnically and temperamentally, and one of the aims of the book was to show the far-ranging richness of their culture and the dense fabric of their daily lives.*

The violence described in the excerpt and in the book is entirely accurate—remember, the country was placed under a state of emergency because of it—with many, many of the details coming directly from Jamaica's daily newspapers at the time. Indeed, I pored over hundreds of them at the Institute of Jamaica in Kingston as well as in the archives of the University of the West Indies, and those of the Jamaica Daily Gleaner *and the Research Institute for the Study of Man in New York City. I also interviewed political leaders and individuals involved in, victimized by, or attempting to halt the violence, including the current prime minister.*

The political upheavals in Jamaica in the late 1970s unfortunately culminated in the deaths of over 700 people, by the Security Force's own count, during the 1980 elections. Your comments on the Rastafarians, political tribalism in Kingston, and the drug trade are enormously ill-informed and refutable by any astute observer of Jamaican politics and Rasta culture, on or off the island. The breed of "human rat" you describe could easily be a poor but hardworking family in Clarendon that grows ganja in the bush because it has in the past been the island's number-one cash crop, a fact even Prime Minister Edward Seaga has acknowledged.

As for data printed on Bob Marley record jackets, many enduring mistakes on them were corrected—with the help of people at Island Records and the musicians themselves—for the book.

Concerning the overall accuracy of the article, many of the key figures in the Marley shooting incident, among them Chris Blackwell, Neville Garrick, and Michael ("Mikey Dan") White, have praised the accuracy of the Penthouse *excerpt and the entire book; these gentlemen, being citizens of Jamaica and close friends of Bob Marley, were there when it all happened.*

PRISON GUARDS

Michael Disend's article "Prison Guards" (May 1983) is to be commended for bringing to the public's attention an occupation that so little is known about. Having once been a prison guard in the southern United States, I can empathize with everything the guards said.

Put yourself in the shoes of a man who goes to work and is faced with a definite possibility of physical abuse, constant mental abuse, and even the chance that he may be killed. What has an inmate, sentenced to a life term with no chance for parole, got to lose if he maims or kills a guard? Certainly not the loss of his own life.

Day in and day out, the stress builds for both guards and inmates. How can it not? It's a totally unnatural situation that the inmates are forced to adapt to and the guards are required to maintain.

Average people have no idea of what prison life is like. They don't like to think about these institutions. Build a new prison or halfway house, they say, but not in my neighborhood. Wake up, America and Congress! Everytime a budget cut is made concerning prisons, the guards will eventually suffer. Less housing for inmates, poorer food, recreational facilities, medical and psychiatric care, etc. are the results of a cut in the monies for prisons. These cuts eventually affect the prison guard's safety. Talk about sitting on a powder keg, the damn fuse is already lit.—*G. G. Frederick, USNR, Yokosuka, Japan*

First, let me say that I'm at present doing a five-year sentence in one of the largest penitentiaries in the country.

We have our inmate-guard problems. But having an objective mind, I don't believe this can be blamed on any one party.

I do agree though, with one of the guards whom you interviewed, who said that a lot of the problem lies with the younger, eighteen- and nineteen-year-old guards. It's hard for an older convict to respect a guard half his age, especially

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a male college senior in New York, and I had a sexual experience that I wish to share with you and ask you some questions about. Since reaching puberty, I have had a fascination for women's beautiful feet. I never really pursued this fetish but I never dated a girl with bad feet. Actually, I treated this fetish as my own nasty little secret and tried to repress it as much as I possibly could.

A girl I have known since I was a freshman and have tried to have a sexual relationship with brought it out. She always wanted to be just friends, and we became really close over the years. It got to the point where we could talk about anything. I felt really free around her. She referred to our relationship as platonic, sort of brother-sister kind of thing, if you know what I mean. It was real nice.

Anyway, one evening I was driving her home and we pulled over and talked about all sorts of philosophical things. To make herself more comfortable, she stretched herself across the front seat with her feet on my lap. As we talked the pressure of her feet on my lap caused me to get hard. To hide that from her I crossed her legs so that her feet were suspended over my lap. Well, after an hour or so, I jokingly commented on how big her feet were for her small size (she's only five feet tall). As we argued about it I took her shoe off and compared it with my hand. I have very large hands . . . an interesting comparison.

Although she wore socks, I realized how tender her feet were. I told her that for a girl that walked everywhere, she sure had soft feet. She said one of the reasons she had ridden home with me was because her feet were sore from walking all day. I couldn't keep my hands off her feet, so I started massaging them. I could have massaged her feet with the socks on but they had to come off. She didn't object. As a matter of fact, she told me she was very fond of having her feet massaged. She had the prettiest feet I have ever seen. They were extremely tender, highly sensitive, without deformations (corns, calluses, or bunions), and they didn't smell bad.

Finally I could live out my fantasy. As she closed her eyes and relaxed, I very slowly and very gently started tickling her feet from her heel to her toes. First the left, then the right. The massage had put her in a sort of a trance and the tickling now snapped her out of it. She was very, very ticklish. I couldn't stop myself. I was so hard and excited at this point that I was about to explode.

At first she giggled under her breath. Her feet cringed and curled up and she broke out into laughter, but I wouldn't stop. She asked me in a teasing tone to stop as her face went into contortions.

Then all of a sudden she calmed down. The giggling stopped and she had a serene look on her face. She closed her eyes again, and stretched her toes as far as they would go. I never realized how long and meaty her toes were. Even her little toe was long and fleshy. She ate it up. She breathed heavily for a while and then she seemed to experience a rush, and then a release. She won't admit it, but I'm pretty sure she climaxed. I, meanwhile, was still fired up. She seemed to sense that, because she became really affectionate.

We kissed for a while until it got really hot and heavy. Then she did something no other woman ever did for me. As we kissed and nibbled, she got to my nipples before I got to hers. First she tickled my nipples the same way I had tickled her feet, with a light, spider-like motion. It drove me wild. I was really fired up. I was about to explode but she had a grip on my cock. My nipples were as hard

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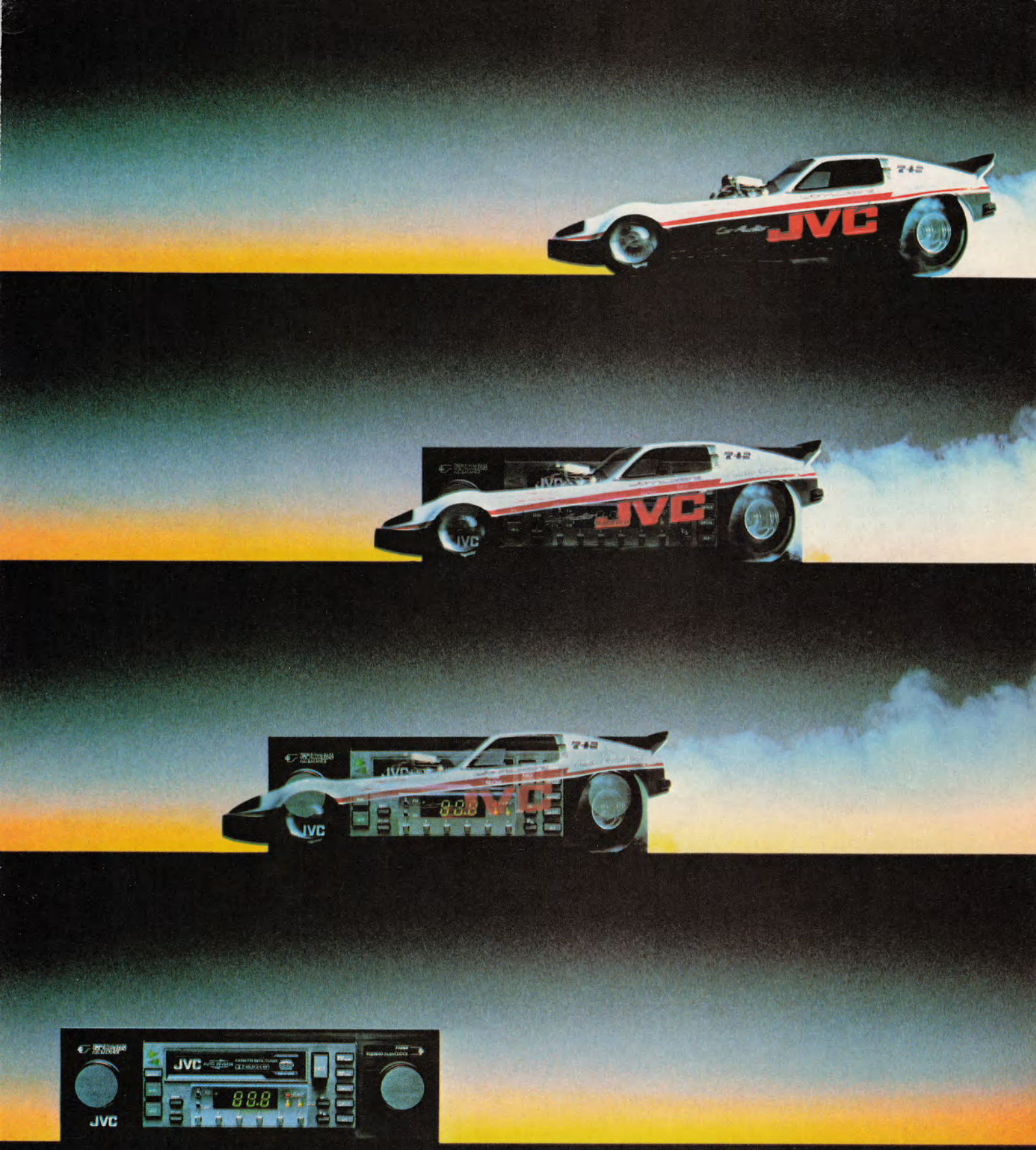

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as rocks at this point. Now that my nipples were hard, she nibbled on them for about thirty minutes. It was incredible.

After that evening we lost a lot of our closeness. Our friendship is in great shape, but she really keeps physical stuff distant. She never explained that to me. The more I try to discuss it, the more she avoids the issue.

I was hoping you could give me some idea of what has happened. Also, have you met any women who get highly excited, or who can climax, from having their feet gently tickled? Have you ever had a man or woman just sit for an hour or so and tickle your feet until you were about to burst? Most important, did you ever come in contact with a guy whose nipples were so tender he came from nipple titillation alone?—M.M.

Maybe your girl friend has more female intuition than you credit her with. What you experienced with your friend that evening was unique and not duplicable. It was a combination of affectionate brother-sister feelings and sensuality. She realizes this and does not want to repeat it, because she cherishes your friendship more than a sexual relationship.

I once had a similar experience: an orgasm reached through a part of my body other than my vagina or clitoris. During a summer vacation with a lesbian lover in the mountains of Canada, I got a very strong urge to have my own penis. A dildo wouldn't do, even if we had had one with us. When my girl friend tried to make love to me, I begged her to kiss any part of my body other than my vaginal area. After she had kissed my breasts, belly button, neck, shoulders, and ass, she descended upon my big toe. I suddenly felt as if I were the proud owner of a tremendously hard penis, throbbing with desire to be sucked and fondled. While my girl friend masturbated herself with one hand, she managed to give me the incredible feeling of reaching an orgasm through my big toe. My pussy was soaked. We both considered this a miracle, never to be repeated.

I have never been too fond of being tickled. During some of my occasional sado-masochistic activities, however, I have often tickled men on the soles of their feet. As far as nipples are concerned, the erogenous nature of the male nipple (as well as females) is well known, although there are many men who deny it. Boys, up to the age of about twenty-five, tend to be ticklish around their nipples. My lover used to say that the only erotic turn-on he got from his nipples was feeling and squeezing them himself. One day, when we were making love I fondled and sucked his nipples and he said, "My God, there seems to be a direct hot-line connection from my nipples to my cock."

I never tire of saying sex is an art that must be studied and practiced. Our bodies have many erogenous zones of which we are not aware, and sometimes a new lover will accidentally—to one's delight and gratitude—come across such a spot.

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BABY-SITTING SERVICES

I have an intense fetish for women's bare feet. The first time I remember being aware of this fetish was at the age of nine, when I had a seventeen-year-old babysitter. She used to take off her shoes and socks, prop her bare feet on my lap, and ask me to tickle them. She wasn't ticklish, but it relaxed her. I really looked forward to her visits after that.

It was many years later, at age eighteen, when I got to satisfy my desires somewhat. I was baby-sitting for our neighbor, a tall thirty-three-year-old beauty. She was divorced, and I'd sometimes watch over her daughter. One night this woman came home and was a bit tipsy from a few drinks. She watched television with me for a while, then commented on how tired her feet were. She kicked off her high heels and revealed the shapeliest pair of feet I had ever seen. They were long and slender, about size 7, and clad in nylons. She said that she was going to bed and went to the other room, leaving me with a painful erection.

An hour later, I couldn't stand it any longer and crept into her room. I wanted to at least get another look at those pretty feet. She was dead asleep from the drinks she had had. I loosened the covers at the foot of the bed and slowly drew them back. Her bare feet were finally within touching distance. I was careful not to get caught as I gently stroked them with my hand. They were warm and soft. I knelt down, running my face against them. Soon, I was licking every inch of them. After ten minutes, though, I figured I had better stop.

I went back to watching television, and a few minutes later she walked into the room. I was nervous, but I said hello and kept watching the tube. She was wearing a pink bathrobe but, luckily, was barefoot. She said that she had woken up and couldn't get back to sleep. Then she sat next to me on the couch and, curling up with her head on a pillow at the opposite end, rested her feet in my lap. My groin was in flames. I rested my hands on her feet, then began rubbing her toes.

She then shocked me, saying that she was awake the entire time I was in her room. I started babbling apologies, but she smiled and said, "Why did you leave? It felt nice." One thing led to another and soon I was sucking her toes like a madman. I ended up lying on my back while she sat on the couch top, above me, masturbating my penis with her bare soles. The sight of my cock between the balls of her feet was tremendously satisfying. My semen covered them, even her ankles. I then went down on her to repay the favor. We did this quite often until she moved away a year later.

Since then, I haven't had much luck finding a woman as understanding as her. Many women think that it's strange for me to be fascinated by their feet. Sometimes I

wonder if it is strange. I still enjoy normal sex but I crave feet.—M.Y.

I see nothing wrong with harmless fetishism. The only disadvantage to fetishes is that some of them, in various parts of the world and in many states of America, are against the law. You can screw your garbage can in the privacy of your own home, but fuck your neighbor's Doberman and you are liable to land in the slammer. Your foot fetish is not only harmless and legal but also dear to my heart. The foot is a long-neglected erogenous zone and I myself have both given and received quite a number of good finger-licking (or should I say toe-licking) toejobs.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD

I'm a retired survey pilot who used to travel around the globe all the time. While I was flying out of Butte, Mont., some years ago, I stopped in a nifty little brothel to catch a little kinky action, which the place was noted for. A very neat blond gal told me she'd give a "half-and-half" for fifteen bucks (this was before inflation hit), and I agreed. The first half was giving me head to really get me ready, which I really didn't need, and the second half was a good old missionary fuck. She said that if I wanted her on top, it would cost five bucks more. I got pissed off on principle and played it straight. But there was a bonus in there: she gave me a mentholated blowjob, which was the best sensation I'd had up till that time.

My present wife (my second) can make me feel just about as good without the menthol, but I miss that old sensation. Can you find that menthol for my wife? We've tried mint liqueurs, but that doesn't seem to do it. This gal in Butte had two small bottles, each containing what looked like about a mouthful of liquid, which she gargled and swallowed. Stupid me, I didn't pay too much attention to the details at the time. Can you help me find out the name of this elixir of love so I can get some and use it on my honey too?

If you choose to answer this letter publicly, I trust you will not use my name. I'm working for an aerospace company now and the corporate heavies may not want the government to know how kinky some members of its mid-management are, even though everyone I know is extremely hedonistic. We all love life.—M.P.

The effect you are after could probably be achieved by your wife's sucking on an ice cube while she blows you. Her tongue will be cold, but it won't cool you off. It sounds as if your hooker from Butte was gargling with some kind of disinfectant. For a really sharp, burning sensation, have your lady put some Tabasco sauce on the tip of your cock. But I doubt she'll enjoy the taste!

This reminds me of a true story from Spain. A married woman from Malaga was hanging up her husband's jacket when his wallet fell out of the pocket. She couldn't resist a peek inside it, and there she discovered a condom. "Strange," she thought, "he never uses one of these with me." She took the rubber down to the kitchen, dusted it inside and out with chili powder, and put it back in its packet in his wallet. The next day at noon, there were terrible screams from the house next door and the husband and the neighbor's wife were rushed to the hospital with their genitals in flames. Be careful! Why not live with what you've got? It sounds pretty good to me.

THIGHED-TRACKED

I have been told by many women that I am the best lover they've had, but I get no pleasure from it. When I was twelve I discovered masturbation. That was normal, I suppose, but the method I used must, I think, be mine alone. I've never heard or read of anyone else doing the same. I crossed my legs with my cock between my thighs and pushed it in and out between them.

I did that all through my adolescence. I never had sex with a woman until I was twenty-four. Since I was sent to parochial schools and then to a military academy, I had no chance to get laid until I went to college. Even then I was too shy and inexperienced to be very aggressive. So the first time for me was with a call girl I contacted through an ad I happened to notice in a local underground newspaper.

Marie was in her late twenties, very mature and sophisticated. When we stripped she complimented me on my cock. I thought she was just being nice. I lasted a long time, and she commented on that, too. She was terrific, with large, firm breasts and shapely legs. She had short blond hair and was sort of tomboyish. She also enjoyed being fucked, or else was a very good actress, or both. In any case, when she came, she took a good grip on me with her arms and legs, wrapping herself around me and squeezing me tight while she rubbed her body against mine. But I hadn't come, so she then sucked me.

It was one of the best blowjobs I've had, although that may be because it was the first one for me. She took me all the way in. I could feel the head touch the soft part of her mouth all the way in back. The sensations were fantastic. But I still didn't come. Finally she left, because it was getting late.

The next time for me was another call girl, a very glamorous blond model who turned tricks in her spare time. She was also great, with long silky legs and a pert and slender figure. We fucked on her bed for a long time, trying out different positions: missionary style, doggie style, sixty-nine, and with her on top. I didn't come, even though we fucked continuously for over two hours. Finally, I faked a climax and pulled out, leaving her exhausted. When I left she said I was a good, strong

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE SECRET DIARY OF EVA BRAUN

BY EMILY PRAGER

This week, after two years of secret negotiations with East German dealers in Nazi regalia, and thanks to the untiring aid of a star reporter at a German magazine who, for security reasons, must remain nameless, *Penthouse* has finally obtained the document the world has been awaiting for over thirty years: *The Secret Diary of Eva Braun*! Found in an old trunk in Berchtesgaden, beneath a pile of old autograph dachshunds, silk teddies, and Bayreuth Festival programs, the slim, pink, leather volume, with its tiny lock and key, reveals at last the intense and often poignant relationship between Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun, his mistress from 1933 to '45.

Penthouse's own handwriting experts have thoroughly checked the entries, comparing them with dressmakers' and confectioners' bills signed by Miss Braun during the period. But just to make sure, we sent the diary to distinguished historian Hugh Trevor-Roper.

THE SECRET DIARY OF EVA BRAUN by Eva Braun.

Munich, March 15, 1933. Dear Diary, I am writing to you because, alas, there is no one else in whom I can confide. In two short weeks, my life has changed forever. Once a shop assistant in Herr Hoffmann's photo store, now I am the mistress of the chancellor of Germany! Oh Adolf, Adolf. Darling, pudgy, little Adolf. How can Mama and Papa be so priggish? So narrow-minded to call it "shacking up" when one is living with a dictator? Why, it's every girl's dream! Of course, I agree with them about the mustache, but I'll change that, in time. It's such a superficial thing. Perhaps Adolf is right: perhaps all parents should be shot when one reaches age sixteen. Life would be easier . . .

Obersalzberg, March 13, 1938. Damn Austrians! Damn them! Damn! Adolf was coming this weekend and the Anchschluss has ruined it! And Bormann says it's only the beginning. I never get to see Adolf anymore, never. I'm so lonely. I've read every Nancy Drew there is, and now they've stopped translating them. What shall I do? I hate this place. I hate Bavaria. Here's a secret for you: yesterday I gathered together all the dirndls I could find—yes, even Frau Göring's—and I cut them all up and buried them near the tea house! How I laughed! My sad little rebellion. Adolf writes that if I sit tight, he will give me Poland for my patience. Frankly, Diary, I'd rather have oral sex.

Obersalzberg, January 20, 1943. We were to have a lovely weekend together. A celebration of our tenth anniversary. And then Speer informed me there were problems at Stalingrad and problems at El Alamein, and Goebbels and Himmler and the whole crew were coming up and I should have to stay in my room. After ten years, Diary, my love affair with Adolf is still a secret. Why? Streicher traced my racial ancestry back to 1500 and, except for a Czech juggler, it was pure. I can't bear it. The Jews get more attention than I do. But I waited. And after dinner, when Adolf finally appeared, I let him have it! "The hell with your war," I told him. "Lie down with the Desert Fox, get up with sand fleas!" And he laughed, which so annoyed me, I said my piece about the mustache. "Shave it off or grow it out, I don't care which, but do something with it. It looks like a mole pelt!" Well, as soon as I said it, I was sorry. He looked so mournful and then he got gas pains. I apologized and offered to join the Lebensborn program in penance, but he wouldn't hear of it. I haven't been this depressed since the night he murdered Ernst Röhm instead of taking me dancing.

Berlin, April 6, 1945. Well, Diary, who would have thunk it? We're going to be married. Frau Adolf Hitler. Frau Eva Hitler. I still can't believe it. Oh, you should have seen Mama and Papa's faces when I told them about the wedding. They never thought it would happen. "Over your dead body," I remember Papa said in '33, albeit presciently. Of course it's going to be a very small wedding. There's not much room in the bunker. Just our closest friends. But I've got my dress: masses of white tulle and organdy with just a sprig of clematis at the waist. There's a case of confiscated Parisian champagne courtesy of Göring and some paté with truffles. Now, right after the wedding breakfast, we're meant to shoot ourselves in the head, but you know, Diary—and maybe this is my silly sentimentality—I can't bear to soil the dress. I'm going to take cyanide instead. A girl's got to look out for herself, you know. I've waited so long for this. The first time the world sees me, I want to be in one piece.

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TV

BOUNCE 'N' BODY

Pretty women learn in life that it is quite to their advantage to cultivate a brace or two of homely girl friends, by whose company their prettiness may be most effectively and strikingly set off. In the world of television, lovely ladies are afforded no such benefit. Good looks are dullingly commonplace. Everyone is pretty, thus no one is striking. The boyish vulgarism about all women looking alike when one turns them upside down has no bite in the prime-time realm, where it is already difficult enough for an unpracticed eye to tell the difference between *les filles* Carrington and Ewing, *les bimbos* Channing and Colby. Though profiles in the *National Enquirer*, *TV Guide*, and other intelligencers of the American dream assure us that those who portray the jades and queens of television's ongoing nighttime dramas are possessed of distinctive and engaging personalities, they often seem to be as two-dimensional and indistinguishable as the plots in which they pretend to be embroiled. They are not so much players as they are die-cut figures. Breasts and buttocks, mouths and eyes, all are more or less the same: interchangeable parts of interchangeable wholes. Looking at these comely women, we do not really see them. What we do see, what we know them by, is that means by which their souls aspire to selfdom—namely, their hairdos.

Nowhere, except parhaps in rock 'n' roll, another domain of flamboyant nonentities, is hair of such importance as it is in TV land. The most sensational moment in the five-year history of "Peyton Place," the first of the big, prime-time soap operas, had little to do with the story itself. It occurred when **Mia Farrow**, who played the role of Allison, tonsured her long blond hair in mid-season. This haircut created no less a stir than had the shearing of Samson's name or the rape of Belinda's lock. If anything, hair has grown even more important in the eighteen years since then.

What one first notices is that the great majority of television heroines wear their hair like whores. I do not mean this to be a derogatory remark. Whoring is a venerable profession, worthier than many other, more sedentary trades. It is just that garish hairdos seem to be as common a trait among blow-for-dough career women as droopy drawers are among carpenters, or flauntily sported stethoscopes among doctors.

DAVID LOAR/RETNA

Geary: modified Clarabell cut.

But for a single exception—the brunette **Pamela Sue Martin**, who plays the bitch Fallon Carrington Colby on "Dynasty," and who has the only naturally beautiful hair on television (and whom I here apprise of my humble amenability to the more intimate expressions of gratitude)—the few TV tootsies who do not wear their hair like whores wear it like carpenters, or worse. Look at **Barbara Bel Geddes** (Miss Ellie Ewing on "Dallas") and **Lana Turner** (Jacqueline Gioberti on "Falcon Crest," which follows "Dallas"). Granted, both of these women are in their sixties, and we would expect them to style their hair in, let us say, an unfrivolous way. Yet their short, severely sculpted, side-swept hairdos are evocative not so much of matronly maturity as of all-female after-hours clubs with names like the Love Cage. Even worse is the hair of **Tony Geary**, who appears as Luke in the daytime drama "General Hospital." A ridiculous attempt to disguise advancing baldness, his modified Clarabell cut is without doubt the most ignoble display of tonsorial foolishness in all of television. The distinction of wearing the dopiest toupee, however, belongs to **William Shatner** of "T. J. Hooker," who, it is presumed, shall one day grow a complementing pencil mustache.

RON WOLFSON/RETNA

Collins: how to compete with Linda Evans's fake platinum pageboy.

Of the prevailing, whorish 'dos, those of **Linda Evans** and **Joan Collins**, who portray, respectively, the present and past wives of Blake Carrington on "Dynasty," are in a class by themselves. Both are obviously dyed, and dying; but there the similarity ends. Linda favors dried-out bangs and front-hanging pageboy ends, the entire mess resplendent in fake platinum. (Oh, how different from her "Big Valley" days!) Joan's dark, free-flowing perm-curls do wonders to draw attention to her fifty-year-old face; and, I feel, it is she of the two ladies who succeeds in appearing cheaper.

In "Dallas," **Victoria Principal**, who plays Pamela Ewing, gives us a never-ending display of whore-hair schizophrenia ("WHS syndrome," in the parlance of modern psychiatry). Week after week, episode after episode, she changes her hair, going anxiously from a standard Brooklyn-secretarial shag to an elegant upsweep with wispy bangs to a layered, pinned-back, fuck-me-before-the-quiche-burns cut, searching for that 'do that will wreak her trim-tummied being. This constant changing of hairstyles seems to have inspired **Linda Gray**, who plays J.R.'s wife, Sue Ellen, to abandon her blunt-cut pageboy in favor of a more tawdry, loose-librarian 'do. As *TV & Movie Screen*, which prints only the truth, said of Linda's new hair, "It takes a woman who's secure in herself to make the sort of drastic change that Linda has." I, and my cousin Louie, agree.

We wonder what 'do-changes the next season will bring. In the meantime, don't you worry, Mr. Geary; William Shatner has this friend . . .—*Nick Tosches*

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COMPUTERS

THE RIGHT WORDING

Writing with a computer is called word processing. Word processing on a home computer can be an enormous time-saver and help to improve the quality of our writing. There are, however, two basic problems. First, the equipment is expensive. Second, word processing is currently of real practical value only to novelists, columnists, students, and others who write fairly frequently. One must also know how to type (some computer programs teach typing somewhat painlessly).

It's a true joy to word-process. The keys of many computers are easier to strike and quieter than those of most typewriters. If you make mistakes, not to worry. You need no "white-out" or self-correcting ribbon. Usually you merely strike a "delete" key, and letters, words, or sentences disappear instantaneously. This is much easier than pulling out the paper and throwing it on top of the vast heap of crumpled sheets surrounding your wastebasket.

For some, this feature makes it easier to begin the writing process. Rather than feeling committed to, and perhaps embarrassed by, an awkward combination of words permanently placed on a piece of paper, you can type "free-form," subsequently inserting and substituting words into a text that is always smooth and flowing. It's not dissimilar to a sculptor's initially rough-hewing a piece of marble and then making continually more subtle changes until his creation is in a form that satisfies him.

Word processing saves time beyond the easy modification of text:

- There's no need to strike the return key, for the computer automatically advances the text to the next line. This eliminates one stroke per line. If the average typewriter line is fifty columns, or characters, across, you save 2 percent typing time from this improvement alone. (The better word processing computers allow eighty columns across.)
- There's no need to wait while the carriage or typing ball returns to the left-hand position.
- You can forget about having to watch for the end of a page. I don't know how many times I've become so engrossed in what I'm writing that I go on for several lines beyond the end of the page, recording my brilliant prose on the typewriter roller.
- Most word processing programs automatically center headings and allow the repositioning of blocks of text. You can also save time using a feature called "search and replace." Say you're writing a thesis on totalitarianism. You can strike *t* and later instruct the computer to replace all *t*'s with "totalitarianism."
- One of the most dramatic features of word processing is the way it facilitates painless editing and reediting. If you've finished something but want to change a word or a sentence or two, you need make only the appropriate changes, leaving the rest of the text alone.
- Many word processing programs number pages when they're printed and automatically count the number of words that have been written.

But there are some dues to pay—heavy dues. The most serious shortcoming of word processing is that you can make mistakes that will destroy hours or even days of work. Sometimes striking only a single wrong key can erase pages of material. If there's a power surge or shortage, or if the plug to the computer is inadvertently pulled out, the material in the computer storage area will vanish into thin air.

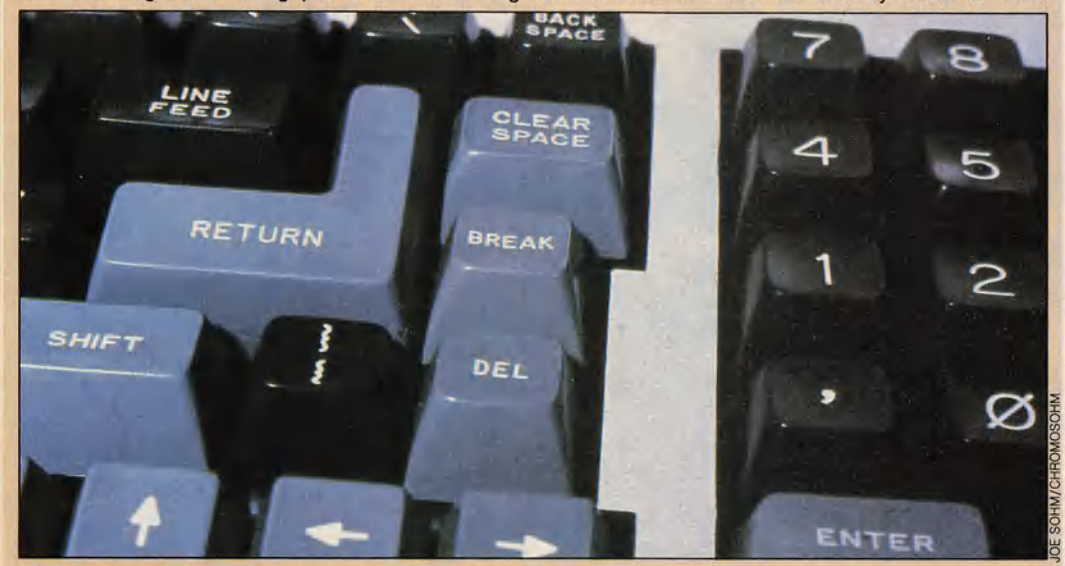
The information you type is usually stored in little plastic disks, called "floppies" or "diskettes." If you happen to spill something on the disk or otherwise ruin it (there are a number of ways this can happen), all the information on the disk can become inaccessible.

There are ways to minimize these risks, but the fact that they exist contributes to a general feeling of insecurity on the part of many computer writers until the text is safely printed on paper.

There are other irritants, too. Despite the ease of computer editing and "block" moves, I often find it essential to be able to see several pages laid out in front of me while editing. With word processing, usually only 200 words or so can be seen on the screen at one time.

Another disadvantage is cost. Only the more expensive home computers do a first-rate word processing job. The cheapest of these costs about $400. Peripheral equipment is also costly. The user must get a disk drive (two drives are preferable), at about $400 apiece; a monitor, for several hundred dollars (your TV screen can be used but the quality of the image is generally not acceptable); and a printer. Printers range from $300 to $1,000 or more, depending on the print quality desired. Thus word processing, even at the lowest acceptable level, costs around $2,000.

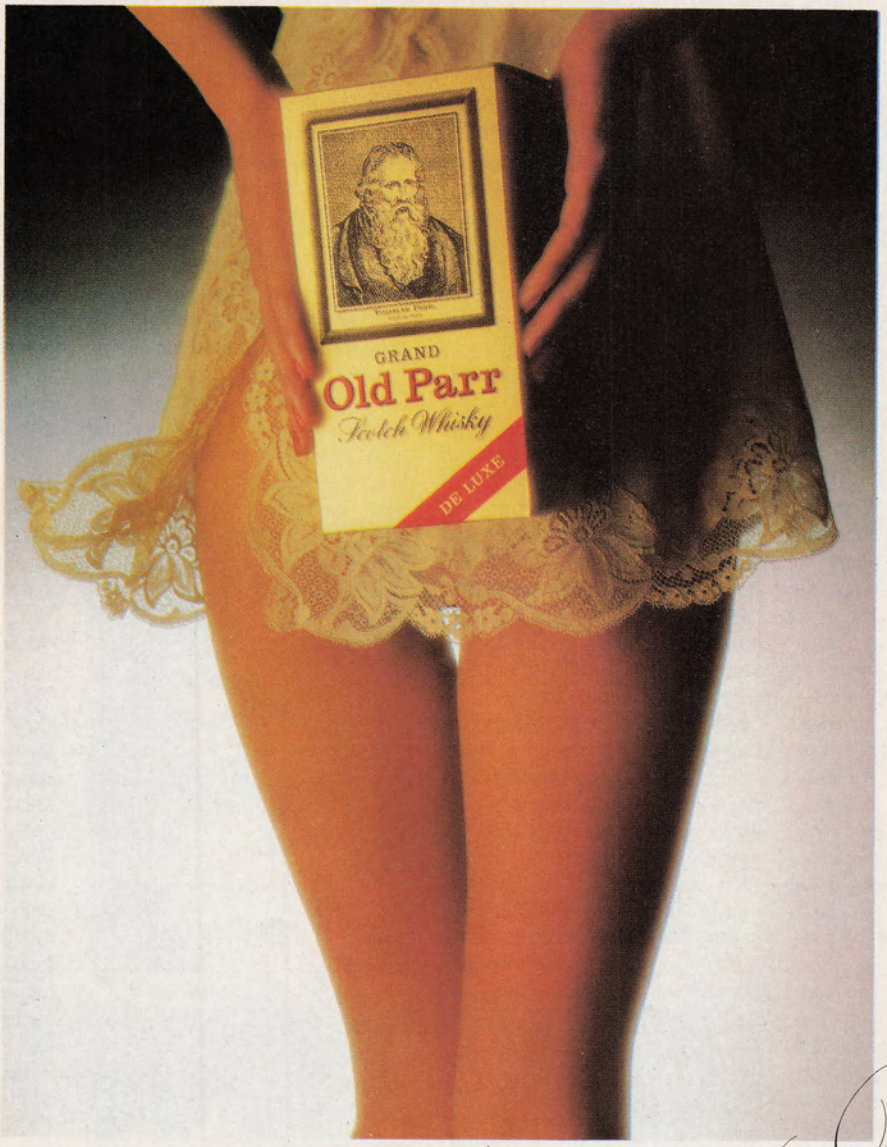
Despite these disadvantages, nearly all word processing converts agree that writing with a computer is addictive. Few would deign ever to use a typewriter again.—*Ken Uston*



JOE SOHM/CHROMOSOHM

The joy of word processing: few writers would ever use a typewriter again.

"All I can give a man who has everything is more of the same".



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FILMS

MAN OF SCRAP METAL

A lot of what I like about the latest *Superman* movie shows itself in the first ten minutes. For example, an opening scene of an unemployment line, where Richard Pryor learns he's just finished his last week of benefits. Cut outside to an awe-inspiring blonde on her way through midtown Metropolis. Pedestrians stumble, telephone booths topple like files of dominoes, a blind man drops his Seeing Eye dog and picks up the handle of a moving traffic-stripe-painting truck instead. A flock of little toy mechanical penguins catch fire and begin waddling along the sidewalk in flame. And mild-mannered Clark Kent slips into a four-for-a-dollar snapshot booth, to emerge as Superman—while a kid, feeding the machine his quarters, catches the whole top-secret transformation on film.

It is this combination of hometown current events and Rube Goldberg ingenuity that characterizes the opening of ***Superman III*** and that catches some of the best talents of Richard Lester, who directed, and David and Leslie Newman, who wrote the ingenious and very satisfying screenplay. The rest of the movie has its ups and downs, but it never loses its happy mishmash of interlocking, unexpected ideas. This is an up-to-the-minute but odd-lots *Superman*, with its moral crisis an allegorical struggle set in an automobile junk yard, and its physical climax a battle against a renegade computer that scavenges power from local electrical lines and transforms the Man of Steel into a two-dimensional video game display.

His birth on Krypton and his world-girdling superpowers notwithstanding, Superman really lives in two places. One is Metropolis, "The Big Apricot," utterly New York City, where incendiary blondes and flaming penguins roam the sidewalks, where Pryor runs out of unemployment insurance and must go to work for archfiend Robert Vaughn. The other is Smallville, the prairie town where Clark Kent had his normal American boyhood. He returns there for his school reunion (class of '64—everyone's getting older) and rediscovers Lana Lang (Annette O'Toole), a mother, a divorcée, and still the prettiest girl in his class.

It is in Smallville that the terrible trio of Richard Pryor, Robert Vaughn, and Annie Ross (as Vaughn's ferocious sister, and more man than both of them) slip Superman the adulterated dose of Kryptonite that renders him, not powerless exactly, but mean. He stops rescuing people and begins doing bad deeds, polluting the ocean by punching holes in oil tankers, just for the hell of it, straightening up the Leaning Tower of Pisa—things like that. But when he has almost hit bottom, his scarlet cape dulled to a dirty maroon, a sullen drunk flicking peanuts to shatter whiskey bottles in a seedy Smallville saloon, Clark Kent materializes from the body of Superman to battle him in the junkyard and win him back to virtue.

It reminds me of an Old Testament wrestling match, between the powers of light and darkness, good and evil, hope and despair. Superman is also Everyman, and his greatest adventures deal always with transgressions against his own morality. Of course he'll save the world—later. First he has to save himself.

Like most big-scale movies, *Superman III* grows less interesting as it gets more spectacularly active. The rogue-computer climax even introduces an element of physical viciousness that nothing else in the film prepares us for. In concept, this is the cleverest *Superman*. On the whole it honors the concept. To match its tale of world domination through fiendish computer programming, it offers a subtext about junk and bits and pieces of a frenetically humane gimmick technology. Superman favors that technology. So do Richard Lester and the Newmans, and—let's hope—you and I.

It is necessary to praise the cast and the casting, from Christopher Reeve through both Annette O'Toole and Margot Kidder to whoever had the wit to give Richard Pryor his best role so far, outside his own live-in-concert movies.—*Roger Greenspun*

Roger Moore as James Bond.

DC COMICS INC. 1983

Reeve as Superman: saving himself first, and then the world.

THE OTHER SUPER MAN

Octopussy has got to be one of the most provocative titles ever to adorn a mainstream movie. But the picture itself is surprisingly chaste, especially for a James Bond thriller. This time round Roger Moore's .007 does battle with both a jewel-smuggling ring, masterminded by a beauty named Octopussy, and a rebel Soviet general who plans to detonate a nuclear bomb from an East German circus cannon. Fantastic? Frivolous? Of course. But isn't that what Bond-at-his-best is all about?

Oddly enough, what ranks *Octopussy* among the best of recent Bonds is that it is less given over to the technological claptrap of its recent predecessors, *Moonraker* and *For Your Eyes Only*.

Roger Moore is finally beginning to wear the Bond mantle without the ghost of Sean Connery hovering over him, and with an endearing warmth as well. What helps, too, is that he has a multidimensional adversary in Maud Adams's Octopussy. She is both evil and sympathetic, beautiful and intelligent—and more important, very modern.—*Tom Herron.*

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SOUNDS

NEW BEGINNINGS

Rock 'n' roll is in a constant state of flux, and while the tendency of bands to splinter and of styles to change can be unnerving, it can also be liberating. The best artists periodically seize the opportunity to step back, take stock and begin again, and the music that results from these changes in direction is often particularly fresh and vital. Here are three cases in point, three impressive new beginnings.

No group in recent rock history was more controversial than Suicide, which consisted of one impassive keyboard player, Martin Rev, and one manic street-punk singer—**Alan Vega**. Opening arena shows for the Cars a few years ago, Suicide drew missiles and extravagant verbal abuse from the audience. But the Cars' mastermind, guitarist and songwriter Ric Ocasek, realized that of all the pretenders to the post-Elvis rockabilly throne, only Vega had both a genuine sneer and swagger and a volatile, impassioned style as a lyricist and vocal artist.

Vega honed his craft away from Suicide's cool, enveloping clutch on two quirky solo albums for independent labels. Now, with Ric Ocasek serving as producer, he has made *Saturn Strip*, a stunning major-label debut. It's sexy, back-against-the-wall psychobilly, a paean to the eternal American dreamer backed by a brilliant fusion of post-Suicide electro-pop and twangy space-rockabilly.

VIRGINIA LIBERATORE

Vega: honing his craft into sexy, back-against-the-wall psychobilly.

Richard Thompson has been recording for more than a decade, first as the scrappy lead guitarist with Britain's folk-rooted Fairport Convention, then as half of this decade's most incandescent folk-rock duo, Richard and Linda Thompson. The Thompsons' intricate guitar and vocal interplay, driven by Fairport's sinewy and versatile rhythm section, made albums like *Pour Down Like Silver* (Island) and last year's *Shoot Out the Lights* (Hannibal) favorites of discerning rock 'n' folk fans and hot items on a number of critics' polls and Ten Best lists.

But the Thompsons' marriage has unraveled, like so many others, and *Hand of Kindness* (Hannibal) finds Richard on his own, wailing that "just when I thought I could learn to forget her, right through the door comes a tear-stained letter." Fortunately, Richard held on to his rhythm section of longtime Fairport associates, and he held on to his sense of humor. He may be complaining, but he delivers his most tuneful lines in a delightful brogue, over a deliriously danceable meld of reels, jigs, and rock 'n' roll. "She danced on my head like Arthur Murray," he roars; "my head was beating like a song by the Clash." Baby, that is rock 'n' roll.

Is **Shriekback**'s first album, *Care* (Warner Brothers), the work of (a) a new-wave progressive band, (b) a British funk group, (c) a neopsychedelic unit, (d) an art-rock band, or (e) a minimalist trance-rock ensemble? Conceivably, Shriekback is all of the above—or none. Its three principals boast impeccable new-wave credentials. Keyboardist Barry Andrews was in XTC, Dave Allen was the powerful bassist in the Gang of Four, and Carl Marsh helped spearhead the British psychedelic revival with his Out on Blue Six group. But the music these creative and versatile players make together manages to elude categorization.

Working primarily in the recording studio, Shriekback builds up songs layer by layer, often beginning with little more than a bass line and a rhythm figure. Next come shimmering keyboard and electronic textures, set in perspective to give the illusion of depth and space, and richly imaginative vocal arrangements that play off Marsh's dry, sinister singing against Andrews's punch and grit. Some tunes include lyrical, shimmering vocal chorales; others, wordless vocal percussion reminiscent of the Balinese monkey chant. But the voices always fit snugly into the band's intricate rhythm, which revolve like a colorful, shifting Calder mobile around Dave Allen's rock-solid bass.

Care is the year's most impressive rock debut and a promising new beginning for three exceptional musical talents, who seem finally to have found their proper niche.—*Robert Palmer*

WARNER BROTHERS RECORDS

Shriekback: a neopsychedelic unit or a minimalist trance-rock ensemble?

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WORDS

THE FIRST TIME

Funny what first-time-out novelists choose to write about in their debut books. If we're going to talk trends, there seems to be a minor epidemic of women writing about how fulfilled they feel in their nifty careers as advertising executives (or urban planners, reporters, publishers, TV producers, farmers) and how much *more* fulfilled they feel when they find some nice lawyer (or undercover cop, assistant film director, account exec, journalist, jogger) to appreciate them as much as they appreciate themselves.

Don't worry. Nobody's twisting your arm to read one of *those*.

We're much more impressed with Percival L. Everett's first novel, ***Suder*** (Viking), about a black third baseman for the Seattle Mariners who's in a slump and going crazy. Which reminds him, in many evocative memory scenes, of how his own mother went crazy. Which in turn convinces him that he'd better leave his wife and kid, find an elephant and a smart-ass nine-year-old runaway girl for company, and build some wings so he can solo off a cliff.

As funny as Suder's surreal experiences are, there's nothing whimsical about his merry trip into lunacy. Everett writes tenderly about his hero's vividly recollected childhood anguishes, and there's real bite in his satirical impressions of the people and pressures contributing to the athlete's angst.

Best of all, though, there's Suder, going crackers just as sweet as you please. There's something sad and beautiful about a man who checks out of sanity by hauling around a saxophone he can't play because it puts him in touch with Charlie Parker's "Ornithology." Suder's no dope, after all. He knows that jazz is life, and life is what he's after. It all makes sense—if you're a Bird.

Now let's hear it for the WASPs! Or, at least for Frank Milburn, whose first novel, ***The Interloper*** (Doubleday), makes a brilliant case for the rebirth and spiritual rejuvenation of the Old Guard aristocracy we assumed had fallen asleep counting its money. The way Milburn tells it—and he tells it in limpid prose, as unobtrusively elegant as a string of heirloom pearls—the Eastern Establishment gentry were just waiting for the parvenus to goad them beyond endurance.

The hero of this bittersweet class fable is the scion of an old family of "woolly people; vain mothers, dipso sons, depressed fathers, hysterically aphonic daughters," a family so class-bound and neurotic that it has to implode. It takes this endearingly ineffectual chap his whole lifetime to grow up, tap his atrophied energy sources, and prove that breeding still counts for something.

Milburn writes with graceful refinements—and a bitch of a sense of humor. He also creates a memorable title character. This nemesis of the hero is a huge, appetitive intruder from the lower classes who marries the chap's sister, steals his mother's affections, and takes over the family firm. That's what they get for not nipping public schooling in the bud.

There's a wonderfully ironic scene in Stephen Wright's Vietnam novel, ***Meditations in Green*** (Scribner's), in which the men of the 1,069th are watching the horror movie *Night of the Living Dead*, just before an enemy night raid that wipes out most of their unit. The point is that none of those celluloid horrors could compare with the nightmares so graphically laid out in this disturbing novel.

Pain and laughter go hand in hand here. Working from the memories haunting his hero—who did herbicide studies for an intelligence unit that has a screaming woman as its emblem—Wright constructs two separate and equally surrealistic landscapes. First, there's the dreamy narrative of the present-day vet, so wired from drugs and memories that he turns his apartment into a greenhouse and tries to plant himself. The second is the "fantasy" of the war itself, recalled in shockingly vivid prose.

Wright's style is undisciplined, and the two sections don't mesh as they should ("The war was real; he was not"). But the combat action is harrowing, the dialogue is good and gritty, and the raw power of one man's remembered experiences can still put you away.

A Dime to Dance By (Harper & Row), Walter Walker's breezy first novel, isn't really about the Red Sox; but the team gets as much space as the plot, which is about nickel-and-dime politics in a small town on the south shore of Boston.

Walker's likable hero is a not-too-ambitious lawyer who likes to hang out in the bars with his old high school buddies, watching the game on TV. A routine case unexpectedly involves a powerful city councilman and leads to city hall, where the political shenanigans are as complicated and dirty as anything that goes on at the Kremlin. And a whole lot funnier.

To support his colorful local characters and the scummy authenticity of their barroom idiom, Walker offers some insightful psychology on why some people can never leave home. Or why they slink back, once they've left. To guys like Ziggy and Chuckie and Fitzy, the worst thing that can happen to a Red Sox player—or a true fan of the home team—is being traded out of the old neighborhood.—*Marilyn Stasio*

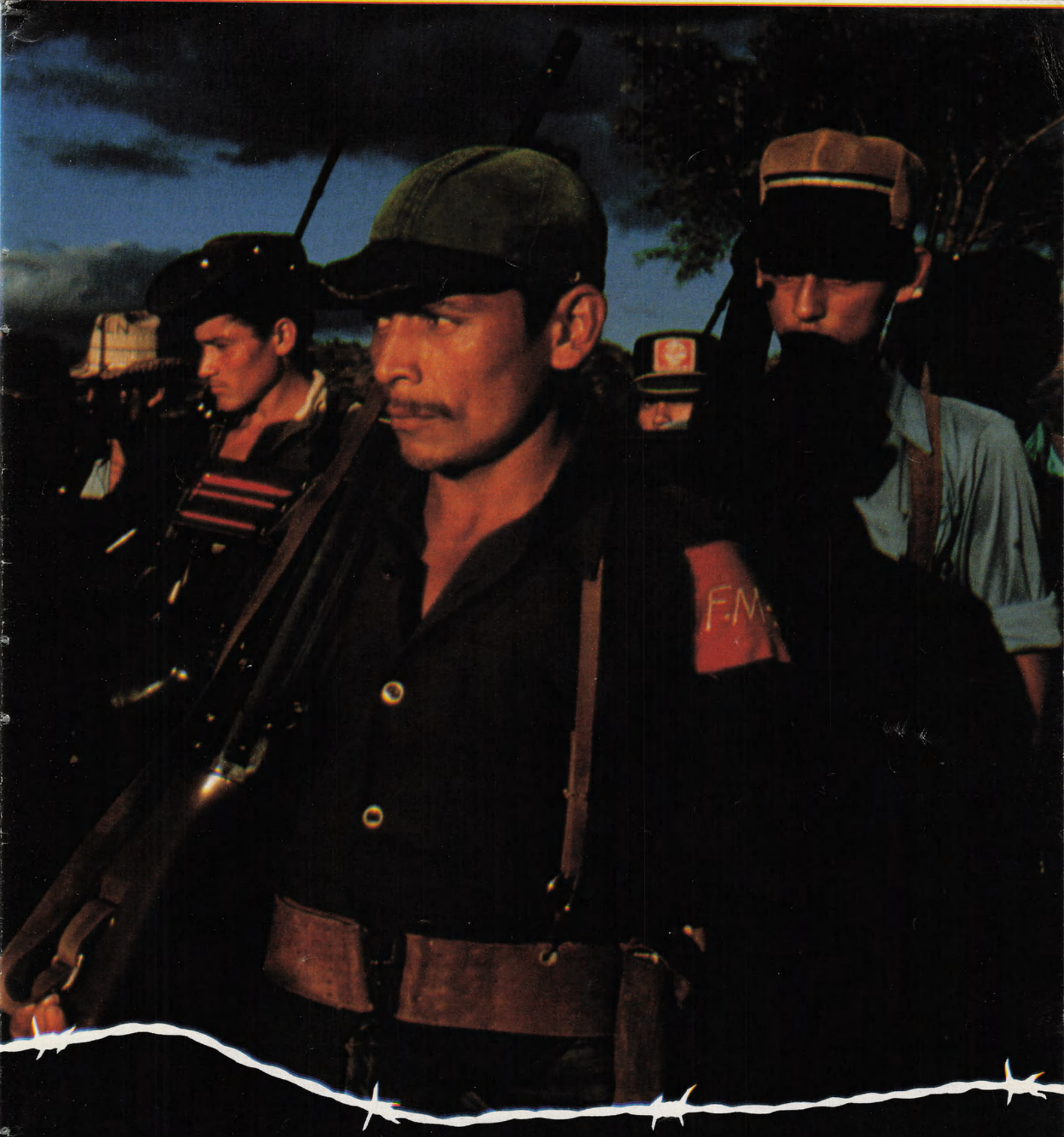
HERMAN J. KOKOJAN/BLACK STAR

Meditations in Green: *the raw power of one man's remembered experiences.*

DANGER
QUICKSAND

EL SALVADOR IS SPANISH FOR VIETNAM

BY TAD SZULC



President Reagan's extraordinary commitment to prevent El Salvador from falling into "Marxist" hands could very well lead to his dispatching American combat forces to that Central American country by the end of this winter. . .

PHOTOGRAPH BY SUSAN MEISELAS/MAGNUM

That is the ominous prospect that Americans must take with utmost seriousness. Preparations are already under way for possible large-scale U.S. military operations in the region, almost certainly including leftist Nicaragua as well. These operations would go well beyond the current Central Intelligence Agency–directed rightist-guerrilla attacks from neighboring Honduras.

If, because he has committed both his personal prestige and that of the United States government to the "salvation" of El Salvador, Reagan does order troops there, the U.S. could find itself bogged down in an endless Vietnam-style anti-guerrilla war in the Salvadoran mountains and jungles. It would most probably be a war with no guarantee of real victory—one raising the threat of the U.S. becoming virtually isolated politically from almost all of our friends and allies. Of course, Congress could halt such an intervention within ninety days by invoking the War Powers Act—an unprecedented step—but in an election year making any such prediction is impossible. Reagan, for example, has trapped Democrats in the Congress by suggesting that their lack of cooperation with his policies would render them responsible for the "loss" of El Salvador.

An American armed presence in El Salvador, along with air and naval strikes at Nicaragua, may lead to a wider Central American conflict that would not exclude some form of Cuban and Soviet participation in support of their revolutionary associates. And a direct involvement in Central America would surely cause deep divisions at home, particularly as the 1984 election campaign gained momentum; El Salvador could easily become a major campaign issue. All in all, the administration's present plans add up to a scenario for absolute disaster.

In the event Ronald Reagan decides for any number of reasons to refrain from the use of force, it is highly likely that the U.S.-backed government in El Salvador will collapse, to be replaced by a Marxist regime even tougher and more ideologically rigid than the one in Nicaragua, a country now closely allied with Cuba and the Soviet Union.

Reagan, then, not only will have broken his promise that the U.S. would not "turn our backs" on anti-Communist Salvadorans, but will have placed in question America's international credibility as well. Having made the commitment to "save" El Salvador, the president could endanger all American alliances if he does not live up to it: the Europeans and the Japanese, for example, would start doubting whether the U.S. has the will and the capacity to defend *them* in an emergency if it cannot defend a tiny nation in what Reagan has called "our front yard." This, of course, is among the vast dangers the administration is creating through its Central American policies, with the president boxed in through his promises.

It is proper, therefore, to ask at this juncture how and why the U.S. has gotten itself in such a predicament, ten years after the end of its unhappy military experience in Vietnam. The answers go back quite a few years, and it is clear that the Carter administration, because of its inattention to the long-festering problem of El Salvador, must share the burden of responsibility for the awesome dilemma presently facing the United States.

I. Long-term Assessments

The Reagan administration, in its efforts to secure congressional approval for growing military assistance to the Salvadoran regime, has deliberately concealed the fact that top U.S. and Salvadoran com-

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Interview With a Death-Squad Assassin

"WE ARE NOT PLAYING GAMES HERE"

BY JEFF B. HARMON

"The Moody Blues, man, they're my favorite. They really freak me out." The man I'll call Fernando, a heavy-set Salvadoran with a baby face, handed me another Cuba Libre as "Isn't Life Strange?" warped its way out of the stereo in his unkempt living room in the province of Usulután. Fernando picked up his infant daughter and laid her gently in her crib. He was the very image of a good husband and father—which, in fact, he was: a family man, a hardworking engineer, a respected citizen. But Fernando has another occupation as well: he is the leader of a right-wing death squad—one of the men responsible for making El Salvador the nightmare of death and torture that it is today.

I had first met Fernando back in the summer of 1981, in the military commander's office in Usulután. Later that day we went for a few beers. "You know, man," Fernando said, "normally I wouldn't speak to no reporter. But you traveled with *Atlacatl* [El Salvador's first rapid-deployment battalion, trained by U.S. military advisers]. You've been to the front; you know what it's like." Fernando went to the front, too, but in a different way.

The conversation was all "off the record"—the torture and killing that Fernando admitted to. And it wasn't too specific; it seemed to be just the tease of an overgrown hippie. "But maybe next time, man. You come back to El Salvador—maybe next time I'll give you more."

Fernando kept his promise.

I returned to El Salvador to direct and produce *The Front Line*, a film for PBS and the Fourth Channel in Britain. I spent a good deal of time in Usulután filming with the military and drinking with Fernando. We went to closed fiestas at the National Guard and local military headquarters, where Fernando was treated with the respect afforded a military commander. Not exactly a normal situation for a "civilian" in El Salvador.

At first I was skeptical about Fernando's claims. But after meeting Fernando's "associates" and talking independently to junior officers in the military, I realized that Fernando was telling me the truth: a rare commodity in El Salvador. As further proof, Fernando showed me a copy of what he referred to as "my credentials"—a U.S. federal court indictment against him for smuggling guns to El Salvador. "Shit, man," he laughed, "I flew the coop."

According to Fernando, his paramilitary activities are no less horrific than what the guerrillas do. "To me, there are no human rights here or in any other country." At least in the context of El Salvador, Fernando is correct. The major difference between Fernando and the guerrillas is that Fernando doesn't couch his torture and murder in terms of "revolutionary justice." But for all his claims to be a patriot, Fernando obviously enjoys what he does. This interview was conducted earlier this year.

Fernando: I'm a member of what you American people call a death squad. As a matter of fact, I'm a member of a paramilitary group acting in Usulután. . . . I've been fighting here for around three years. I decided to get involved with this when the guerrillas killed my uncle.

Penthouse: What exactly is a death squad?

Fernando: We are a paramilitary group. A paramilitary group is a group involved in military operations. A kind of military operation. A death squad is, we might say . . . we are not assassins . . . we fight with guerrillas, armed guerrillas. We fight with them; that's our main business.

Penthouse: What's a typical operation?

Fernando: A typical operation might be a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

manders feel that under present conditions the anti-guerrilla war is not winnable.

As far back as November 1980, Lt. Gen. Wallace H. Nutting, the commander-in-chief of the United States Southern Command in Panama, who is directly in charge of U.S. operations in El Salvador, had privately warned that it might take at least four years for the Salvadoran government to rout the guerrillas—if American military aid and Salvadoran troop-training were considerably increased. General Nutting's current assessment is even more pessimistic: according to senior administration officials, he doubts whether the Salvadorans can hold out at all past the end of the year. Nutting, having completed his assignment in May, takes the view that the U.S. is already engaged in war in Central America and that it must have the willingness to use troops to avert ultimate disaster.

At the same time, the administration—including the Pentagon and the intelligence community (the CIA and the Defense Intelligence Agency)—committed two fundamental errors in judgment, errors that have come to haunt it now. The first was the conclusion, contained in a secret estimate presented to the White House, that the failure of the leftist guerrillas' "final offensive" in January 1981—launched as Reagan was taking office in Washington—meant that they were finished. It was based on the flawed assumption that because most of the population had not risen in support of the offensive, the rebels lacked adequate national backing to pursue the war. What American experts had overlooked was that in Cuba in the late 1950s and Nicaragua twenty years later, the revolutionaries had suffered similar setbacks only to live and fight and *win* another day. Only when, in midspring of 1981, it became obvious that the rebels were very much alive, the Reagan administration stepped up the shipment of arms and the dispatch of advisers to El Salvador (initiated by the Carter administration the previous December), and Alexander M. Haig, then secretary of state, proclaimed that Central America was the testing ground in the broader East-West rivalry with the Soviet Union.

Because the guerrillas had not scored marked triumphs in this period—they were busy regrouping and preparing for subsequent action—the administration felt reassured that things were looking up for its Salvadoran clients. Thus it turned off the anti-Soviet rhetoric in the Salvadoran context (in part because Reagan did not wish Americans to be distracted by foreign crises from his domestic economic program) while continuing military aid to the Salvadoran regime and pressuring Nicaragua in every way to halt arms shipments to the rebels in El Salvador. The latter activities were based on the secret National Security Decision Directive 17, in which Reagan, in November 1981, approved covert CIA and Pentagon operations against Managua.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

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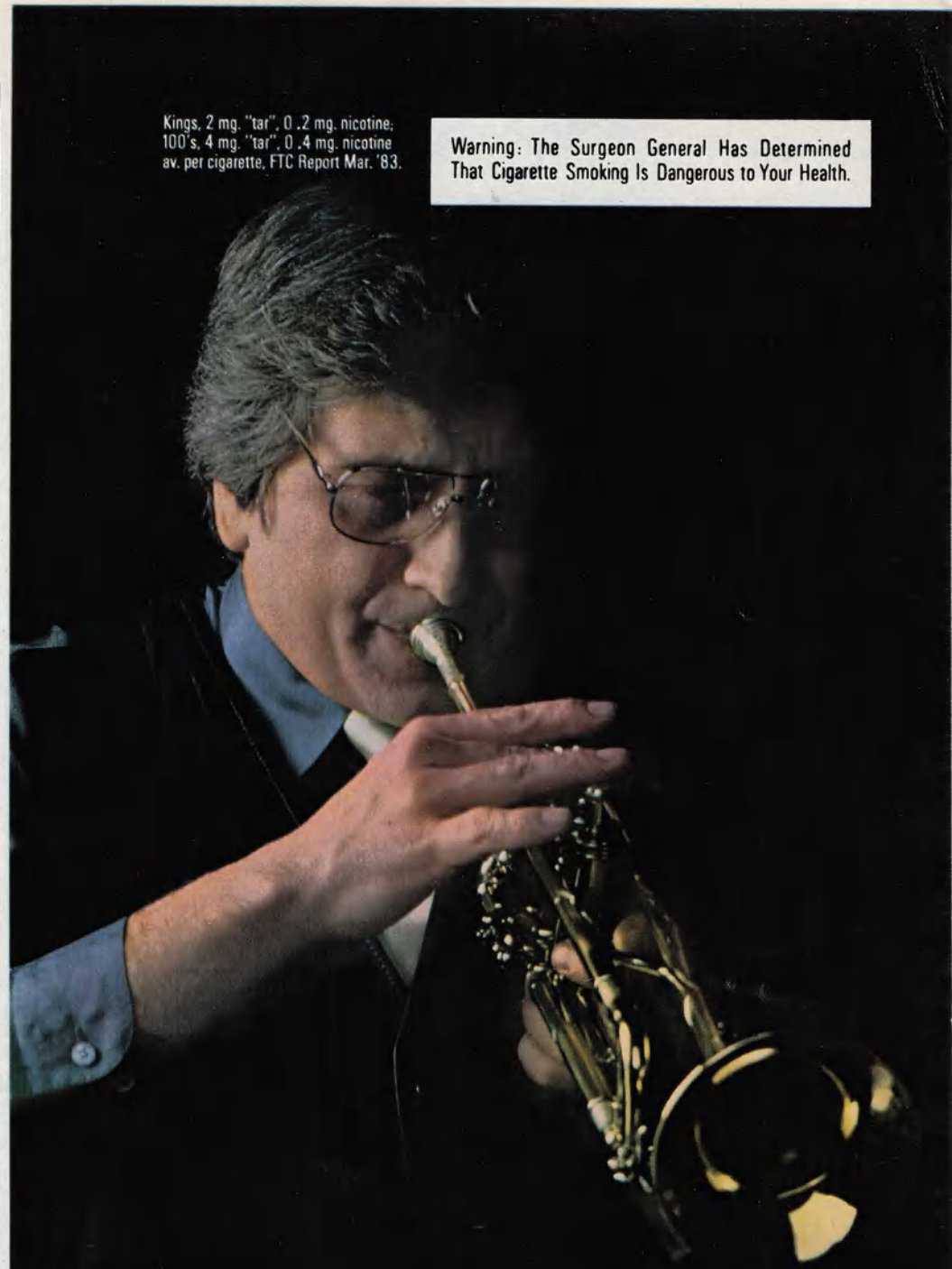

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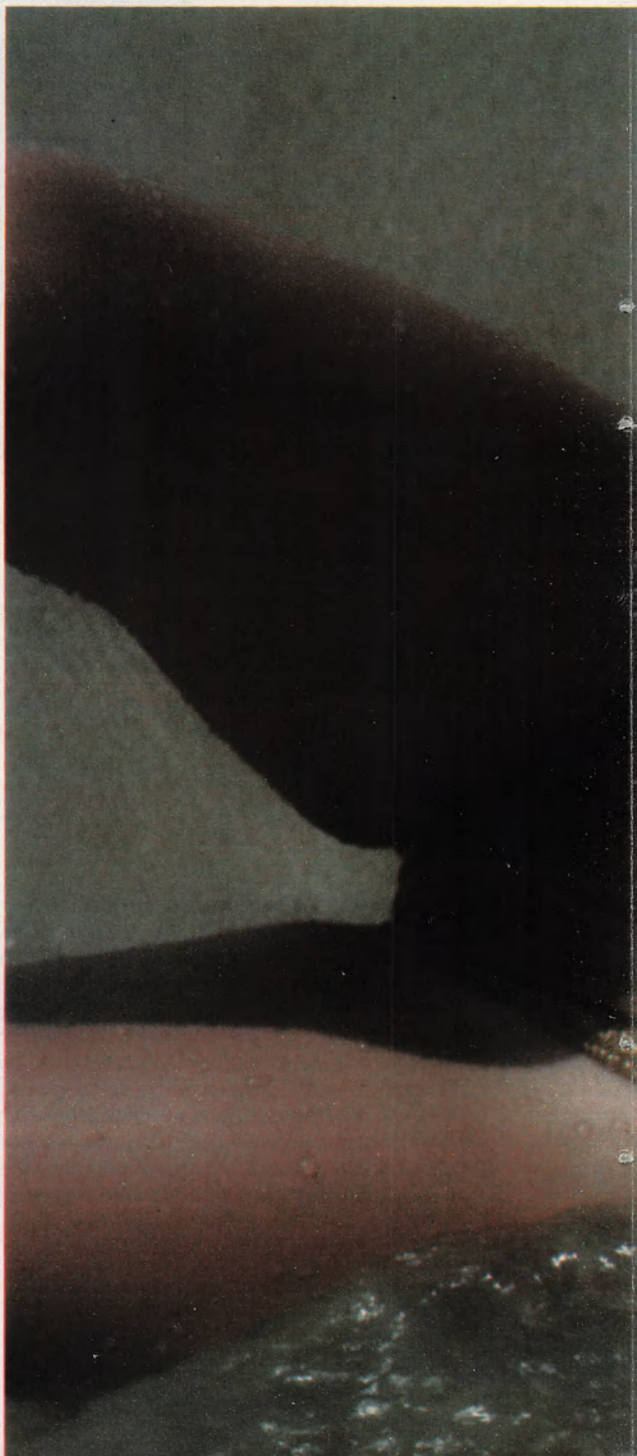
Pet of the Year

PLAY-OFF

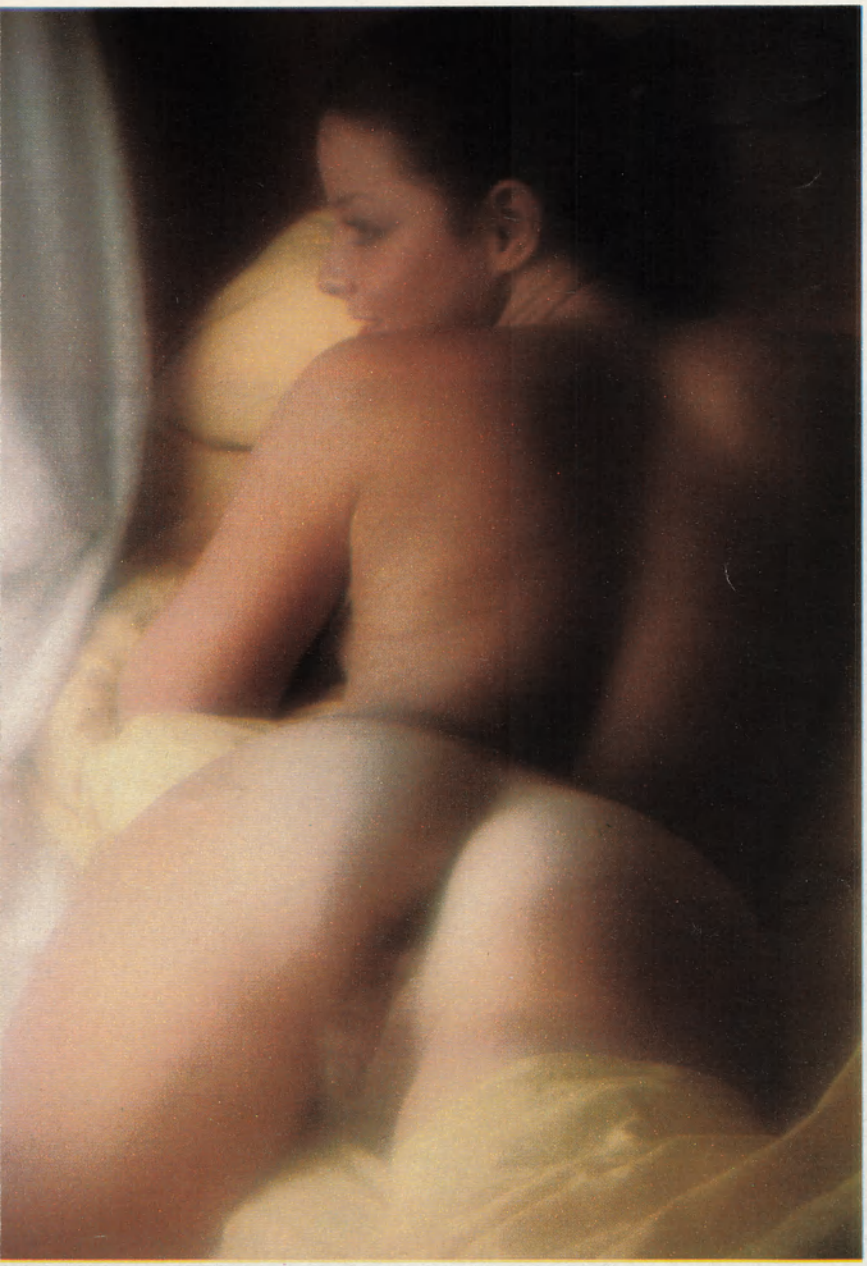
In previous years, our Pet of the Year extravaganza was a quasi-private, behind-the-scenes love affair between our Play-off Pets and our readers, with the glittery crown of Petdom going to the young lady who won the most hearts and ballots. This year, however, *Penthouse* Editor/Publisher Bob Guccione is bringing the contest to the public and expanding it to global proportions. The five fantastic Play-off Pets gracing these pages will compete to represent the U.S. this fall in the first-ever International Pet of the Year Pageant. Naturally our U.S. Pet of Pets will be resplendently recaptured in our December issue, but this is just the beginning of the happy ending that awaits her. For even as you read this, similar Pet of the Year Play-offs are being staged in over thirty foreign countries. The winners will then challenge our U.S. Pet in Rome, Italy, this coming November in a tantalizing two-hour television first that will be broadcast live worldwide by satellite. The winner will be earthy, elegant, sexy, ravishing, and rich–a child of the eighties crowning her glory with an unprecedented Grand Prize Award of one million dollars in cash and gifts! In other words, she's Everyman's dream girl come true. Even, possibly, yours! That's right: among our panel of VIP judges, you, a true readers' representative, could be the most important judge of all! We'll choose the best essay of 250 words or less explaining why you'd love to join this pleasure-laden pilgrimage to Rome. Mail your essay to Here Comes the Judge, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965–and may the best eyes have it! Deadline for receipt of your essay in New York is September 15, 1983. Decision by *Penthouse* will be final.



CYNTHIA PETERSON
SEPTEMBER 1981

Our five-foot-two-inch brunette found her petitely perfect body had stopped growing at a fairly early age; not so her eager, inquiring mind, which is expanding as fast as the pace she presently maintains doing Pet promotions for *Penthouse*. Brainy or not, our adventurous Las Vegas–based Pet is not about to let her body go to waste. In short, Cynthia's a winner!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



SHEILA KENNEDY
DECEMBER 1981

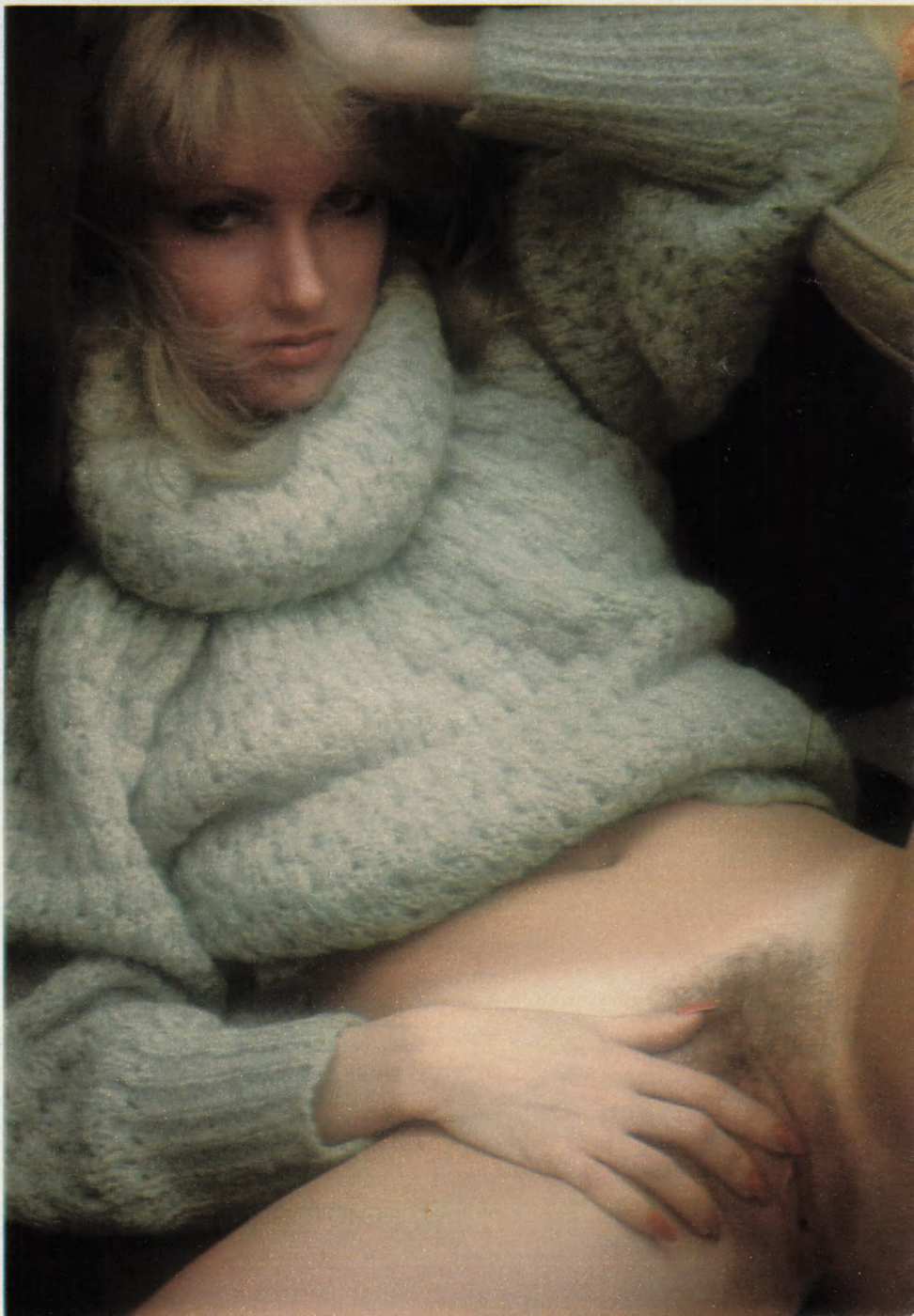
When Bob Guccione discovered eighteen-year-old Sheila, he found in her sumptuous 35-22-35-inch form and bubbly personality the prerequisites for stardom. After a small part in a film called *Spring Break*, she landed the lead role in *Ellie*, which will be released this autumn. There's no doubt that our well-rounded dream girl is a hard actress to follow!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

DIVINA CELESTE
FEBRUARY 1982

When *Penthouse* Vice-Chairman Kathy Keeton met beautiful Divina at a Baltimore Hilton luncheon, our 35-18-35-inch charmer was already a civic treasure. Now she's gone national, appearing in a sexy MTV special with a musical group called The Catholics. "I may not be a brain surgeon," she smiles, "but I *am* a pretty smooth operator!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



LARI JONES
JULY 1982

Lari Jones was clearly the fairest of them all at the county fair where our sharp-eyed scout discovered her. Living alone in a one-room cabin, lissome 34-22-34-inch Lari is a seasoned big-game hunter who traps and skins her own prey. Stalking that wild and woolly species called *man*, though trickier and more dangerous, is another favorite pastime.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

DONNA BARNES
AUGUST 1982

At a full-bodied five feet eleven inches, Donna Barnes is a long, lush 38-24-38-inch stretch of hill country any man would love to travel. And our cowgirl from Austin is the first to admit that "once upon a Texan, no other filly will do!" Now that she's a successful ad exec for sister publication *Omni*, it's clear that, one way or another, Donna will always be dressed for success!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Finally the long conspiracy of silence against Vietnam veterans is ending. But for many of the 4 million who served there, it may be too late.

LEGACY OF PAIN

BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY

It was a drizzly Los Angeles evening in February 1983 and I was walking across the campus of the University of Southern California, the streets lined with aging eucalyptus trees and the asphalt dark and wet under lights haloed by Alfred Hitchcock fog. I had been talking about Vietnam at Bovard Hall and now I was heading back to the hotel, my mind on another dark

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHEPARD SHERBELL/PICTURE GROUP

evening, two days before Christmas in 1966, when my plane touched down at the Gialam airport across Red River from Hanoi. I got off the plane with a total blackout in effect, drove across the narrow Long Bien bridge, and began to learn about the Vietnam War from the enemy side of the lines.

Seventeen years had passed since my trip to Hanoi, ten years since Henry Kissinger signed the armistice protocols in Paris, eight years since the Hueys lifted the last American out of the U.S. Embassy at Saigon. An eternity. I could not remember when I had last spoken about Vietnam.

Now I was walking alone on the campus street, the only pedestrian (this was California, where no one walks). A car came up fast behind me, pulled abreast, and hesitated (California drivers do not hesitate). I was surprised, even apprehensive. The car made an illegal left turn, swung across my path, and halted. The driver leaped out, slammed the door, and hurried toward me.

"I've got to talk to you," he said, his words boiling out. He was in his mid-thirties, clean-cut, wearing a three-piece suit, neatly dressed, neat clothes, neat calfskin loafers. A businessman, square, square, square. He was crying.

He had, he said, heard me talk, had heard me say that it was time at long last to take a look at Vietnam, at what Vietnam had done to us, to the men who fought there, to those who stayed at home; to look at all of Vietnam, the good, the bad, the uncertain, the lessons of the war, if we could grasp them. It was time for us, the press, the government, the veterans, the people, to open our eyes, shift our minds out of neutral, and take the plugs from our ears.

He stood there beside his Datsun four-door, the rain dampening his twenty-five-dollar blow-dry hairdo, tears running off his face, and told me the story of his life. He had been young and patriotic, wanted to fight for his country, believed in the war. He enlisted in the marines and fought in Vietnam. He went through it all. He had been lucky. No serious wounds. Some of his best buddies were killed but he was unscathed. When he got back to the U.S.A., he had buttoned up tight. No problems, no backward glances. I'm all right, Jack. He went into business, started his own firm, made some money—quite a lot of money—married a lovely girl. They had two daughters, lovely kids, no problems. Pretty little girls, doing well in school. They adored him. He adored them. He loved his wife. His business grew, kept expanding, he had a lot of people working for him, a lot of people depending on him. He didn't give a damn about Vietnam. He had locked it up and thrown away the key. Then, a year ago, it happened. One evening he exploded like a rocket. Why, he could not say. It just happened. His wife thought he had gone crazy. He was *crazy*. He went to a shrink, a woman, but he couldn't stand her. He couldn't admit he was sick and that the name of the disease was Vietnam.

What was going to happen to his wife, to the two lovely girls, to his business? He didn't know why he was telling me this. He knew I didn't have the answers but he couldn't stop talking. The rain was coming down harder. It soaked through his jacket. It soaked through mine. He kept wiping his eyes. I kept wiping mine. I hadn't cried since the night Bobby Kennedy was killed. We talked on and on. Finally, he got into the four-door and drove away. I walked on to the hotel, went up to my room, took off my wet clothes, and lay down on my bed. Vietnam was back. It had come out of the closet.

And about time.

I have been thinking about Vietnam ever since, thinking and talking about it. I found that I was not alone. More and more people are talking about Vietnam these days. Those who fought in the war, those who fought against the war, those who marched in the streets, those who turned on their headlights on Saturdays, those who put decals of the American flag on their trucks, and those who stitched it to their ass-fitted jeans. Even the Valley girls and their jocks have been asking questions about funny words like Da Nang, Khe Sanh, the Iron Triangle, the Parrot's Beak, General Westmoreland. About Light at the End of the Tunnel and Ho Chi Minh.

> "You guys are going to be the new class of niggers. Wait till you get back. A lot of you ain't going to be able to take it."

Vietnam is coming out of the closet and the Vietnam veterans are coming out of the closet. Today it is almost fashionable for congressmen to speak seriously of the legacy that the war laid on our society and on the men who fought in it.

On a quiet Sunday last May when Nancy was out of town, even President Reagan found a few moments to pay a visit to the Vietnam Memorial. He hadn't been able to take the time to go to the dedication in November 1982 or to attend the ceremonies at the National Cathedral, where the list of the 57,000 dead was read by candlelight.

To quite a few veterans—and other Americans—the dedication of the Vietnam War Memorial in Washington and the self-organized parade was the turning point, the event that finally brought Vietnam back into the national vocabulary. This, too, was about time.

In our Vietnam trauma, nothing has been more shocking than the stubbornness with which Congress and the White House, in one administration after another, have participated in the national conspiracy of silence, turning their backs with the rest of us on the war that in thirteen or fourteen years took the lives of 57,000 of our finest young people, wounded 300,000 more, and permanently maimed perhaps 150,000; not to take account of the present and future toll of Agent Orange, that jovially named reminder of Sun Belt beauties and anthropomorphic luminaries like Paul Bunyan, the Green Giant, Mickey Mouse, and Smokey Bear. Agent Orange, sprayed evenhandedly over Vietnam roadsides, Vietnam peasants, and GIs in a cozy exercise called Ranch Hand.

I think it is notable that while the generals measured success or failure by the "body count" of enemy killed, their military accountants are still uncertain how many Americans served in Vietnam. For years the government put the figure at 2.5 million. They then raised it to 2.7 million, and recently decided it was more like 4 million.

What are we to make of a country (our country), a government (our government), an army (our army), that cannot determine within a million or so the number of men we sent to fight in our behalf, to defend the nation's security, and, so it was once said, to keep hordes of Cochin Chinese Communists from swarming out of the jungles and descending on the beaches of Southern California?

If we can't even count how many American lives were placed at risk in Vietnam, it is no wonder that for ten years we have tried to shove down the Memory Hole the fact that these 4 million men—our sons, our neighbors' sons, the boy at the gas pump, the kid next door—were called to the colors, fought and died thousands of miles away, or came home bearing wounds visible or invisible and melted, nameless, into our restless multitudes.

Both press and radio joined in the national conspiracy of silence. But there were a few notable exceptions, in particular, *Penthouse* magazine. Between 1974 and 1983 *Penthouse* published twenty-five articles and fiction features dealing with Vietnam and the problems of Vietnam veterans, and in 1975 established a monthly feature called the "Vietnam Veterans Adviser." The *Washington Post*'s editorial director Philip Geyelin was another exception, publishing thirty-six editorials and columns over a five-year period. And CBS's Bill Kurtis, then with WBBM-TV in Chicago, played a notable role in bringing Agent Orange to public attention with a two-part documentary.

I warn you that I am not entirely objective in what I am writing here. I do not think objectivity is what we need at this point. I

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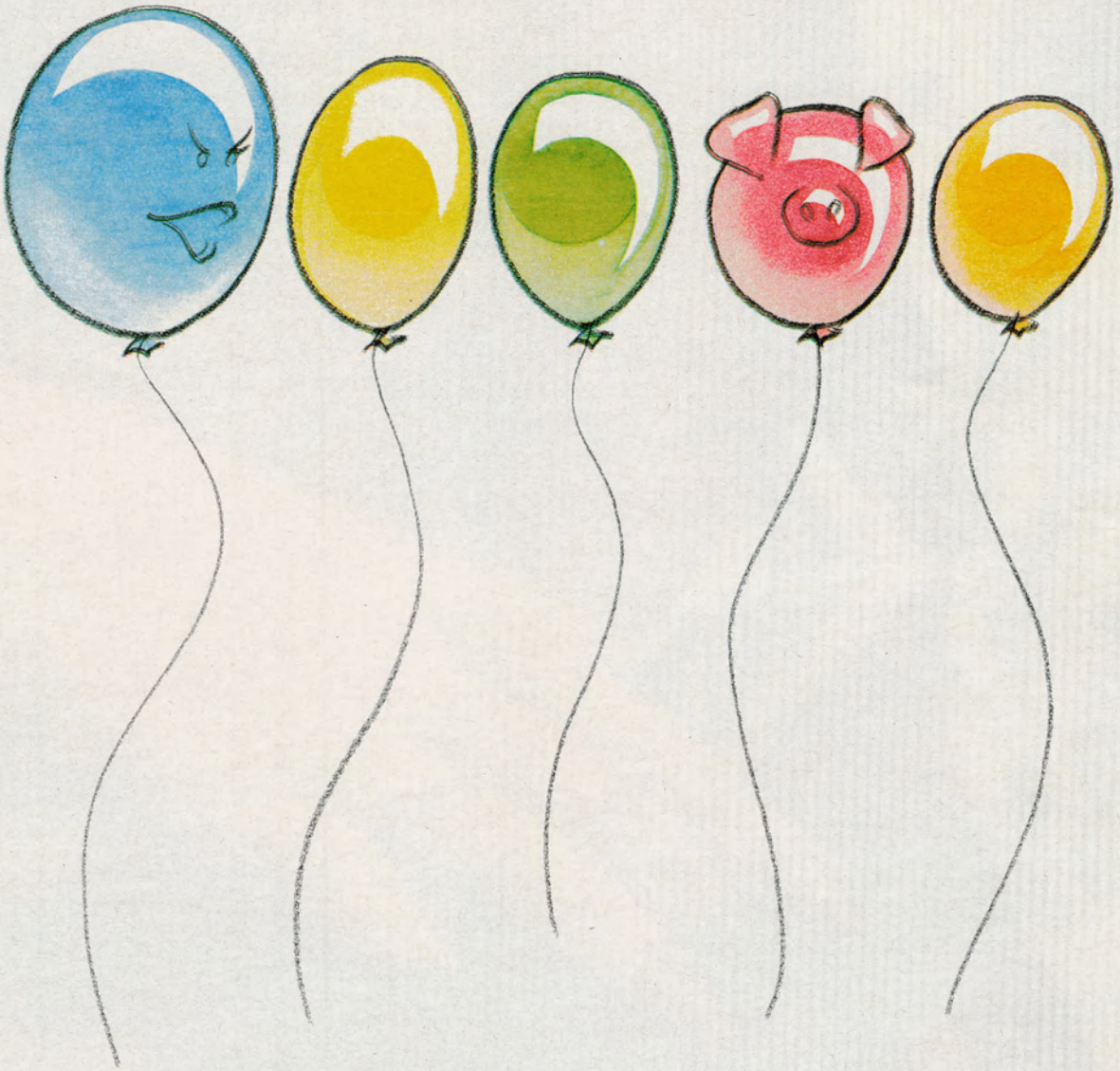
Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"One of the johns is a cop—pass it on."

GIUSTI

What's the point of spending
years perfecting your acting ability
when there's a much more
lucrative means of employment available?

THE SEDUCTION OF PETER S.

BY LAWRENCE SANDERS

My name is Peter Scuro. I am the kind of man who goes through life asking: Is this all there is?

I said: "Do you know the answer to all the heavy questions that have baffled the world since Adam? I have the answer: Think of God as a clown, the Divine Clown. That solves everything. Undeserved suffering. Injustice. An earthquake kills a thousand people? Slapstick. A bridge collapses in Bolivia and thirty innocents are drowned? A great shtick. Are you following me? An infant born with leukemia? Hard act to top. The Divine Clown. Think about it. When the idea sinks in, you can sit back and applaud the performance."

Sol Hoffheimer's massive face sagged in a smile. "Peter, if you believed half of what you say, you'd be amused. But you're not; you're indignant. A nice distinction. You're not a true cynic; you're just peevish."

We were in my agent's littered office on West Forty-fifth Street. Outside, a gusty wind and coughs of snow. Inside, a clanking radiator and the smell of dead cigars.

"So," Hoffheimer said, "I gather the audition didn't go too hot."

"Audition?" I said. "What audition? They took one look at me, and I was o-u-t. They're looking for a younger type."

"It happens," the agent said philosophically. "The director gets a mental image of the guy he wants and—"

I gave a finger to the world. "I've been trying to match somebody's mental image—*anybody's!*—for twelve years now. I've worked hard. Made the rounds. Knocked down doors. Grabbed anything that came along. And what have I got to show for it? Some shitty credits and about 8,000 bucks over twelve years. That's the sum total of my theatrical career."

PAINTING BY ROBERT GIUSTI

"Listen," the agent said. "I can match you kvetch for kvetch. Me, I'm forty-eight. In the business almost twenty-five years. When I started, I had dreams of million-dollar deals. You know, calling the Coast: 'Hi, baby, this is Sol. Have I got a hot property for you!' Beautiful starlets. Champagne dinners. That's what I thought it would be like. Peter, I don't even *know* anyone on the Coast. And the only starlets I know are hookers."

I laughed. "We're a great couple of failures, Sol."

"No," the agent said, "that door could open tomorrow, and a new Clark Gable or Marilyn Monroe could walk in."

"On the other hand, it could be your landlord with your overdue rent bill."

"Yeah," Hoffheimer said morosely, "that too."

The agent stripped the cellophane from a cheap cigar. He lighted it with a dented Zippo, blew a plume of smoke at the ceiling. He put his feet up on the desk. Stared at the one sooted window, the gusts of snow.

"You think you're a failure, Peter?" the agent asked suddenly.

"Close to it," I said, "I'm trapped. What else am I trained to do? Sell Jockey shorts in men's boutiques or demonstrate potato peelers in five-and-tens? I have no skills outside the theater. And they don't seem to want me *in* the theater."

"If you give up," Hoffheimer said, "you'll regret it for the rest of your life."

"I may have to live with that," I said, "if I want to eat."

The agent took his feet down, leaned across the desk to stare at me.

"I can let you have ten," he said.

I rose and began to gather up hat, coat, scarf, gloves.

"Thanks, Sol," I said, "but no thanks. I'm into you too deep now." I moved to the door, then turned back to face him. "By the way, if I don't see you before, Merry Christmas to you, too."

I had my hand on the doorknob, then I turned back again.

"I'll take that ten, Sol," I said, trying to smile.

On West Fifty-fourth Street, near Eighth Avenue, was the Losers' Place, a busy bar and moribund restaurant, frequented by unemployed actors and off-duty cops.

The scarred bar was against the far wall. I wandered in, waved negligently at two acquaintances tossing darts, and headed directly for the bar. Planting one foot on the tarnished brass rail, I tipped my hat to the back of my head.

Singles were at the bar, hunched over their drinks or staring at their crackled reflections in the back mirror. Two barstools to the left of me was something: a woman standing, in a dark mink coat down to her ankles and a matching sombrero. I wondered how many little animals had been executed to provide that outfit.

I watched her in the mirror. Alligator handbag, gold Dunhill lighter, gold-tipped cigarettes. Gold rings, bracelets, heavy chain choker. Fingernails that didn't end. Hands that didn't look young. The face was shadowed by the brim of the mink sombrero, and she wore outsize sunglasses.

I was still trying to figure her age when she slid a bill onto the bar, snapped her handbag shut, and strode directly to me.

"Fifty," she said in a husky voice.

"What?" I said, startled.

"Fifty," she repeated patiently. "Fifty dollars."

I was amused, wondering what a Park Avenue hooker was doing on Eighth Avenue.

"I'm flattered," I said, smiling. "Do I really look like a man who can afford fifty dollars?"

"Dummy," she said. "Do I look like a woman who *needs* fifty dollars?"

We stared.

"You'll *pay* fifty?" I asked in a low voice.

"You're beautiful," she said, inspecting me. "Nothing kinky," she ordered. "Just a good, hard bang." I delivered.

She nodded. "Yes or no?"

For the rest of my life I was to wonder why I had never hesitated.

"Where?" I said.

"Your place," she said.

"I'll have to make a call."

"Do that," she said. "I'll finish your drink. I love olives."

I used the telephone near the greasy kitchen. Someone had written on the wall, "I suck," followed by a phone number. I dialed my own apartment. My roommate, Arthur Enders, picked up the phone on the fifth ring.

"Art?" I said. "Peter. Can you clear out right now?"

"What?" Enders said in his wispy voice. "Peter, I don't understand."

"I need the place for an hour," I said. "Alone. Right now. It's very important."

"What's it all about?"

"Art, will you do this for me? I'm supposed to meet Jenny at Blotto's at six. Will you please leave now and wait for her there? Okay?"

"Well . . . if it's important."

"It is. I'll explain later. I'll join you and Jenny at Blotto's at about six-thirty. I'm buying dinner."

"You mean you got the job?" Enders asked Peter excitedly.

"I got *a* job," I said.

It was a six-story converted brownstone on West Seventy-fifth Street. Entrance three steps down from the sidewalk. Green plastic garbage cans in the paved front areaway.

Arthur Enders and I shared the back one-bedroom apartment on the first floor. It had been broken into only twice. Now we had three locks and a chain on the front door. Bars on the ground-level windows, of course.

Each month we alternated. One slept in the bedroom, one on the convertible in the living room, and then we switched. The kitchen was minuscule, the bathroom (shower stall, no tub) even smaller. We paid $450 a month for this gem, and counted ourselves lucky.

I led her back into the bedroom, which luckily was mine that month.

Her body turned out to be rich and sturdy. Nipples like red gumdrops. A heavy thatch, but that didn't turn me off. A blocky torso, but she did have a waist, and the thighs of a linebacker. It was a big, strong carcass, but it didn't daunt me.

"You're beautiful," she said, inspecting me.

"Thank you."

"Nothing kinky," she ordered. "Just a good, hard bang."

I delivered.

After, when our breathing returned to normal, I said, "It's none of my goddamned business, Martha, and you can certainly tell me to go to hell, but do you do this often?"

"Fuck?" she said. "All the time."

"You know what I mean—picking up strangers in bars."

"When the mood is in me," she said blithely. "It offends you?"

"Of course not. But isn't it dangerous?"

"That's half the fun—the risk. Listen, buster, it's a whole new ball game out there. Every year there are more and more women like me. Independent, with enough money to choose their pleasures. How many women in the past could do that?"

"You're right," I said thoughtfully. "I'm glad you chose me."

She kissed my cheek, then gathered up her clothes and headed for the bathroom.

I dressed swiftly, made for the living room, and went through her coat. A book of matches from the Four Seasons in one of the pockets. In the lining, embroidered initials: M.T. The label was from the Barcarole Boutique. I knew the place. Hellishly expensive.

She came out of the bathroom and handed me some bills, folded. I slid them into my jacket pocket without even glancing at them.

"How can I get in touch with you, Peter?" she asked as I helped her on with her mink.

I jotted down the number of my answering service and told her my last name. She

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RACHEL

"All of those women who make such a fuss about being kept on a pedestal must not have spent much time there. . . ."

LOVE LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

Rachel Wesley, our September Pet of the Month, agrees that life on the Mississippi suits her just fine. Star quality or not, our 37-24-36-inch sensation has not yet succumbed to the glamour and glitter of northern lights. If *Penthouse* managed to discover her below the Mason-Dixon line, she reasons, so can anyone else with a yen for the finer things in life. "Besides," says she, "I can't imagine living anywhere but New Orleans"–a sleepy, romantic place, steeped in historic charm, where you start off the morning with beignets and chickoried coffee. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN OBERLANDER

. . .And you can spend a busy afternoon contemplating the infinities of time and space beneath a weeping willow, or skimming along on a Sunfish, or stretching out on a sandy beach for a bit of southern exposure sizzling enough to seduce a proper stranger. . . .

Not that such strangers wouldn't try to seduce her in turn: while posing for *Penthouse*, for example, Rachel drew record crowds of admiring spectators. "Tomcats on a hot tin roof," she drawled, "but where would I be without them?"

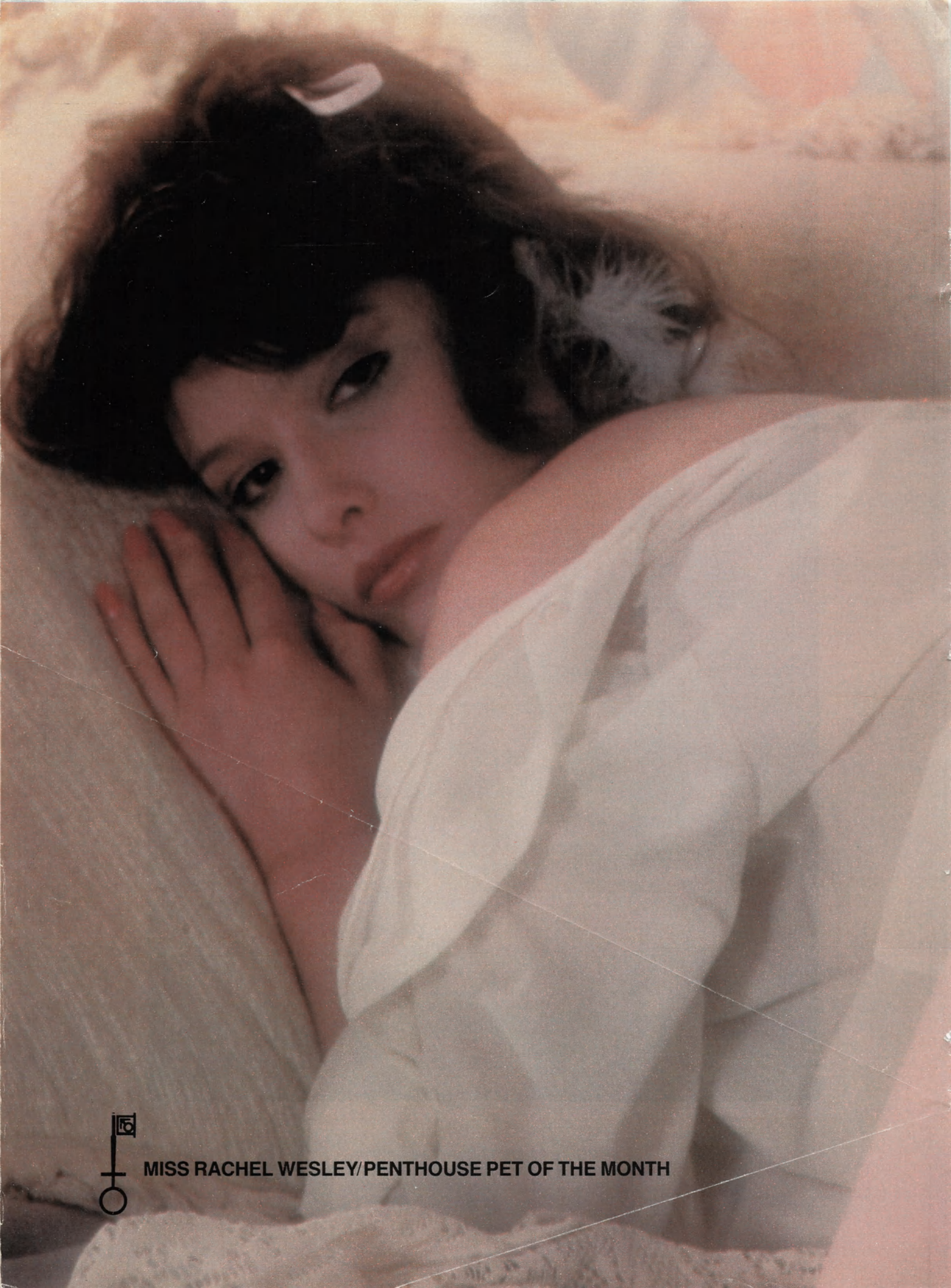
Admittedly, our sex kitten likes such extravagant attention. "Women who make a fuss about being kept on a pedestal must not have spent much time there—the weather's pretty damn good at that altitude!" She assures us there are worse things on earth than being worshipped by handsome gods bearing gifts. . . .

At the eager and energetic age of twenty, Rachel knows it's time to launch her own career. But Tulane doesn't offer courses in her favored fields of study.

Such as? "Oh," she smiles, "such as therapeutic shopping, conversational body language, recreational sex, pre-med seminars on how to land a doctor. . . ." Someday, of course, she'll marry.

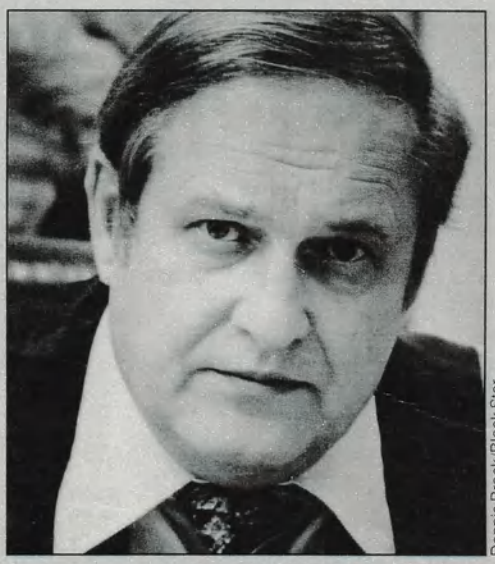
"But I'm much too young to make such big decisions right now. I guess I'm just not ready to be serious." And besides, she admits, living alone *does* have certain pleasurable compensations. . . .

"Getting to know myself better is a major priority," she declares, "and so far, I've only been scratching the surface. ... ." Ah. . .but what a surface to scratch!



MISS RACHEL WESLEY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



Dennis Brack/Black Star

BY JACK ANDERSON

The author is one of the most respected columnists in America today. He won the Pulitzer Prize in 1972 for national journalism, and his new book, *Fiasco*, written with James Boyd, will be published by Times Books in October.

OPEN SEASON ON JOURNALISTS

Long before the vote in America was given to the poor, women, blacks, and youth, before presidential nominating conventions or our present political parties existed, the role of the dissenting editor—as monitor, arbiter, critic, and rival of the politician—was embedded as a fundamental of the American system. This essential freedom is protected by the First Amendment, which gives any citizen, if he is cantankerous enough, the right to set up a printing press and begin to assail the powers that govern him.

Now the free press has come under assault from the bad guys who are suffocating the First Amendment with litigation. Unsavory groups and individuals, who don't like having their secret schemes and cozy relationships bared by an inquiring press, file gratuitous libel suits with the sole aim of harassing investigative reporters. The effect is to force these journalists into either silence or financial ruin.

Such legal actions are known as nuisance suits—a popular term that woefully understates the damage they do. They are successfully intimidating publishers and broadcasters from championing the cause of the helpless against their exploiters, from upholding the public's right to know and control rather than the official's inclination to conceal and manipulate.

Litigants bent on punishing the press for doing its job are egged on by lawyers who prey upon the vulnerable, undisciplined by judges who lack the courage to consign such suits to the oblivion they deserve, encouraged by juries whose misplaced sympathy for the "underdog" has brought astronomical money judgments.

Nothing on these pages is intended as an argument against legitimate lawsuits. The law of libel is a necessary weapon against unscrupulous journalists who engage in character assassination for reasons of malice or sensation and then hide behind freedom of the press.

The press as an institution has evolved through alternating chapters of disgrace and honor, of prostitution and martyrdom, of somnolence and vigilance, gradually assuming the role of public protector. It provides the people with an alternative to the official version of things, a rival account of reality, a measure by which to judge the efficacy of rulers and whether the truth is in them, an unauthorized stimulus to action or resistance.

This role has withstood the attacks of politicians and the machinations of government. But it may not last against the whirlwind of litigation that is blowing through the courtrooms. The cost of fighting a libel case through to final vindication requires financial resources that only the richest news organizations possess. The cost of libel insurance is often more than a small publisher or broadcaster can afford.

"Corporate oligarchies, fanatic cultists, publicity-seeking individuals—anyone who can hire a lawyer has a license to go after the press with a libel suit. Fighting such cases requires financial resources that only the richest news organizations possess."

I have had all too much experience with the economics of libel. I have never lost a libel suit; I have never paid a penny in settlement. Only one case had enough merit to reach the courtroom and the jury gave me a fast, favorable verdict. Yet I have put out a fortune fending off libel suits that obviously lacked substance.

I must confess to a certain reluctance to tackle a likely litigant. I could name some groups, for instance, that sue anyone who so much as mentions them unfavorably. But I doubt that *Penthouse* would appreciate such a dramatic—and expensive—gesture just to make an obvious point. I know my lawyers would not.

Instead, I'll just offer a few examples of the way the libel lottery works:

Peter Hardin is the young publisher of a small monthly newspaper for dairy farmers, called *The Milkweed*. Using documents obtained from the Farmers Home Administration under the Freedom of Information Act, Hardin ran a story headlined "FmHA Documents Reveal Eastern Loan Shenanigans." The Eastern Milk Producers Cooperative Association filed a $20 million libel suit.

The judge threw the suit out, ruling that the statements complained of were 100 percent "fair and true." Hardin is convinced the lawsuit was intended primarily as harassment—to punish him for giving Eastern a black eye. "Unfortunately," he says, "the legal system has deteriorated to a matter of sustaining the interest of those who can pay their lawyers. If 'eating' $20,000 worth of costs and losing four months of working days is the price of printing the truth, it's darn hard to win many more victories like this one."

Young, enterprising journalists are particularly vulnerable when they expose the misdeeds of the rich and powerful. Two of my former reporters, Bob Owens and Jack Cloherty, struck off on their own in the mid-1970s and started a syndicated column. They were stiff competition, and I took a certain avuncular pride in the hard-hitting stories they wrote.

But they came to grief with a story about a Texas oilman whom they accused of jacking up his prices by selling crude to dummy corporations. Cloherty, who now works for a Washington, D.C., television station, tells what happened:

"We were making money on the column, and things were going well. Then we were hit with this $10 million lawsuit. It was an emotional, physical, and psychological strain trying to put out three quality columns a week with that suit hanging over our heads. We were losing newspapers that were named (as codefendants) in the suit. Eventually, we won the case, but we were driven out of business."

There have been other pyrrhic victories in the libel game. A small West Coast newspaper won national acclaim for reporting the outrages of a litigious local group. Multiple filings by individual members have the intrepid publisher defending himself against claims totaling hundreds of millions of dollars.

"It's just endless harassment," said the publisher. "My overwhelming complaint is against the judges. Judges are so frightened of having their decisions overturned that they refuse to dismiss cases or give summary judgments, even when the libel suits are just obvious harassment."

News media aren't the only targets of the libel larceners. The more enterprising will prey on any literary success. Flora Rheta Schreiber's best-selling novel *Sybil* has a scene in which a girl discovers a pair of pajamas she considers "loud and gay." The tag identifies the store they came from—a real store in New York. The store sued.

"They were claiming the passage made them look like a homosexual outfit!" Schreiber said. "They were asking $3 million. We thought for sure there would be a summary judgment. When the judge said he was going to bring it to trial, we were flabbergasted. The publisher was forced to withhold all royalties after being named in the suit. It was probably a craven decision, but we settled for $10,000 because we just got tired of fighting."

James Grady, another former reporter on my staff, wrote *Six Days of the Condor*, a spy story set in Washington. (The moviemakers, for some reason, changed it to *Three Days* and set it in New York.) Grady mentioned a restaurant on Capitol Hill—but with a fictional name—and wrote that it had underworld connections. The owners of the restaurant that Grady's fictional one was loosely modeled after sued for libel.

"It was clear to me that nobody had been libeled, and I was going to fight it," Grady recalled. "But I learned that justice has a price tag. I settled for $4,000 after my defense costs reached seven times that amount."

Can anything be done to squelch those who are perverting the libel laws for fast bucks or slow strangulation of a free press? We can expect no help from the Supreme Court. Led by Richard Nixon appointees, the high court has repeatedly upheld decisions that have a chilling effect on the kind of journalism that helped drive Nixon from the White House in disgrace. In recent years, the Supreme Court has accepted for review only cases that have been decided in favor of the press in the lower courts. It has refused to take cases that the press has lost.

The only place the press can find help is Congress—and we shouldn't be shy about demanding it. That's right: there oughta be a law. Here's the legislation I propose to get the libel leeches off our backs:

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SEDUCTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

tucked the paper into her handbag.

"I'll get you a cab," I said, and she kissed my cheek again.

I went out with her, not bothering to put on hat or coat. In the dim lobby we met old Mrs. Fultz, who lived in the ground-floor front. She looked at us sharply.

I got Martha a taxi going uptown on Amsterdam. We smiled and nodded goodbye. Then, the cold beginning to get to me, I jogged back to the apartment.

I looked at the bills in my jacket pocket. Three twenties. She had given me a ten-buck tip. Nice. Just before I sallied forth, I glanced at my reflection in the bathroom mirror. I hadn't changed.

On Thursday before I headed back to my Christmas job at the King's Arms, I called my answering service. More from habit than any hope of a life-changing message.

The operator told me a woman named Martha had left a number and wanted me to call back.

I dialed her.

She said she'd like to see me tomorrow.

I said I thought I could manage it.

Martha really made me put out. She bucked and reared like a demented mustang. I hung on, gave it my best shot. After a while I got caught up in my own drive and wanted to punish her for using me. So I slammed into her and she, grunting, loved it.

Spent, I collapsed and put my lips to her impressive breasts. She would not release me but held me close, panting.

"That was a good one," she said.

"Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back."

"Yeah," she said, smiling. "Well . . . Peter, have you got any friends?"

I turned my head to look at her. "Of course I have friends."

"Could you get a guy for me?" She laughed. "Nothing personal, Peter. You're great, and that's the truth. But I like variety, you know?"

"You told me. The new woman. Choosing your pleasures."

"That's right."

"Sure," I said, "I can get you a guy. Reasonably clean."

"Fine," she said briskly. "You set it up. Give me a call. Twenty for your trouble."

"Fair enough," I said.

She looked at me shrewdly. "But not as good as sixty, right? Not to worry, Peter. A friend of mine would like to meet you. Fifty. Interested?"

"Sure," I said, without hesitating.

"Monday, okay? Three o'clock? Her husband's going on a business trip."

"Perfect."

"That's it, then," she said, slapping my hip. "Now I've got to run."

On Monday morning I had a "cattle call": preliminary interviews for a series of TV commercials featuring a cowboy wearing bronco jeans.

I waited two hours, standing most of the time, before I was called into the inner office. There was one woman in there, a tall, frosty blonde. She took one look at me and didn't return my smile.

"Sorry," she said tonelessly, "we're looking for a younger type. If you'd care to leave your comp with the girl in the outer office . . ." Her voice trailed away.

Out on the street, I finally found a public phone that was working and called Martha Twombly at the number she'd left with my answering service (which wasn't hers—she wasn't in the phone book—and it wasn't the Barcarole Boutique).

Either her home number was unlisted or she had a private line at the Barcarole that didn't go through their switchboard.

She picked up on the third ring.

"This is Peter," I said.

"I hope," she said tartly, "you are not going to disappoint my friend."

> Both women chatted easily about the summer theater season as they sipped their white wine. When we were all naked in bed together, Janet said, "Do her first."

She was all business.

"I'll be there," I said. "Three o'clock?"

"Right."

"What's her name?"

There was a short pause. "Glenda."

"Glenda," I repeated. "Now about that young man you wanted to interview . . ."

I didn't know exactly why I was speaking in such circumlocutions, but it seemed smart.

". . . will tomorrow be all right?" I finished.

"Let me take a look at my schedule," she said crisply. "Yes, tomorrow will do nicely. At noon."

"Good," I said. "Let's keep—"

But she had already hung up.

Glenda was almost twenty minutes late. She was a petite brunette with a helmet of shiny black hair. Not ugly, but plain. Undeniably plain. Expensively dressed. A trim little figure.

She looked at everything except me. I gestured at the dilapidated apartment.

"We call it the Taj Mahal," I said.

"I think," she said in a choked voice, "it's—it's very, uh, quaint."

Suddenly she was weeping.

"Hey," I said, "it's not *that* bad."

She shook her head side to side, her short hair fanning.

"What's wrong?" I asked gently.

She rummaged through her purse for a tissue.

"I've never done anything like this before," she said, sniffling.

"Look," I said, smiling at her. "If you like, you can put on your hat and coat and walk out of here right now. It's not worth your getting so upset."

"No," she said defiantly, "I'm going through with it."

"All right. But remember that you can change your mind anytime you like."

I took her by the hand and led her to the bedroom. When she saw the rumpled bed, she began weeping again. I sat her next to me on the bed and put an arm about her shoulders.

"Why are you going through with this, Glenda?" I asked softly.

"It's my husband. He cheats on me all the time. I know he does. What am I—chopped liver?"

"No," I said solemnly, "you are not chopped liver."

She took a deep breath and looked at me timidly with brimming eyes.

"I don't know, uh, what to do," she confessed in a quavery voice. "I mean, do we get undressed or what?"

"It's up to you," I said.

She considered. "I think we should get undressed. I don't want to wrinkle my dress."

Her fingers were trembling so much that I had to help her. When she was naked, she scuttled into bed and pulled the sheet up to her chin. When I undressed, she turned her head away.

I got into bed alongside her, my body not touching hers. I began to stroke her bare shoulder and arm.

"You're so lovely," I murmured. "So lovely."

She whirled around to face me.

"Am I?" she said eagerly. "Am I *really*?"

It took me almost a half hour of kissing and whispering how beautiful she was before she came alive beneath my hands. Nipples turgid, flesh blood-flushed, she was gripping me, nails digging in.

"Oh my God!" she kept saying. "Oh my God!"

When we were done (she before, during, and after me), she would not release me, but clung desperately. When I looked down, I saw she was crying again.

"Now what?" I asked.

"I'm so happy," she said tearfully.

While we dressed, she asked if she might see me again. I told her I'd be delighted, and jotted down the number of my answering service. I wondered if I should have business cards printed. Vice-president might be a fitting title.

She gave me my fee in a sealed white envelope, which, I thought, showed a nice delicacy.

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The skimpy shirt spells Sydney; the sublimely fashioned body underneath spells Woman–a felicitous fact that Sarah Greaves doesn't deny. Her debut as Pet of the Month in the May issue of Australian *Penthouse* has made our Pet commendably up-front about herself. "I'm a desirable female and I know it," she declares. "And when I spot an equally desirable man, I've been known to tell him we're two of a kind!"

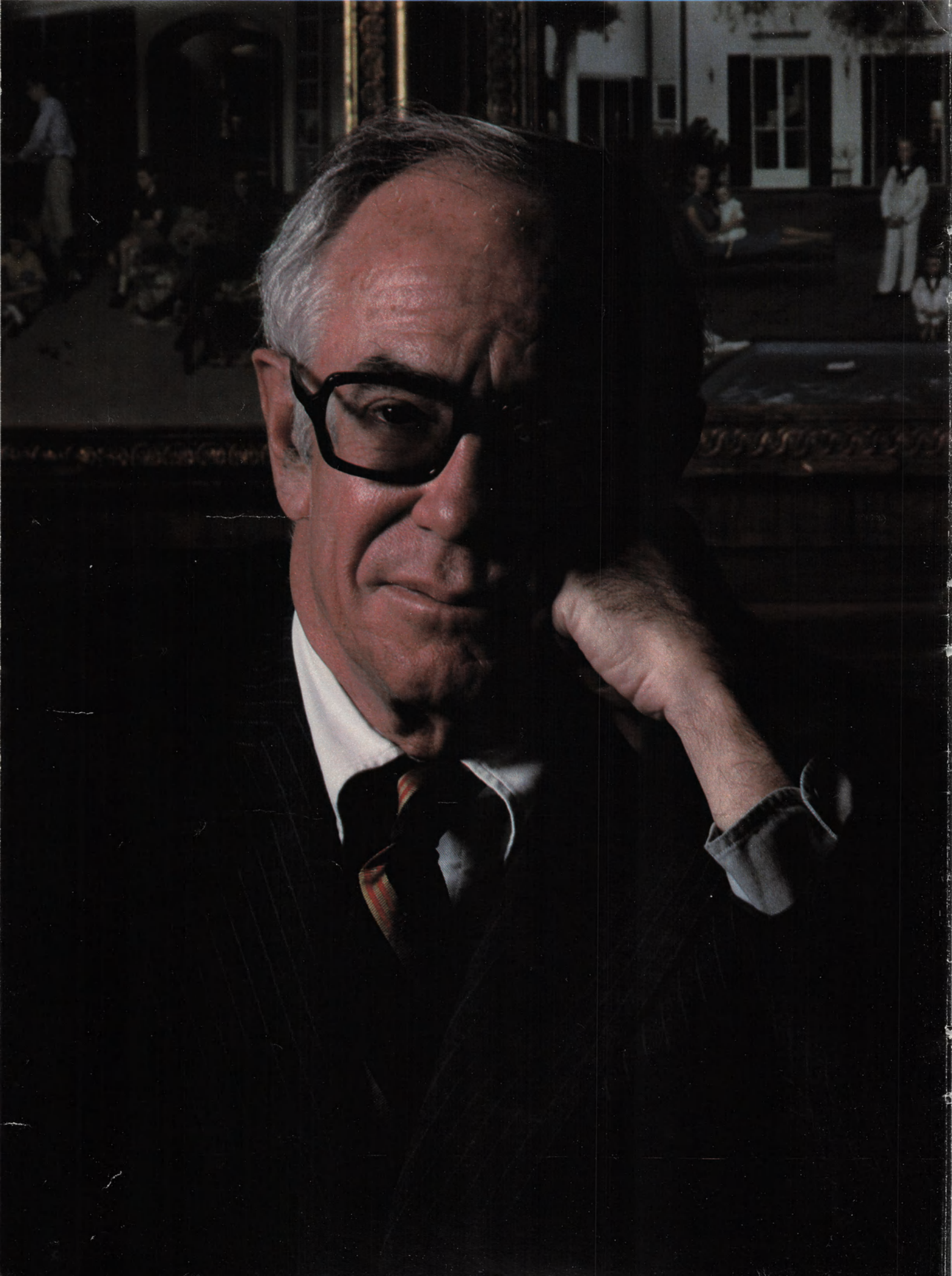
SARAH

How true. No matter which way she turns, Sarah's 37-24-36 inches display a voluptuous sculptural symmetry. And her burnished gold hair and skin, paired with sparkling sea-green eyes, bring to mind an exotic lagoon at sunrise. Not that our saucy Aussie is content merely to be gazed at by a salivating world–she's looking back with a vengeance. Since dropping out of college, Sarah's given the globe a once-over, and doesn't plan to stop traveling now. "A monotonous everyday life may be fine for other people, but it's certainly not for me," she maintains. Same goes for everyday men. "I'm attracted to energetic, egocentric types out to steal my heart," she confesses, then adds with a musical laugh that her bed is usually the scene of the crime.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS DICKSON

"When I spot a desirable man, I've been known to tell him we're two of a kind!"

Hard to blame them, really, with a Pet so shamelessly provocative. And in Sarah's exceptional case, no man will ever stand accused of criminal negligence!



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"All those that have been pessimistic for very long about this country—its future and its growth—are wrong, and have been wrong throughout American history."

MALCOLM FORBES

What's it like to be worth between $200 and $600 million; to have complete control of one of the largest and most successful business publications in North America; to own a yacht that exceeds 120 feet in length; to convert a Boeing 727 for your own personal, corporate use; to own enormous—and enormously profitable—tracts of land in Colorado; to have nearly a dozen places you can call home, including your own South Seas island, an architecturally famous seventeenth-century mansion in London, a palace in Tangier, a ranch in Colorado, a townhouse in New York, and a handsome neoclassic building (complete with columns) for an office building in Manhattan's Greenwich Village; to own a pride of motorcycles and numerous cars, including a Lamborghini (chauffeur-driven and with a reading lamp in the back); to have the world's most substantial holding of Fabergé eggs (made originally for the Russian czars), more than 30,000 toy soldiers, and art collections that could grace any great museum; and, finally, to have as your yacht guests the most powerful publishing, business and government nabobs? What's that like?

Well, for the man having all this fun, Malcolm Stevenson Forbes, it is all very nice indeed. He is also the chairman and editor-in-chief of *Forbes*, the sharp-tongued, irreverent business magazine, published twice a month, that has corporate America as its beat and as its audience. Into its coffers last year flowed some $60 million in advertising revenues from those who thought it the ideal medium for their message. Such nice waves of money, however, don't deter *Forbes* from critical reporting of business chicanery or stupidity; and if occasionally *Forbes* reporting is offbase, owner Malcolm himself would be the first to admit that no one—and no magazine—is perfect.

His very personal influence is felt throughout the publication, starting with the up-front "Fact and Comment" pages, which he writes himself. In a recent issue, these included a plug for Alan Greenspan as Forbes's favorite for chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, a stop-picking-on-Middle-East-negotiator George Shultz paragraph, a mild reproval of giant corporations (who were unnamed) whose managements saw fit to dispose of toxic wastes in ways that were less than legal. Forbes followed this with an ambiguous essayette on the usefulness of Defense Secretary Weinberger (he slams him unequivocally in this interview) and a Bronx cheer for a bit of apparently misleading financial reporting by the *New York Times*. Forbes then offers his personal movie reviews (hated *Britannia Hospital*, loved *Local Hero*) and book reviews (loved *Anatomy of an Illness*, by Norman Cousins; hated *Consenting Adults, or The Dutchess Will Be Furious*, by Peter De Vries).

Where did this moneyed man come from? (The smart money, by the way, says Forbes is worth closer to $200 million than $600 million; the spread comes from the unknown worth of *Forbes* magazine—no one knows how much it could be sold for.) But don't worry about Malcolm Stevenson Forbes just yet: he still managed to make the list, published by his own magazine, of the 400 richest men in America. He ranks number 399.

It's best to start with Forbes's father, Bertie Charles Forbes, who emigrated here from Scotland, took employment as a printer's devil, and worked his way up to financial columnist on Hearst's *New York American*, which he left in 1919 (when Malcolm was two years old) to start *Forbes*, a business weekly. The third of five sons, Malcolm was born in New York, grew up in New Jersey, and went to Princeton, where he received a B.A. in political science in 1941 (as well as a letter in boxing). He was the owner and publisher of a weekly in Ohio for a short time, and was then inducted into the army in 1942. A staff sergeant in a heavy-machine-gun unit, he saw action in Europe and earned a Purple Heart and Bronze Star before being discharged in 1945, after being hospitalized with a severe thigh wound received in com-

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY GUCCIONE

bat. He went to work for his father, and not surprisingly rose through the ranks and was elected editor and publisher when his father died in 1954. At the time, *Forbes* was a staid publication, with advertising revenues of well under $2 million. But Malcolm's involvement and his irrepressible quest for publicity brought him and his magazine enormous attention and visibility. It wasn't long before anyone who was anybody on Wall Street was reading it, and fortune soon followed fame.

Then there are Forbes's collateral activities to take into account, and they are so varied and numerous as to make any compiler's heart sink. A brief attempt: He has become an avid balloonist and motorcyclist (activities begun relatively late in life); is an art and artifact collector; has wined and dined so many foreign dignitaries, politicians, and business leaders that keeping count would tip a calculator into terminal error; has invested, with envious success, in real estate and other diversified activities; has motorcycled through the Soviet Union; has been a New Jersey state senator; ran for governor of New Jersey in 1958 and lost resoundingly ("A good thing, too, though I didn't think so at the time," he told *Penthouse*. "I easily could have become part of the Nixon administration and I might have wound up in jail with the rest of them—though I don't know if I should be saying that, since I still see quite a bit of him"); and all the while has been a most indefatigable promoter (some say hustler) of his magazine, seeing nothing wrong with always folding his pleasure into his business. During it all he raised five children (the eldest, Malcolm Stevenson, Jr., has been designated heir to the magazine) with his wife, the former Roberta Remsen Laidlaw, who is as retiring and private as her husband is voluble and publicity-loving. Forbes has, of course, been named to any number of boards and received a short ton of awards and honorary degrees. Now in his early sixties, Forbes is adamant about not taking his own advice to others to retire at age sixty-five. He's just having too much fun.

Penthouse asked Joe Spieler, a New York writer, editor, and literary agent, to interview this untamable capitalist, and he offered these observations:

"Forbes is a manly sort, nearly six feet tall, with a nice touch of grizzle, good lines in his face, a shock of white hair unslicked, a bit of a limp (from his war wound), a ready smile. He's a man who'll easily talk your head off (and who perhaps sometimes talks off the top of his head). At his office, on a plane, or on his yacht, with the ultrapowerful or the not-so-powerful, Forbes is almost always at ease, though I sensed in the four days I spent interviewing him another, very private part that he was determined to keep that way. He's never far away from his work, always clipping articles and tidbits from the newspapers he devours daily. Tell him about a new tape recorder you've found that is good for interviewing in high-noise situations, and he'll ask you for brand and model number, to be reported to a *Forbes* staffer for further evaluation. Give him a book about the economy, and he'll try to read it that night, or give it to one of his sons to read and report on. He's manifestly a man of opinions, but he'll hold contrary opinions on the same subject without particularly feeling the need to reconcile them, as I think you'll see in the exchanges that follow. Generous with his time, I found myself invited, while in Washington for one of the interview sessions, to his yacht for what I thought would be an informal Sunday night dinner for some people he knew. We had just finished an interview session that afternoon. He handed me a mimeographed sheet of the guests who would be there that evening. There was my name: Joe Spieler, *Penthouse* magazine. But what was really interesting were the names above and below mine: William French Smith, attorney general of the United States; and David Stockman, director of the budget. Can't say that I was all that unhappy with the company.

"I thought I'd start the interview by asking him about one of his nicknames: The Happy Capitalist."

Penthouse: Are you the happiest capitalist you know?

Forbes: Put it this way: I'm a very happy capitalist, a happy millionaire, as I've been dubbed in print. It's absolutely true.

Penthouse: Why are you such an optimist, especially about the American economy?

Forbes: All those that have been pessimistic for very long about this country—its future and its growth—are wrong, and have been wrong throughout American history. There has been only one period where lengthy pessimism was justified, and that was the Great Depression.

If you've lost your job, of course you're a pessimist. But if you're adept and ambitious, there are more opportunities on the horizon than ever before.

Penthouse: But many economists—even some in the government—predict a future where unemployment will continue to be very high, between 8 and 11 percent, because the economy can no longer employ all those who want to work. It's called "structural unemployment."

Forbes: I think that's utter crap. I think that in a few years finding enough people to do all the different jobs will be a bigger problem than unemployment is today. What do you do with your leisure time when you can earn enough in four days instead of five or six? You find activities that create whole new businesses. We've gone through the hi-fi boom, we've gone through vans—all sorts of things. Leisure time is a chief reason why two thirds of the jobs in this country are in service industries. So, I feel that high productivity from fewer people in the manufacturing sector does not mean structural unemployment; it means a *reshifting* of employment. Shortages of skilled and unskilled labor are going to be the problem in five or ten years, not unemployment.

Penthouse: In a recent article in the *New York Times* Professor Wassily W. Leontief of New York University, who won the Nobel Prize for economics, compared the coming obsolescence of many workers to the fate of horses after the Industrial Revolution in the nineteenth century. He says that we must share with others what work is available. We did not have to maintain the horses, he says, but we must maintain the people.

Forbes: A highly amusing idea. It's a joke. It's hard to think that somebody with the title "professor" could seriously say such nonsense. Does he really think a robot could have written Shakespeare? Does he really think that the creative arts can be done by computers? Who the hell creates the robots?

Penthouse: But don't most new jobs require workers who are smarter and better educated and trained than those of the last generation? Being trained to program computers is far different from learning how to work a lathe.

Forbes: I disagree. I don't think a fraction of the kids who put all their quarters into video games have to understand how the damned thing is made. They're still able to beat the game. They find their intelligence challenged, not refuted. They can challenge video games, and soon they'll be able to program them. You see, they understand the age they live in. I think they're like the Model T car tinkerers who made this a nation of mechanics—those who created the automobile age and all that went with it. These kids playing video games are going to create a new future.

The computer is intelligence applied by human intelligence, and to say that one is going to do away with the other is just absurd, a contradiction. I don't see how that guy can call himself a professor.

Penthouse: He's a Nobel laureate.

Forbes: Listen, for years Nobel prizes have gone for peace. Do we have peace?

Penthouse: What about someone who has not only lost his job but also found that his skill is obsolete? Take people in the steel industry—

Forbes: Steel is not a skill. There are those who worked on a production line, who knew how to bend fenders, a job now done by robots. In that sense, if you knew how to turn a fender on a machine and were adept, you could adapt. A skill requires not only familiarity but a certain mental capability, and if you could adapt to an old skill, you could adapt to a new one. Knowledge is never out of style. A person with a skill can rapidly learn to reapply it elsewhere. What's really tough is the guy who swept the factory floor and now finds there's no floor to sweep.

Penthouse: It must be awfully tough to work for one company for twenty or thirty years and then find yourself out on the street.

Forbes: Tough breaks are not the excep-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Taste From The Moment You Light Up.

You taste it on your first draw. And with every puff you take. Extra taste.

That's what you get with MERIT. The cigarette that delivers the taste of leading brands having up to twice the tar. There's nothing halfway about it. And you can taste it.

Nothing halfway about it.

MERIT

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83

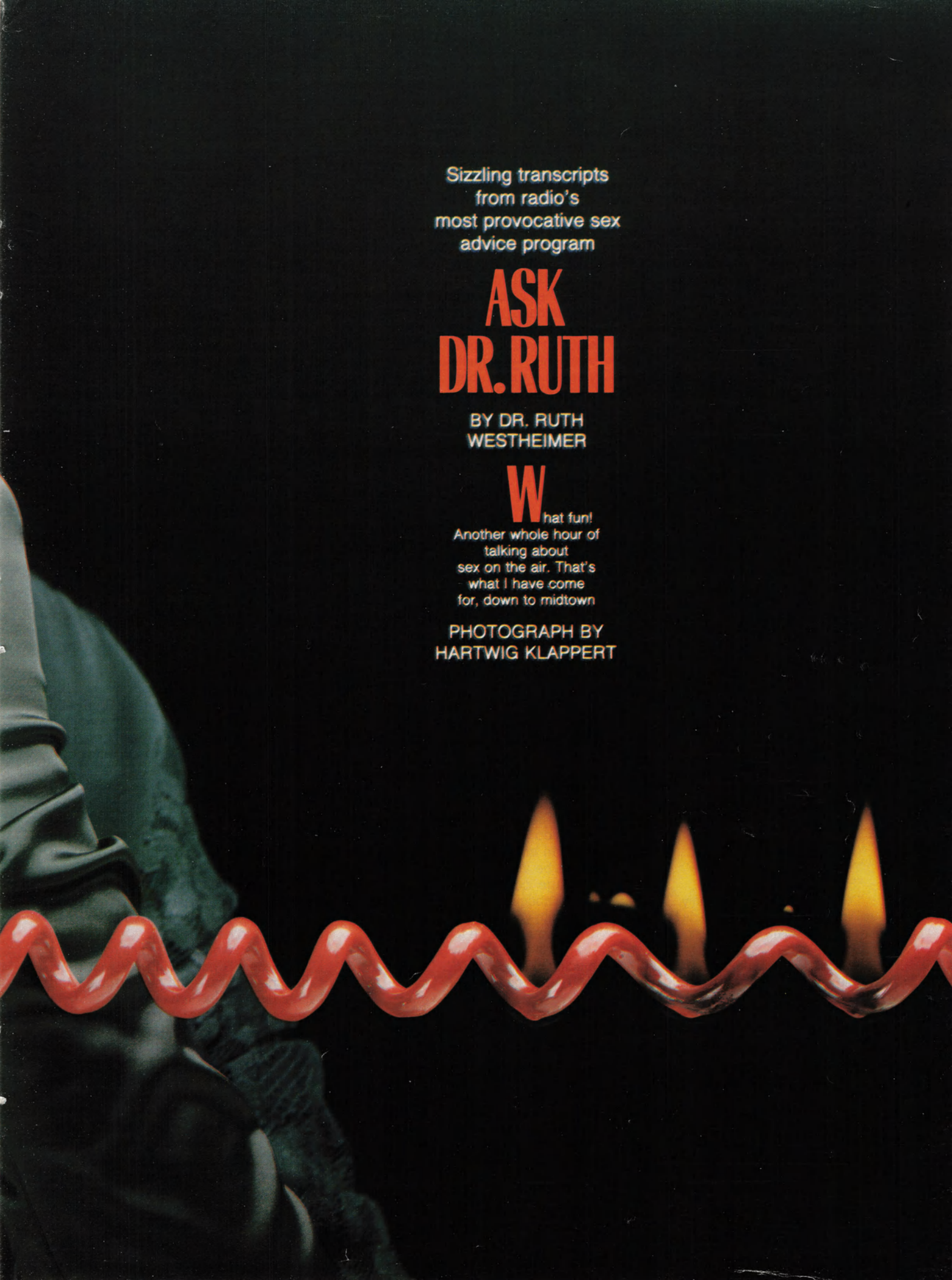
Sizzling transcripts
from radio's
most provocative sex
advice program

ASK DR. RUTH

BY DR. RUTH
WESTHEIMER

What fun!
Another whole hour of
talking about
sex on the air. That's
what I have come
for, down to midtown

PHOTOGRAPH BY
HARTWIG KLAPPERT



Manhattan, to the WYNY studio in the NBC building, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, all the way from Washington Heights.

It is almost 10 P.M. on a Sunday night and Dr. Ruth is seated at the table with a microphone in front of her, full of pleasant excitement. There are ten little lights on the console in front of me, and they are all lit! Callers waiting to talk to me on the radio. To tell me their problems, each one a little story, a human story. What a wonderful feeling of being in touch with real people and their real stories, all around me in the night, stretching for miles around New York City, New Jersey, Long Island, Connecticut, Westchester, Rockland County. And thousands of people listening in to the stories people tell me and to me talking to them.

There are the cab drivers with their radios on, and the high school students listening in groups gathered at friends' houses in the suburbs, and college students gathered in dormitories, husbands and wives, all sorts of people listening to these stories of human lives and that great force in life, that universal thread running through every life. Unseen listeners in the night, listening to voices in the night talking about these worrying and fascinating dramas they are caught up in.

What a variety of human sexual experience out there, and coming to me and to all those listeners! What a vast interest in talking about sex, hearing talk about it, in this cozy way on a Sunday evening.

I want you to have a sampling of these Sunday night phone calls, each one unique, individual, special—but who knows? Maybe having something meaningful for a friend of yours. Or maybe even for you.

"Good evening. This is Dr. Ruth Westheimer. We are here on 'Sexually Speaking.' And I'm going to take your first question. Hello. Hello?"

"Yes, hi."

"Hi there."

"Oh, Dr. Ruth?"

"Yes?"

"Hi, my name is Pete."

"Yes, Pete. First names only."

"Yeah. Hi. My wife's name is Billie. And it's like this. I think she's having an affair."

"Hmm."

"And it's with our neighbor Barbie. This Barbie, she's a known lesbian."

"Yeah."

"And they're friends, but they've been close lately, and like when I have sex with my wife it's not the same."

"Aha. Okay, I think that if you . . . she doesn't respond to you the same way?"

"That's right. It's like this. Well, when I go to bed with my wife, there's like a little thing that we do. She gets stimulated when we're in bed and I make noises, like I go '*Hmpp-nnnnn*!"

"All right, whatever."

"She gets turned on. I've done this. She's not responding."

"Okay. I think my advice to you is to have a talk with her. Because if you really suspect, and it's not just a suspicion, but that she really has changed her whole attitude with you, then I would really have an open talk. And then, before you make any decisions about separating or not separating, I would suggest that the two of you go and talk to a counselor. Or talk to somebody in the mental-health field and put the cards on the table and see what could be done. Sometimes an affair like this—and listen to me carefully, Pete—sometimes an affair like that is just a passing matter. If that's the case, then you two can salvage the marriage. Sometimes it's not. And I would say that by your question, I would say that you are better off knowing the truth. You see, sometimes I say to people, you know, forget about it and go on living and see what life brings. But if you are so worried and concerned about it, I would talk to her."

> Nobody can drive a car with a full erection. What is your girl friend trying to prove—that you can have an erection in the theater and in the car and at the toll booth?

"Okay. One other thing before I go. Is something of this nature, homosexuality, is that normal?"

"You see, normalcy is difficult to define. What I do hear very clearly is, if she does have an affair with another woman, you would be very upset. And that's what a marriage counselor or somebody who knows about these things really has to discuss with you. Don't let that slide. Okay? Thank you so much for calling."

"I'll do it tomorrow. Thank you very much. God bless you."

"Thank you. Bye-bye."

"You are on the air."

"Hello. I have a problem. About two months ago I was raped, and I've gotten over it, basically—I can deal with myself. But it's my boyfriend. He feels I shouldn't be able to get over it that well and I should be more upset about it. I'd like to know what to do."

"Did you tell him?"

"I told him that I had to put that behind in my life and just forget about it."

"Right. Let me ask you. Did you talk to somebody besides the boyfriend?"

"My parents brought me to a therapist. I just went a few times and he didn't say anything that I really didn't know."

"You didn't get pregnant?"

"No."

"Good. But you did discuss it with a therapist."

"Yeah."

"Then what I would say is maybe let some time pass. Maybe your boyfriend . . . do tell him that it hurts you when he mentions it and that this was a terrible experience for you, that your parents were helpful. Your parents brought you to a therapist. That's exactly what I would do if this were to happen to my daughter, and tell your boyfriend to absolutely stop talking about it. Because constantly bringing it up is not going to make it any better for you. It happened, and let's hope that it will never happen to you again. But tell him to stop and tell him if he keeps on talking about it that maybe something bothers him, and maybe . . . You know what you could suggest—that he go and talk to that same therapist that you talked to. Is there a possibility like that?"

"Maybe."

"That's what I would do. I would tell him, 'Look, there's something that really bothers you very badly. I know you love me. I know you care for me. I do not want to talk about it anymore. But I would like you very much to go and talk to that same therapist that I talked to . . .' Will you let me know?"

"Uh huh."

"Okay. Good luck."

"Thanks a lot."

"Thank you for calling."

"You are on the air."

"Hello, Dr. Ruth. I'm from the Bronx and I have a problem. I've been with a woman for about six years. We're not married but we live together. We were both lying down in bed. We were both awake. She had her back to me and I was lying down and I masturbated and she got upset. So because of that I've more or less stopped masturbating when she's around. Do you feel that there's a problem? Should she have gotten upset?"

"Usually, when the two of you are together, is your sexual relationship good? Are you less sexually aroused by her than you used to be?"

"I guess I would have to say yes."

"Because what could very well be is that she felt that—she sensed that. And then, by your masturbating with her right next to you, that she felt very rejected. And that she felt that already, somehow sensed that you are less interested in her and maybe she's worried that you are leaving her. So what I would do is for the two of you, since you have been living together for six years, I would go and see some counselor. It doesn't matter, married or not married—you've been living together. Go and see some counselor before you just split. Because it's not just because of your masturbating. She must sense something about that relationship being less intense or you being less inter-

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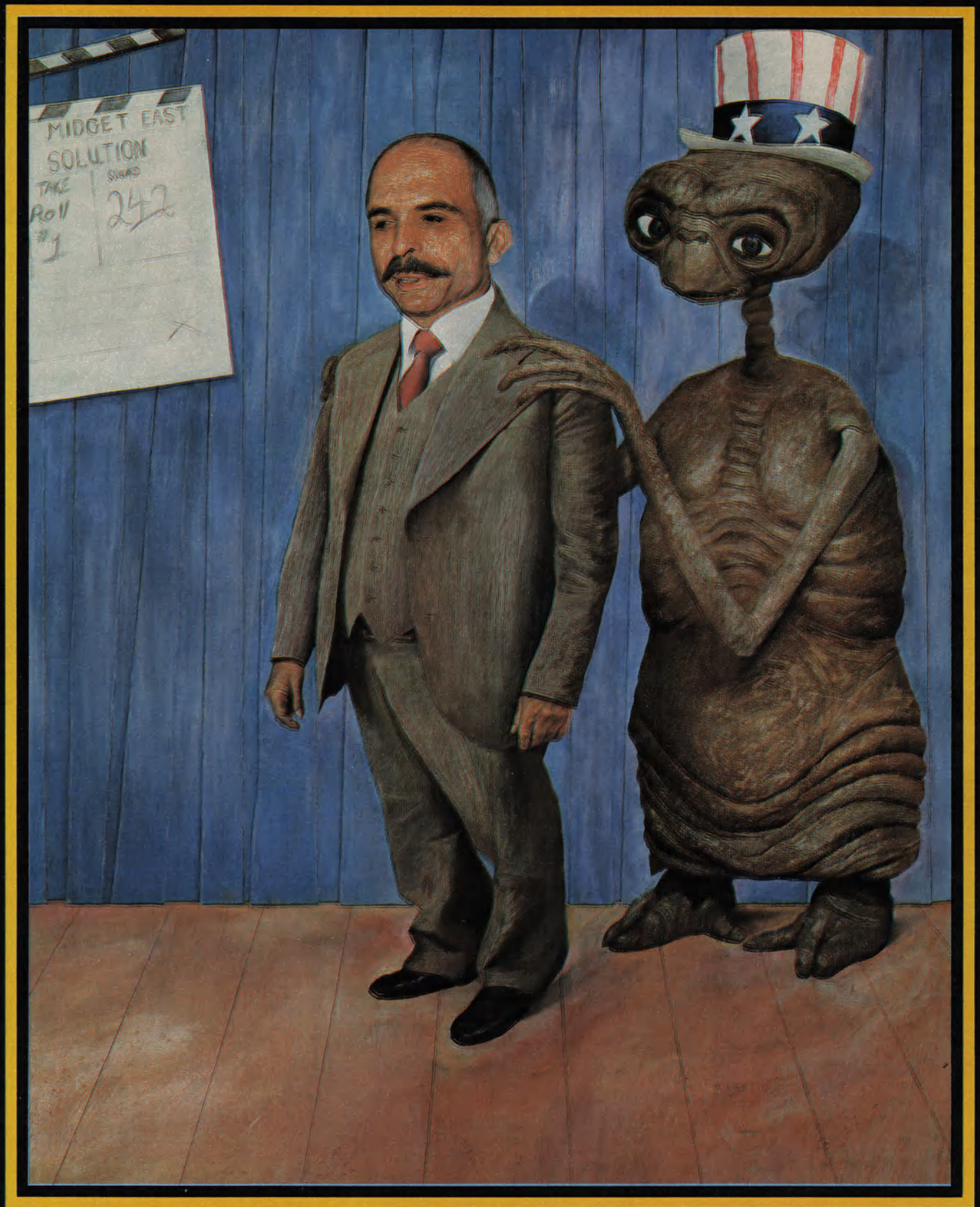

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 5

A monarch who ruled in Amman
Was the hero of Reagan's Peace Plan
Till they suddenly saw
He was made out of straw
And their vision dissolved in the sand.

THE CARETAKER

"Heel!" she snaps, and he grabs her leathered instep, presses it against his groin, and helps her off with her boots. Society frowns on such conduct between mistress and servant, but he is, after all, the caretaker—and how many nubile but neglected wives have the kind of needs that need taking care of?

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY SUZE RANDALL

If Lady Chatterley can do it, so can she. Those icy class distinctions melt away as he takes control of her body with his callused but practiced hands....

He's set his cap to conquer, and soon succeeds. Swept up in florid, forbidden urgings, she bends over backward to please him....As she whispers a breathless "yes," her fluttering, uplifted petticoat becomes the flag of her surrender....

The caretaker may be unaccustomed to the opulent lace and brocades of the gentry, but not to such fundamental treasures as the satiny texture of a woman's acquiescent body....

His sun-chapped lips savor one perfumed shoulder, obliterate years of plain and simple sexual repasts. Devouring this elegant movable feast, he groans and rides into the breach, putting his past behind her....

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

tion in life. The exception is somebody like myself, who has a stream of luck. Anybody can take success; it's how you respond to failure that determines how successful you'll be.

Penthouse: All right, what do you think the demand will be for people without skills?

Forbes: Who the hell cleans up? In a fast food place, for instance, who the hell takes the job of turning the lights on and off? Granted, you can put the lights on a computer, but somebody has to *be* there. Look at the growth of jobs for people in the business of security. And it isn't all aimed at burglary and vandalism—there's also protection of individuals and things like guarding trade secrets.

You'll never do away with people needed to oversee physically laborious jobs. We talk about unemployment, but just take the backbreaking jobs—like harvesting—that most of the unemployed in our cities wouldn't take. It's all well and good to say that Mexicans sneak into our country, but most of them get jobs doing what? Picking vegetables, hard physical work. They come across the border because there are jobs for them. Who the hell takes the job washing dishes in hotels? Service jobs are at the bottom of the ladder. Now that doesn't offer high hope, but all I'm saying is you can't get enough people to do those jobs now and there's going to be fewer people to do them in the future. In the future, wages are going to have to be higher at the bottom of the scale than in the middle because there are going to be fewer people willing to do that work.

Of course, it's not an answer to say, "Well, they're looking for lettuce pickers in California. Why don't you go there?" That's a stupid answer. What I'm saying is that things are looking up throughout the job spectrum. Keep in mind that the unemployed in our major cities aren't representative of the health of our economy as a whole. The number of new businesses in this country is growing tremendously. The spirit of wanting to do your own thing pervades this country. Sure, failures are also up, but one out of four new businesses succeeds in the first couple of years. So, yes, the more new businesses that start, the more the failures, but the proportion hasn't changed. You can't reorient the whole country based on either extreme, the rich or those at the bottom. There has got to be a balance.

You cannot afford to insure and guarantee everybody against every adversity and still have a country that functions. Communism is supposed to do that, and Russia is behind the eight ball as far as their standard of living goes. They've put all their wealth into being a major military power, and people are frustrated and sullen. It doesn't mean they're going to have a revolution. It simply means (as the standard example goes) that more than half of the vegetables eaten in Moscow are grown on private little plots, using the one percent of the land, that members of communes are allowed to cultivate for their own profit. It's nothing more than free enterprise.

Creeping capitalism is destroying the attempts of a society organized so that everybody has everything and nobody has anything in the way of freedom. There's no room there for incentive and ambition. So we mustn't destroy that in an attempt to right the wrongs and difficulties of a relatively small percentage of Americans.

Penthouse: Are you saying that the Communist system will undergo some sort of attrition?

Forbes: They're undergoing it now. Do you know any nation that's a convert to Communism that isn't literally under rifle threat? Do you think East Germany wouldn't join West Germany and freedom tomorrow if it weren't for Russia's military power? You find in Russia—and in China to an even greater degree—that Communism is eroding. Creeping capitalism is growing because of their need to recognize human motivation, and that requires incentive and reward. There is no such thing as "each according to his needs" [a Marxist social and economic principle]. Everybody's needs and desires are the same. But not everybody can succeed in their desires. Some people just idly wish for things. Other people will work like hell for the one thing they want most. Nobody gets everything, but a few of us do pretty well.

Penthouse: You spoke of being lucky in your life. Say more.

Forbes: Anybody who calls himself a self-made man is laboring under a delusion that it's somehow amazing that they were successful. You've got to be out scratching to attract luck. The best path to success is to be born to parents who own a business or have money. That solves a lot of problems right off the bat. You're assured of an education and you're assured of opportunity.

Well, I was lucky in that respect. My father was a Scotsman and practiced frugality and taught us, through hard-earned allowances and whatnot, to be frugal. We weren't spoiled, but we had the advantages of a man who was making money in an established business, which I was then able to succeed in when he died. As I'm fond of saying, my rise to the top was through sheer ability and inheritance. It's an easy way to go, but that's luck, and it's too late to do anything about it.

Penthouse: From your position of wealth and privilege, have you ever wondered what it might be like to be poor?

Forbes: Yes. It's not hard to be poor, it just takes having no money. I don't think it takes great imagination to imagine that. Anybody who has been as fortunate as I have and who doesn't realize the other side of the coin, or think about it, doesn't

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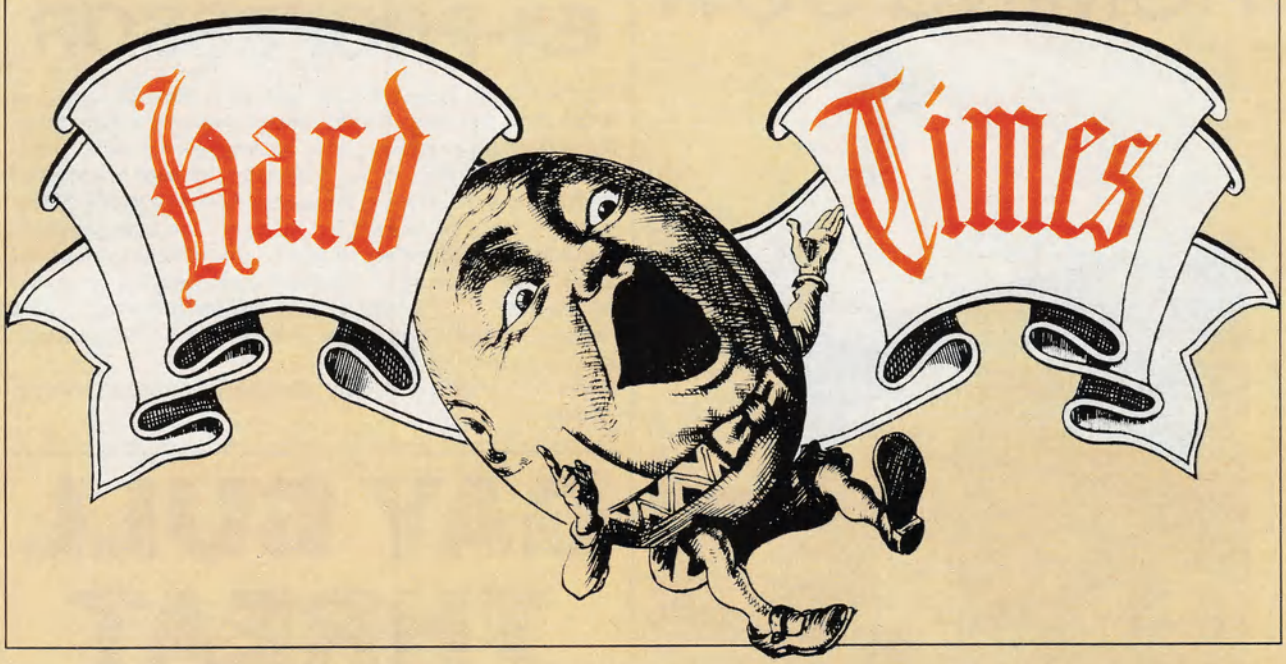
EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



© HARD TIMES, INC. ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT VOL. 2, NO. 8

WORTH THE WAIT

Finally, after 45 years of courtship, glowing groom Harold Forbes and blushing bride Ramona Forbes, of Middlebury, Vt., were married over the weekend in Canada. The couple–he's 86, she's 65–were prohibited from marrying in Vermont because he's her uncle. So they went across the border to Canada, where the law's more relaxed. (New York *Daily News*)

THE FIRST HOMING COW

WIDE WORLD

It was another incredible journey. But instead of a homesick cat or house dog, the determined animal this time was a 700-pound Brahman heifer. Julieann travelled 35 miles–jumping fences, swimming rivers, and crossing highways–to get back home. It took the two-year-old cow 20 hours to make the trip. Her owner, Sidney Kraftsow, had originally sold her because she was a "free spirit" that often jumped a five-foot fence to get to the nearby citrus groves and lunch on oranges and grapefruit. Cold-hearted Kraftsow will not take his heifer back, however. The current owner reclaimed her and put her in a pen with higher fences. "She needs to have a calf and then she'll settle down," said Julieann's new owner. (*Newsday*–submitted by Mary Gonzalez)

That's what they always say about females.–Editor

SEX PROFESSOR NOW EX-PROFESSOR

Professor Barry Singer is suing California State University to rehire him, claiming that his position was wrongfully taken away from him by college chiefs and arrogant reporters. Singer was forced to quit his job after newspapers revealed he had given students class credit for gay affairs and group sex parties. Singer wanted to teach his students how to carry on an open marriage, one in which both partners would be free to have extramarital affairs...but none of his students volunteered to be sexual guinea pigs. "I would have been thrilled to do that," said Singer. "I enjoy helping people." (*Weekly World News*–submitted by Frederick Boyzer)

Watch out if he asks you to stay after class and clean his erasers.–Editor

GAY BULL THREAT

Homosexual bulls confuse their fellows, cause problems on the farm, and are a danger to themselves, says Mick Price, an animal scientist at the University of Alberta.

A small percentage of Alberta bulls are gay, he says.

A gay bull in a pen of straight bulls puts the whole herd in an uproar by allowing his fellows to mount him. This causes fights to break out and bulls neglect their feed for more exciting pursuits.

"If a bull is standing there as queer as a three-dollar note, he won't be eating and you can bet a lot of other ones won't be either," says Mr. Price.

The gay bull can often be a victim of his abnormal sexual preference because repeated mountings by bulls weighing up to a ton can kill him.

It is common for bulls to mount one another but usually the advance is rebuffed and sometimes a fight ensues. What isn't common is for a bull to stand for another. If he stands, he's likely gay, says Mr. Price.

About five percent of the bulls in Alberta are either bisexual or homosexual, says Mr. Price. An imbalance of hormones creates these queens of the barnyard. Every bull has a mixture of male and female hormones controlling its sexual responses. In the gay bulls, the mixture has too much female hormone.

"In a herd of bulls you have everything from a complete fairy to a real he-man bull. It all depends on their hormone mix," says Mr. Price. (*Central Alberta Advocate*–submitted by Richard Belzile)

In our opinion, that's a lot of bull.–Editor

THE FBI'S LEAST-WANTED LIST

Swansea, Mass. (UPI)–A man who tried to hold up a bank with a toy gun and then fainted during the heist wouldn't have gotten far anyway, said police. He locked his keys in the getaway car.

Paul Bernier, 23, of Fall River, was revived and arrested Tuesday on the floor of Lafayette Cooperative Bank in Swansea. The getaway car was found just down the street with the keys locked in it, said Officer David Pelletier.

Bernier brandished a plastic replica of a handgun when he entered the bank at 9:30 A.M., approached a bank teller, and demanded money, said Pelletier.

"She told him she didn't have any money and said, "I think you ought to leave," Pelletier said.

"Another customer at the drive-in window saw him. This apparently caused him to get a little disturbed and he passed out," the officer said.

The bank alarm was sounded and police arrived to apprehend the suspect, lying flat out on the floor.

"They revived him with a couple of shakes and placed him under arrest," Pelletier said.

Bernier was arraigned on assault and attempted armed robbery charges. He was taken to a mental health center for observation. (*Newsday*)

ANNALS OF MAGAZINE PUBLISHING: SECOND-HAND ROSE DEPARTMENT

The quarterly magazine *Barbra* is devoted to covering the comings, goings and stayings-in-place not of all people named Barbra–or Barbara, Bobbie or Babs–but of just one person named Barbra, Streisand. It's what *People* magazine would be if there were only one person left on earth.

A current issue of the magazine with Barbra Streisand on the cover reports the following:

• The lead story reveals that Barbra Streisand attended the premiere of "Tootsie" in Hollywood on Dec. 9. She also went to a party afterward. The story tells what she wore and whom she was with. In the following days, she went to a couple of other places.

• Singer-songwriter Rupert Holmes, in an exclusive interview, tells about working with Barbra Streisand and how much he liked it.

• Tom Selleck, Robert Redford and Richard Gere are mentioned as possible costars in future movies with Barbra Streisand.

• A nostalgic piece brings back memories of the June 16, 1967, concert in Central Park starring Barbra Streisand.

• Character actress Mabel Albertson died last September. It is noted that she had the distinction of appearing in two Barbra Streisand movies. Something favorable she once had to say on the subject of Barbra Streisand is reported.

• A new book by Frank Teti and Karen Moline is reviewed, favorably. The book's title is "Streisand: Through the Lens."

• Singer Melissa Manchester is quoted on the subject of how much influence Barbra Streisand has had on her career.

• The engagement of singer Roslyn Kind is announced. (She's Barbra's sister.)

• Of the five letters to the editor about Barbra Streisand, one is critical, which is one more than might be expected. (*Newsday*)

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

MORE NOTES FROM THE SEPTIC TANK

HENRY WASHAUER

Here is an invention that William Holmes of Hillsborough, California, believes will save lives in the event of a high-rise fire. The device is a snorkel made of a five-foot tube, a filter, and a mouthpiece. Theoretically, people trapped in a burning high-rise can insert the tube into the toilet bowl through the water trap and back above the water line inside the toilet, where it reaches the hidden air vent that leads to the roof. Inside that air vent are several hours' worth of breathable air to keep the fire victims alive until they are rescued. (*National Enquirer*–submitted by Mark Wattenberg)

We thought it was an exotic type of water pipe.–Editor

EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

Sarah Anne Vigil, Regional Transit Authority Trustee in Cleveland, Ohio, is fed up with late, overcrowded buses. In her complaint on the functioning of the RTA, she turned a particularly colorful phrase: "I am incensed and enraged at the long wait for buses. People, like myself, who depend on RTA to earn their salaries cannot get to and from work. There exists here...a sense of frustration and anger. It seems that working here is like working in a whorehouse. The better you are, the more you get screwed." (*The Plain Dealer*–submitted by Carl J. Allen, East Cleveland, Ohio)

Mrs. Vigil, you can blow our whistle anytime.–Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

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Designer suits with flair, elegance, and excitement are the mark of this fall's champion.

RINGSIDE WINNERS

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

A champion fashions his own style. In or out of the ring, Ray ("Boom Boom") Mancini is a knockout, and his unanimous decision is for looser-fit suits, wider lapels, bolder patterns, and tweedier fabrics. These cuts he is proud to sport. Ladies move close as he maneuvers.

Ray ("Boom Boom") Mancini wears wool three-piece striped suit (about $495) that is Pietrovanni by John Rima; shirt by Sero; tie by Bill Blass for J. S. Blank. Background wardrobe of sweaters, suits, leather vest, shirts, and scarves all by Piero Dimitri Couture; dress slip-on shoe by Giorgio Brutini for Harbor Imports; all sunglasses are Expressions by Bausch & Lomb, Inc.; headgear and gloves courtesy of Gerry Cosby & Co., Inc., Madison Square Garden.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT SCHULZ

For fashion action, Mancini wears a double-breasted wool suit ($265) by Daniel Hechter Menswear. Wardrobe, from left to center, includes striped rugby shirts, sweaters, and checked suit by Calvin Klein Menswear. From right to center, all pullover sweater-vests, ties, and shirts are by Yves St. Laurent Men's Clothing; all belts by Harness House.

MANCINI
Boom
MANCINI
WORLD CHAMP

JOE McNALLY/Camera 5

This fall, the well-dressed man at ringside can take his cues from the champ. "Boom Boom" is box-office. Excitement, flair, dash; a silhouette change—like the clothes he wears. Chic, but with the zing of an uppercut.

Mancini dazzles in a sharkskin suit ($525) by Gil Truedsson for Swedish Fashion Group; shirt is Pietrovanni by John Rima; silk tie is Charing Cross by Schreter Neckwear. Background wardrobe (from left to right) includes wool jacket by Giorgio Armani; sweater by Jean-Paul Germain; wool suit by Adolfo Monsieur; plaid suit by Bill Blass for PBM; red corduroy jacket by Calvin Klein Menswear and silk tie by Sandy Weinman for Manhattan Accessories. Her bra and panties ($50) by Michael Salem Enterprises.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 160.

EVERLAST
Calvin Klein

LEGACY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

think we have been too objective for too long. That is part of the problem.

I happen to have lived enough years to have observed several generations of American soldiers. I learned to read the headlines of the *Minneapolis Journal* sitting on the knee of my father's uncle, James Pritchard, who fought in the Civil War and was wounded and held prisoner in the terrible Confederate prison of Andersonville. Unc wouldn't talk about his Civil War experiences. Never did. He came back a bit "queer." But he was respected. Every year on Memorial Day he put on his neatly pressed blue serge suit, pinned on his Grand Army of the Republic badge, donned his wide-brimmed army hat, and marched in the parade down Nicollet Avenue. When he and the others had come home at the end of the war, the whole town had turned out to cheer. From that day on he was a respected citizen. He had "fought for his country," as had my great-grandfather in 1812 and my great-great-grandfather in the Revolutionary War, all vets, all respected above other men because they had put their lives at their country's service.

In 1919 I was old enough to stand with my schoolmates and wave a flag when the Minnesota regiments came back from World War I. My cousin Roscoe fought that war in the motorcycle corps. He never wanted to talk about his experiences. Everybody thought that he was a little queer and drank too much, but that was excused because he had fought in France.

It was the same with World War II: parades, parades, parades, special honors, jobs held open, new jobs offered, the GI bill of rights—the works. No country responded more generously to the men who fought for its freedom and survival.

Vietnam was different. No parades. The men came back, one by one, alone, at night, the airlift so swift they were at San Francisco before their last boonies C rations were digested, back home to Kansas with the crash of the incoming mortar rounds still reverberating in their ears. Back home. Night. Alone, the nurturing circle of buddies far away. How could you tell your family or the fellows at the bar what it had been like?

Back home, one by one, not by regiments, just a serial number glicked out by a computer on Day 365 of the tour, a year of fighting, and then home. "It gives a man a goal," General Westmoreland once said. There was a flip side. Capt. Mark F. Cancian, a frank and resolute officer, believes in facing the ugly truth. In an article in the *Marine Corps Gazette* he wrote that the policy of treating men like blips on an Atari screen created "units of strangers"—they went into battle as strangers, often fought as strangers, and came home as strangers, alone, at night, to a hometown as hostile as the Ashau valley.

"My first night home," the veteran tells you, "I still was wearing my uniform. I went to this bar in San Francisco [substitute: Gary, Indiana; Austin, Texas; New Bedford, Massachusetts]. A guy says: 'Baby killer!' Nobody else says a word. I put down my drink and walked out."

"My first night back," another says, "I am wearing my uniform. I went to a bar in L.A. [substitute: Denver, Colorado; Elgin, Illinois; Hartford, Connecticut]. A guy looks at me and says: 'Candy-ass. You lost the war.' I drank my drink and walked out. Nobody said a word."

Did these things happen? I have not been able to find a vet who says they happened to him. But they have all heard the stories. Of course it happened, they say; it happened again and again.

These are the folk legends of the war. They are believed by every man who came back to the U.S. and are accepted as literal truth by millions of Americans. They symbolize attitudes and underlie the long conspiracy of silence.

"They spat on us," says Howard Johnson, a big, easy-moving ex-marine, maybe six feet two inches tall, weighing 200 pounds today. Johnson wears his hair in modified Afro style and talks thoughtfully. He is a warm man. "Oh, I don't mean they literally spat on us. It was a stereotype and it didn't make any difference who you were, a black veteran or a white veteran.

"Why did they do it? Well, it is hard for the American people to visualize losing a war. So, if we lost the war, somebody has to be at blame. If you don't blame the politicians and the generals, then you blame the vets. Otherwise, you would have to blame yourself."

So that was it. But why did the soldiers come home alone? That proceeded from our technocratic, technological, cost-efficient, computer-oriented command system. It was easier to measure victories by body counts than by ground won or lost (there never was any ground won or lost; it was just fought over and then fought over again). It was easier to plug new men into the units than pull out a whole regiment or division, as in other wars—the hell with continuity, just make the replacements one by one and each unit will be equal in combat experience (not very high, but not very low). Big Red One had no institutional memory under this system. It never had a chance to become a seasoned force of men and officers who fought and died together. It was a conglomerate with electronically revolving doors. Enlisted men punched in for one-year stints. Officers "punched their tickets" and got them rubber-stamped "combat" so they could climb upward in promotion and pay.

The men went into the units one by one and they came out one by one and arrived back in the middle of the night, average

"If you really want to feel like a woman, how about doing the cooking, washing, and ironing?"

time from combat zone to home town thirty-six hours (average time in World War II, six months). No parades, no speeches, no ceremonies, just hostility, or so the soldiers felt. Cold, not understanding, wives who turned their backs, chums who yawned and asked, "Been away?" Hurt reinforced hurt. They discarded their uniforms, choked back the guilt at leaving their buddies behind, and entered the seamless conspiracy of silence, becoming members of the brotherhood of the war that never was.

The men came back and stood in the bars. They had discarded their fatigues: no one knew they had been in Vietnam. They felt safe, protected, blending into the crowd. Then they looked up at the boob tube and watched a rape, a murder, gunfire, a wild chase after the crazy, the Vietnam vet who had taken a machete to a prostitute. The vet and the crazy, synonyms for each other, and for violence.

Gloria Emerson was a reporter in Vietnam, and she has devoted half her life since coming back to the cause of the Vietnam veterans. In November 1982 she telephoned friends in Washington, looking for spare bedrooms for vets to use during the Vietnam ceremonies. Three turned her down, one agreed reluctantly. The women were frank. They were afraid of the veterans, afraid of the stereotypes.

That stereotype can drive a man out of this world. A veteran in Pennsylvania, a well-adjusted man with a feisty wife, is watching TV one night. Suddenly a trailer for *Apocalypse Now* flashes on—a horror of slaughters. Before he knows it he is wild with rage, totally out of control. TV has touched some secret switch. "I just went out of control," he says. "Totally out of control. I don't know what happened."

How many times did the myth become self-fulfilling? Pin a label on a man and he responds in kind.

There are a lot of Vietnam veterans in prison. Exactly how many is open to argument, but a government survey in October 1981 put the number at 40,000, including 13,000 combat veterans—somewhat lower than the familiar statements that "half the men in prison are Vietnam veterans." Edward Moran, an ex-Green Beret in Buffalo, N.Y., has done a good deal of work with veterans and prisons. He believes that as high as 47 percent of the population of a prison like Attica are veterans. There are too many Vietnam veterans in prison, some, of course, because of economic pressures (unemployment rates running in the high 30 and 40 percents) but also because they had no decompression. One day they were at war, the next back home.

Terry Compton saw light combat in Vietnam. In 1982 he was serving time in the Tennessee State Prison. First, he told Mike Ruff, a social scientist, the army tore down the moral and behavioral structure of the recruits, the commandment "Thou shall not kill," the morality of peacetime law. The men were told their duty was to kill, to show no mercy or compassion for an enemy defined as subhuman, faceless, evil, "a gook."

As Compton puts it: "When you first go into the army they tear you down. Then they build you up again so that when you get over there you're supposed to think that you and your M-16 can take on any number of Vietcong at a single time and blow all their asses away. Since they don't tear you down again when you get out of there, you've still got a lot of that mentality left when you get home."

Quite a lot of that mentality . . . A vet in the Walpole, Mass., maximum-security prison cited by Edgar May in *Corrections Magazine*, a prison journal, was serving a life sentence for killing a man. He told of his homecoming from Vietnam:

"The first thing I did I went and got me some weapons. I got some carbines, shotguns, and pistols. I was still at war. We used to get on the bus with jungle fatigues and go into downtown Boston, goin' to buy C rations and then campin' out and eatin' the C rations the same way they did in Vietnam. I swear before God. Right there in Cambridge. We were still at war. At one time we were fifteen guys, a whole squad."

A statistic: 24 percent of soldiers who saw heavy combat in Vietnam were later arrested (Veterans Administration report); one in five of those arrested was picked up within six months of returning from combat.

After World War II a lawyer often got his client off by pleading that he was a World War II veteran. After Vietnam a prosecutor often got the jury to convict by citing the fact that the accused was a Vietnam War veteran.

Derek Washburn is standing at a window on the twentieth floor of the Renaissance Center in Detroit. He is a writer in his early forties. He is looking down from the window at the stock car races. *Zoom . . . whoosh . . . zoom . . . whoosh.* The cars go around and around like zombies. He is looking down on the cars and the sound is coming straight up, like waves of mortar fire. Derek Washburn and a partner were the men who did the final script for *The Deer Hunter*. Neither fought in Vietnam. Neither had ever been near Vietnam. Derek still feels guilty about that.

The very rich man who owns the apartment finds out that Derek wrote *The Deer Hunter*. "Wait right here," he commands. "Don't move. I have to get my brother. I want him to talk to you."

Derek doesn't move. He stands with a drink in his hand, watching the racing cars. *Zoom . . . whoosh . . .* As the cars go around and around, his head bobs right to left, right to left, like a Chinese doll's.

The brother arrives. He and Derek go into a corner, away from the big picture

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windows. The brother says he fought in Vietnam, he has seen *The Deer Hunter*, he hasn't been able to talk to anyone since he came back, no one understands what he is talking about. He starts to cry. Derek notices that he is carrying a gun tucked in his belt. They stand in the corner and the brother talks for a long time. Finally he hunches his shoulders, pulls his coat tight over the pistol, and is gone.

Derek goes back to his host.

"You have to do something," Derek tells the man. "He's in terrible shape."

"Naaw," the man says. "He'll be okay."

"But he's carrying a gun."

"Never mind. He's a good kid. He'll be okay."

"But I saw the gun. He's got it in his belt."

"Forget it. It don't mean a thing."

"But you don't understand. He's going to use that pistol."

"No way. He's okay."

"But he'll shoot someone—himself, or maybe you."

"Naaw," says the man. "The kid's okay. Thanks for talking to him."

Ever since *The Deer Hunter* vets have been talking to Derek, and he listens.

One evening he was at a cocktail party at a friend's house—an old New England house, with colonial furniture, dark and polished, wide-board floors, oriental rugs, white-paneled rooms, family portraits. A young man came up.

"I have to talk to you," he said, "somewhere alone."

They stepped into another room. The young man had served in Vietnam. Now he was drinking too much. He knew that. He had to talk about what was on his mind. Only Derek would understand. He had been in Special Forces. They interrogated prisoners. Then they took them up in helicopters and threw them out. How many he had thrown out he couldn't remember. Day after day and year after year the faces of the men—and the women—haunted him.

"What do you say to him?" Derek asked. "Do you tell him to forget it? I don't even know whether the story is true. All I know is that he thinks it is true."

Not a few veterans are possessed by that vision of hurling men—and women—out of copters. They see it again and again. They did it. Or they saw it done. Or they heard about it. Nightmares. A study by the Center for Policy Research on contract for the Veterans Administration found that in 1979, 75 percent of the veterans were suffering from nightmares.

When *Apocalypse Now* and *The Deer Hunter* came out, critics said "absurd," "sensational," "unrealistic." Who could believe the Russian roulette, the prisoners in cages over the river, the mad major—his insane personal war, a rogue elephant of a soldier—the Dantean climax, the Dostoevskian counterpoint? Invented, totally dehumanizing the American soldier. A nightmare to end nightmares.

Well . . . Can it be that Hollywood's hallucination comes closer to reality than reality itself? Can it be that only in delirium tremens we can find a metaphor for our national agony?

To some the nightmare seems without end. George Ewalt, Jr., is thirty-five, a rather slight man, brisk and quick in his movements, a gentle face, handsome eyes, deep eyes with a touch of suffering in them, a sparkle of humor, and very straight-out about himself. He walks with a cane.

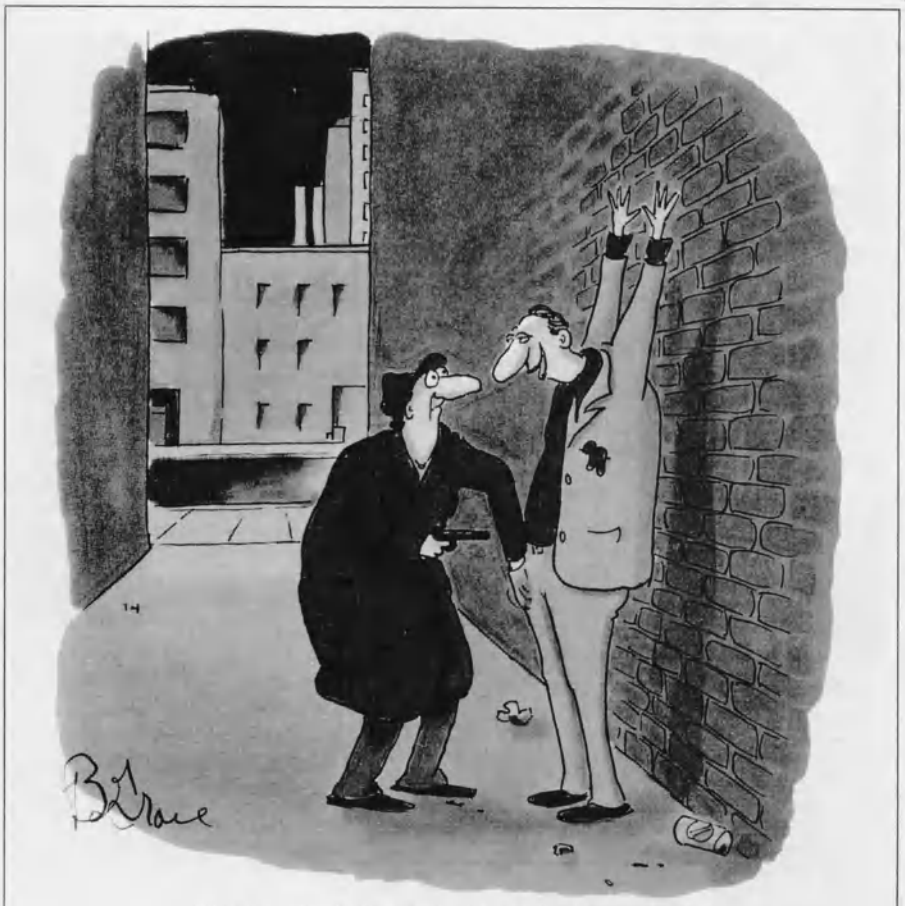
George comes from old American stock. The Ewalts came to America before the Revolution, fought for Independence and in every war since. His father served on a minesweeper in World War II. All seven of his mother's brothers fought in World War II. One was killed in Korea.

There never was any question about Vietnam as far as George was concerned. If there was a war, the Ewalts fought in it. He'd been out late, celebrating his nineteenth birthday. His father woke him up. "You've got a letter from your Uncle Sam," he said. George thought it was his father's uncle, the one they called "marrying Sam" because he had five wives. "No," his father said, "I mean *your* Uncle Sam." It was his draft induction notice.

Ewalt was assigned to the First Battalion of the Twenty-sixth Infantry in the second week of March 1967 and left for Vietnam February 24, 1968. His outfit worked a lot along Highway 13; the highway had been cleared of vegetation for 100 yards on either side. He fought in the Iron Triangle and at Junction City. Once he was lightly wounded. He met Col. Alexander Haig (as he then was) several times. Once, when Ewalt needed boots, Haig got his sergeant to give him a new pair.

Ewalt noticed that the tops of many trees in the rubber plantations were dying. The trees reminded him of his grandmother. She had two big rubber trees. One day he remembered her sitting by those trees and telling him: "Your generation will never have to go and fight."

Ewalt got back okay. His health was perfect, so he thought. He came back to his old job in a foundry near Darby, Pa., but he was restless. He lost his temper easily. He didn't talk about the war. His life changed in 1970 when he married Sheila, so beautiful—her hair, he thought, as red as an Irish setter's. There is a silhouette of Sheila on the wall of their living room, a cutout in black paper done when she was six years old, impish Irish nose, a pigtail. She hasn't changed much. They settled in Philadelphia in Roxborough—pin-neat, red-brick, working-class Roxborough, where Sheila was born, where her family lived, where she went to school, where her two brothers live, where her sister lives, where her mother lives. You have to be born in Roxborough to make it there. George went to the same bar for six years before anyone really talked to him. It's a



"I'm sure it's in there—just keep feeling around."

dormitory for Philadelphia cops. One night a guy came down George's street, spray-painting the parked cars. "You never saw a guy picked up so quick and put into the cooler," George says.

They lived a cozy Roxborough life. "Our first year was heaven," Sheila remembers. "It was perfect. It was the best."

But George became difficult, edgy, reclusive. He went to bed early, didn't want to meet people. In 1975 he developed a small growth on his head and another on his arm. A surgeon removed them. The one on the head was cancerous, that on the arm not.

A bit later George heard about Agent Orange. Soon he was plunging into the Kafkan world of the Washington bureaucracy, learning how the government could mobilize its total apparatus to stonewall the veterans on Agent Orange. It didn't hurt a fly, the VA said. And they wouldn't tell the veterans if they had been exposed to it, where it had been sprayed or how much of it, or even give them records on where their units had served and when.

The veterans had long since learned that the Veterans Administration was geared up for earlier wars, not Vietnam, just as the GI Bill had been more generous for earlier veterans than those of Vietnam. The whole system was skewed against them.

By dint and diligence George found that the areas where he had served had been heavily sprayed with Agent Orange. His detective work and that of other veterans paid off and they began to put together a case.

"Officially," says Ewalt, "there is nothing wrong with us."

Now, at long last, the Veterans Administration has undertaken a formal study of Agent Orange, and legal action by the veterans has uncovered fateful evidence—as early as 1965 makers of chemicals embodied in Agent Orange (of which 44 million pounds or 11.2 million gallons were dispersed over Vietnam from 1965 to 1971) warned of the extreme toxicity of a key component, dioxin, that very dioxin that has polluted Times Beach, Mo., and all the rest.

Sometimes, these days, George Ewalt thinks back to a conversation he had in a Vietnam bunker one night with a black soldier from East St. Louis. "I'll tell you something," the black man said. "You guys are going to be the new class of American niggers. Wait till you get back. A lot of you ain't going to be able to take it. Especially you white guys. You'll be on liquor and drugs."

How did he see so clearly? George wonders. George has had a hard struggle, and it has been hard for Sheila and for their daughter, Tara. Sheila remembers times "when I would have gotten up and left, but I knew that somewhere inside George was that guy I loved and I thought of the first year we had, and finally I just started to scream and yell and now things are working better. Last year we had a Christmas party. It was just great. We'll have one every year now."

Agent Orange—the nightmare after the nightmare. It has been called "the curse that lingers" because you do not know you have it. It is blamed for birth defects; liver, lung, and throat cancer; porphyria; impaired immune functions; hemorrhage, melanoma; and soft-tissue sarcoma.

Nowadays George Ewalt devotes most of his time to the Agent Orange battle. He thinks things are beginning to move. Slowly the Veterans Administration is being dragged into the real world. About time.

Some things do not change. The U.S. military still seems locked in the Vietnam quagmire. A wise old officer says of the Joint Chiefs of Staff: "They have learned one thing: no more Vietnams. You can see that in their slogging feet on Central America. That is one lesson they have learned, but not much more."

They keep their heads down, but how would they fight a new war against indigenous natives committed to nontechnological struggle?

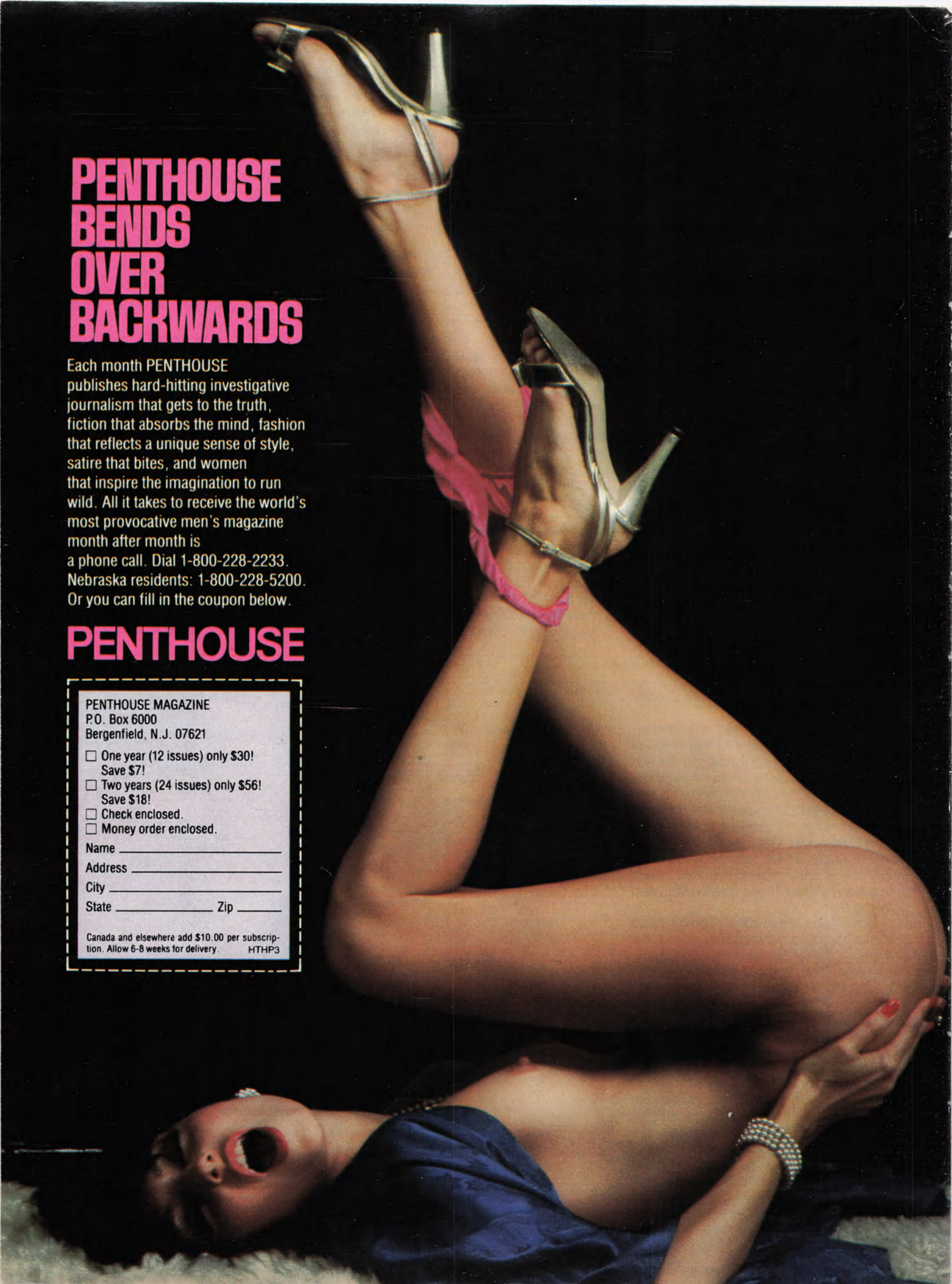
That is the question that Captain Cancian raised in the *Marine Corps Gazette* last winter. When, he asks, will the lessons of Vietnam be studied and integrated into military doctrine? Should war be fought by a consensus of competing services so that each gets a committee-agreed part of the action? What about committing NATO forces, that is, forces trained to fight the Soviet Union in Europe, to an Asian jungle? Can war be fought piecemeal, drop by bloody drop, as in Vietnam? Wasn't England's Adm. John Fisher right in saying, "The essence of war is violence. Moderation in war is imbecility"?

And the bottom line: Do not the Joint Chiefs possess a responsibility to tell the president what he cannot do—that he cannot fight a war on the cheap, as LBJ did; that guns *and* butter will not work; that there must be a declaration of war, a mobilization of the civilian population and industry?

Not to mention that key issue that the military dreads: how to fight a war with the red eye of the TV camera focused on the battlefield. Don't think, Cancian warns, that there is any way to put out that little red eye or embargo the typewriters of the press corps.

Has Cancian been heard? I ask a thoughtful colonel at Quantico, Va., the marine base, center for advanced training, the place where the officer corps receives its high-level instruction before going out to the field. No, says the officer, regrettably no. Cancian is a lone voice. His questions are not those you find debated in the officers' club, nor do they find place in the marine curriculum or in those of other services. Vietnam is the invisible war. All of the higher officers fought in it. Many made two or three tours of duty. But Vietnam is not discussed. Cancian's article aroused no response. Vietnam is not on the agenda. World War I, yes, there is a

"Look, I've told you before—there's no deposit due back on the empties!"



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lot of study of World War I campaigns, and a lot of attention paid to German military strategy and tactics in World War II.

But not Vietnam. Up to now it is a blank on the map, as it has been for so long for the general public. Hopefully, that will soon begin to change. It is about time.

George Swiers is a stocky man of medium height who blinks a lot. He went into the marines in 1968 from the sleepy New York State town of Chatham, where Rupert Murdoch, the Australian publisher of the *New York Post, New York* magazine, the *Boston Herald-American, The Times* of London, and other papers now has an estate.

Swiers was eighteen in 1968 and the marines sent him to the language school at Monterey, Calif., to learn Albanian. It took him seven months to persuade them to send him to Vietnam, and he hadn't been there three minutes before he knew it was a mistake. He got a decoration for valor, fighting in the Ninth Regiment, and wound up with a few grenade fragments in his leg. When he got back in February 1970, he joined the Vietnam Veterans Against the War.

He was talking about this recently with Bobby Muller, paraplegic, who was active in that movement. They agreed that because they had flung themselves into a cause, they had bypassed a lot of problems many veterans suffered. "The poison didn't seep down inside and stay there," Swiers said.

Now Swiers is thirty-four, active in Vietnam Veterans of America, and he talks a lot in public. He knows the veterans are loosening up on the war and he thinks the public is, too. George is a great library man. He takes his daughters, seven and four, on Saturday mornings to the library in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where he now lives, "to be sure they don't swipe any books." When he first started going to the library, they didn't have a book about Vietnam. Now there are a couple of shelves and the books are being taken out and read by people, just ordinary people.

Swiers doesn't see Vietnam in isolation from the general problems of America: unemployment, inequity of races, the arrogance with which we seem to view other people in the world, our isolation from one another. Perhaps he is influenced in this by his seven-year-old daughter. She has been reading since she was four, and, says Swiers, "it's scary." She has a social conscience. The other day she broke into tears over a CBS documentary of Medgar Evers. George tried to console her. This tragedy happened in another time, he told her. In those days, when Daddy was her age, people of color were not even permitted to use the same drinking fountains as white people.

"What did you do about it?" his daughter asked.

"I was very young then," he replied.

"I'm only seven," she replied. "So what did you do?"

Bobby Muller hasn't got time to waste any sympathy on himself, to think about the machine-gun bullet on the hill near Cam Lo that severed his spinal cord and left him paralyzed from the chest down, or the fearsome battle he once waged to bring an end to the rats, the vomit, the sloth, the suicides at the Kingsbridge veterans hospital (Bronx VA Medical Center) in the Bronx, where he was confined. Muller was a Queens, N.Y., boy who encountered a recruiter one day at the State University at Cortland and joined the marines in 1967. He was nineteen. When they played "The Stars and Stripes," he cried. He is thirty-six now and from his wheelchair he has stirred up a whirlwind. He has spoken at thirty-eight college campuses in the past year. He could speak every day if he had the strength. Everyone wants to hear him.

"Two or three years ago I couldn't get a campus date anywhere," he says, his handsome, gaunt face serious. "It has taken off."

By that he means Vietnam, the national consciousness of Vietnam, the fact that Vietnam has come out of the closet. "It is almost impossible to take it all in," he says. "It has come so fast."

He thinks the biggest factor in the turnaround may have been the return of U.S. hostages from Iran. Suddenly people, ordinary people, began to ask questions about Vietnam. The telephones at his Vietnam Veterans of America offices rang off the wall with calls from veterans who wanted to take up the cause.

Muller calls it a kind of national catharsis. Overnight it became important to address the issue of Vietnam. The ghost of Vietnam was walking once again.

"I started going out to the colleges," Muller remembers. "They couldn't believe it when I told them the average age of the men who fought was nineteen—their age.

"One kid says, 'I've heard about napalm—what was it?' I mention My Lai and Lieutenant Calley. They ask what was My Lai, who was Calley?

"Sometimes, they ask me, 'Which side did you fight on?' *Which side did I fight on?*"

Muller was a first lieutenant in the marines. He tells the students that the marines suffered two and a half times the casualties they did in World War II, that 85 percent of the junior officers of the corps were casualties, that we dropped on Vietnam three times the total number of bombs dropped in all of World War II.

"They say, 'My God! I never knew. I never realized. Nobody ever told us anything about Vietnam. Not really.' "

They are waking up after a long sleep, and part of it, Muller believes, is the worry about a new Vietnam in Central America. Vietnam is coming into the open. The public has started to talk, including the young people. The long conspiracy of silence is coming to an end.

About time.

"Okay, if it's a boy we'll name it after you. What's your name?"

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU IN SOLITARY?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

For some guys, life is like a television commercial. They seem to spend all their time playing volleyball with hearty men and nubile ladies or careening around California sand dunes in their four-wheel drives.

But not everyone manages to live a life so apparently free of loneliness. There are lots of lonely people whose existence is not an endless round of keg parties. This psychograph may give you an idea of how likely you are to be one of them.

Actually, when it comes to loneliness, external appearances can be deceptive, since loneliness is, above all, a frame of mind. To be lonely is to feel walled off from everything in life that means anything, and you can experience it whether you're by yourself or surrounded by friends. Congenital partygoers are not necessarily less lonely than solitary folks who spend their entire lives alone. Indeed, frantic socializing is sometimes the hallmark of a desperately lonely person seeking to fill up an otherwise empty life.

Psychologists and sociologists have found that loneliness is not an accident. It's not a random crapshoot, a malaise that's as likely to strike you as it is the guy next door. Some people are prone to be lonely. While almost everyone can experience occasional loneliness due to something like the loss of a friend or lover, people who suffer long-term loneliness often exhibit predictable characteristics. They share similar psychological and social traits. They also tend not to have basic interpersonal skills that less lonely people take for granted.

We've based our questionnaire on these findings. Some of the questions below ask you to judge your behavior when you are with other people. It's extremely important that you be as rigorously objective as possible in answering them. Take time to reflect and envision how you've behaved in such situations. If you answer the questions honestly, you may emerge with some idea of how closely you resemble the classic lonely person. Such self-discovery is not always pleasant, but it can be the first step toward recognizing and dealing with what can be a devastating force in our lives.

1. Are your parents divorced from each other?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

2. If your parents have divorced, how old were you when they separated? (If your parents are not divorced, check answer *e*.)
   (a) seven years old or under
   (b) eight to fifteen years old
   (c) sixteen to twenty-two years old
   (d) twenty-three years old or above
   (e) Not applicable. Parents not divorced.

3. Are you currently in love with someone who loves you in return?
   (a) yes
   (b) no
   (c) I think so.

4. Have you gone for long periods without having a strong love relationship?
   (a) yes
   (b) no
   (c) I've occasionally gone through such periods but they have not been characteristic of my life.
   (d) I've never experienced a strong love relationship.

5. Do you live in a:
   (a) large city (population above 500,000)
   (b) medium-sized city (200,000 to 500,000)
   (c) small city (30,000 to 200,000)
   (d) suburb
   (e) small town

6. How often have you moved in the last ten years?
   (a) I've lived in one place for the last ten years.
   (b) once
   (c) twice
   (d) three times
   (e) four or more times

7. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your current work situation?
   (a) I work with a group of people that's basically the same from day to day. We know each other's personality pretty well.
   (b) I travel a lot in my work. While I may meet many people in the course of the day, those I meet today are not usually those I met yesterday. In other words, my on-the-job contacts are predominantly transitory.
   (c) I work surrounded by machines and have little chance in the course of my work to talk with others.
   (d) My work is basically solitary in nature. I have very little interaction with co-workers in the course of my work day.
   (e) I'm unemployed.
   (f) I'm a student.

8. How often do you see at least one of your relatives?
   (a) just about every day
   (b) quite frequently
   (c) occasionally
   (d) rarely or never

9. Are you currently:
   (a) married
   (b) single, following a divorce
   (c) single and never married
   (d) unmarried but living with your principal sexual partner

10. Do you have at least one friend whom you've known for five years or more and who you feel would do just about anything you asked if you needed help? (Exclude relatives and sexual partners.)
    (a) yes
    (b) no
    (c) I'm not sure.

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CAREL2

"Psychologists and sociologists have found that loneliness is not an accident."

PSYCHOGRAPH

11. Do you feel you're a physically attractive person?
    (a) yes
    (b) average
    (c) no

12. How often do you feel depressed?
    (a) most of the time
    (b) frequently
    (c) occasionally
    (d) rarely or never

13. Do you feel you're an intelligent person?
    (a) yes
    (b) average
    (c) no

14. Do you feel you're an interesting person?
    (a) yes
    (b) average
    (c) no

15. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "I don't like most of the people I meet. They're usually dull, dumb, or generally unpleasant."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

16. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "I don't think most people I meet like me."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

17. Are most of your friends:
    (a) about your own age
    (b) older than you
    (c) younger than you

18. How characteristic of you is this statement? "Many relationships for which I have high hopes end because the other person seems insensitive to my needs."
    (a) very characteristic
    (b) somewhat characteristic
    (c) not characteristic

19. How characteristic of you is this statement? "Many relationships for which I have had high hopes have come to an end because the other person accuses me of being insensitive to his or her needs."
    (a) very characteristic
    (b) somewhat characteristic
    (c) not characteristic

20. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "When you first meet someone and feel that you would like to form a continuing relationship, it's important that you almost immediately tell at least one or two deeply personal details about yourself. No one's going to like you *as a person* unless he or she knows at the start what you're *really* like."
    (a) agree strongly
    (b) agree somewhat
    (c) disagree

SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 100 points; the lowest, 20.

1. a-1, b-5
2. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
3. a-5, b-1, c-3
4. a-1, b-5, c-3, d-1
5. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-2, e-5
6. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
7. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-2, e-1, f-4
8. a-2, b-5, c-4, d-1
9. a-5, b-1, c-2, d-3
10. a-5, b-1, c-2
11. a-5, b-3, c-1
12. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
13. a-5, b-3, c-1
14. a-5, b-3, c-1
15. a-1, b-5
16. a-1, b-5
17. a-5, b-1, c-1
18. a-1, b-3, c-5
19. a-1, b-3, c-5
20. a-1, b-3, c-5

If you scored 74 to 100 points:
You are not likely to suffer from long-term loneliness. You exhibit few of the characteristics that distinguish lonely people from the rest of the population. You appear to have struck a good balance between your friendships and love relationships. You probably have well-developed social skills that enable you to meet people easily and to draw them into natural, comfortable relationships with you. You don't scare new acquaintances off by appearing either too cold or too desperately eager for friendship. Nor are you likely to be the backslapping, happy-go-lucky type who, while he seems to be *everybody's* friend, often can't sustain true friendships or intimate emotional relationships. You understand the differences between acquaintances, friends, close friends, and lovers. You realize that each person in your life has a unique relationship with you, and you treat each one with a subtle individuality that allows the relationship to grow to its full maturity.

47 to 73 points:
You are not likely to be chronically lonely but you may suffer from occasional bouts of loneliness. Intermittent feelings of isolation may stem from the fact that you haven't yet struck a balance between love and friendship in your life. In his book *Loneliness* (published by M.I.T. Press), University of Massachusetts sociologist Robert Weiss says we need healthy doses of both love and friendship to avoid loneliness. The happily married man who has a great, sexy wife and swell kids can be extremely lonely if he has no friends. The same goes for a guy with many good and trusted friends but no stable love relationship. You may need to pay a little more attention to the people you come in contact with. When you meet new people, really listen to them and try to find out what's interesting to them and about them. If you can manage to worry less about the impression you're making, you should get along just fine.

20 to 46 points:
You exhibit many characteristics common to lonely people. It's likely that you are extremely self-conscious and inhibited when you meet new people (although some people, like you, camouflage their shyness by being brash and loud in new situations). You may be more self-centered than you realize and scare people off without meaning to. In social situations you may come across as being either extremely aloof or overly (and desperately) friendly. If successful relationships are to develop for you, it is essential that you try to meet people in settings that make you feel comfortable. If you like art and antiques, for instance, make sure you frequent museums, galleries, and auction houses. If you love music, make sure you get out to the clubs and to concerts instead of just sitting home listening to your stereo. Relationships based on mutual interests tend to prosper. The people you meet in settings you enjoy are likely to share your interests. Knowledgeable, pleasant conversation, remember, is the first step toward friendship. It can also be a hell of an aphrodisiac. During your early conversations with someone, keep to subjects of obvious mutual interest. Don't immediately start revealing deeply personal things about yourself. Someone like you should avoid artificially social situations—like singles bars—at all costs. You probably won't score and you'll come home feeling more lonely than ever.

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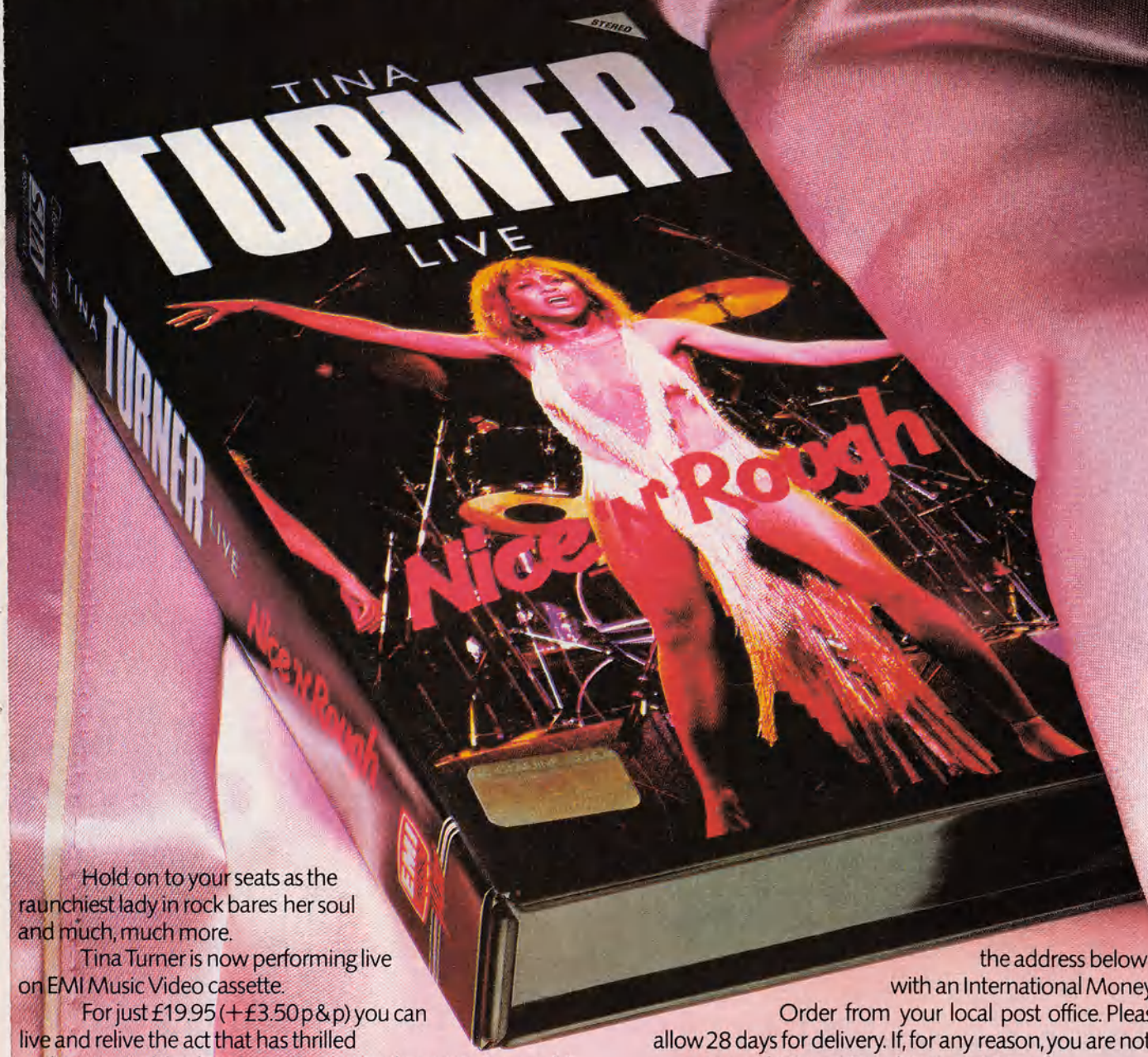

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_____

_____ Please tick. VHS ☐ BETA ☐

PE3

The uses and abuses of the world's most addictive gadget.

DOES GOD HAVE A TELEPHONE?

BY MICHAEL KORDA

PRODUCT INFORMATION ON NEXT PAGE

The telephone is such a ubiquitous instrument that we have come to take it for granted. Certainly we don't think of it as a status object—and yet, like practically everything else, it *has* its own status rules. I was not surprised to read in a recent biography that the late President de Gaulle did not have a telephone in his country house at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises. There was one telephone in the guard post at the gate. In case of an emergency (nuclear war, one supposes, for example), the aide-de-camp on duty would take the message, walk up to the house, and quietly inform the president. I am credibly informed the pope does not communicate by telephone either. Calls are taken by his aides, who

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC MEOLA

then communicate the gist of the message to His Holiness.

There is a lot to be said for putting some distance between ourselves and the telephone—not that most of us are in a position to do so. The telephone is a useful instrument for communication, but it does not lend itself to *thought*. Instant communication is all too often faulty communication, and the most useful phrase in the vocabulary of the telephone is, "I'll think about it and call you back."

Nothing was a surer sign of a failure in the making than the news that President Carter liked to spend his time on the telephone, asking "ordinary Americans" what they thought about his policies. It is a basic rule of life that almost nothing of real importance is ever achieved on the telephone, if only because it's hard to disagree with somebody when you're talking to him. Agreements made by telephone are nearly always subject to confirmation by letter; and most of the time, when we receive the letter a few days later, we discover the other person's understanding of what was agreed upon is totally different from ours—we are, as we say in business, back to square one. The second most useful phrase in telephones is, therefore, "Just put that in writing and we've got a deal." The spoken word simply does not have the weight of the written word.

There's something else we can learn from the example of President de Gaulle and the pope. If the ultimate status is not being reachable by telephone (we cannot phone God, or even leave a message with his service), the next best thing is to be as hard to get to as you possibly can. Status people don't answer their own telephones and they have unlisted numbers. They can reach you, but you can't reach them (unless they want to be reached, of course). Telephone status is therefore determined by a simple formula: your status rises as more people want to reach you than you want to reach. When the number of your incoming calls begins to exceed the number of calls you need or care to return, you're on the way up.

The single most important advance in telephone technology since Alexander Graham Bell invented the instrument is not, as you may have supposed, the Mickey Mouse Phone or Comsat, but the hold button. I discovered this years ago, when Jacqueline Susann, whom I was then publishing, burst into my office, her face fixed in a mask of rage similar to those worn by the tribesmen of New Guinea for war, except that Jackie's was at once more fearsome and painted on with lipstick and mascara instead of ochre and clay. Her false eyelashes quivered as she cried in a voice that would have done credit to an angry Teamster on a picket line, "I want the name of the girl who put me on hold!"

The ultimate disgrace in modern life is to find oneself put on hold and left hanging there. When I am put on hold, I invariably hang up. That way, the other person has to call me back. If he or she doesn't, then it's a fair assumption the subject of the conversation wasn't important enough to justify the call in the first place.

I always think it's odd to see an executive with a Call Director Phone—the kind with a lot of hold buttons that wink like Christmas tree lights as incoming calls get stacked up as thickly as planes over Newark airport on a rainy Friday night. I can see that a phone with hold buttons may be useful for the great man's (or great woman's, I know, I know) secretary, but surely even the hardest-working executive can speak to only one person at a time. Why, for example, did Jimmy Carter need a Call Director on his desk? The president of the United States is not the host of a late-night radio phone-in show, like Larry King. The person of status ought to have one line. Important people take calls only from people who are important enough never to allow themselves to be put on hold. Perhaps that's what went wrong with Carter's foreign policy—he may have been saying, "Just let me put you on hold, Mr. Brezhnev, I've got a call coming in from Billy."

Of course, the number of telephones at your disposal is a fair index of status, too. The more telephones you have, the more proof of your importance. The point is to prove that the fate of the world (or at least *your* part of it) depends on your ability to reach a telephone immediately. I once visited the founder and chairman of a major conglomerate at his country retreat, where he was resting from his labors. He explained to me, at some length (like most billionaires, he was a one-way conversationalist), the therapeutic value of "getting away from it all." He rhapsodized about his trees as if he had just invented them, or was about to sell them to me; but as we walked through the carefully tended forest around his house, I kept hearing the discreet buzz of a muted telephone. I assumed I was imagining things until I noticed in many of the trees a small niche had been hollowed out to contain a telephone, set into the trunk like a roadside shrine. Even in the wilderness (or what passes for the wilderness in Duchess County) he was never more than a few yards away from the telephone—proof not only that he was needed but also that he could afford to ignore a call if he chose to.

Ignoring a call is, of course, a way of showing politeness—as when we're in somebody's office and he or she says to the secretary, "Hold all my calls!" What better way of flattering us, of proving we are important, or at least our business is! And with a slight addition, one can show

PRODUCT INFORMATION

Page 144 (clockwise): 1. KRACO CORDLESS PHONE SYSTEM (KP-6003) is battery powered, lets you make and receive calls from handset or base with 9-number memory, auto redial. Handset features a digital clock/timer. (Kraco, 505 East Euclid Avenue, Compton, Calif. 90224; $230) 2. Chat from the boudoir or bath on the lipstick phone from AMERICAN PHONE CENTERS, 3619 Piedmont Road, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; approximately $80. 3. Enjoy status dialing with PIERRE CARDIN's Ambience XIV one-piece telephone (Pierre Cardin Electronique, 1115 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10010; $60). 4. Install a pay phone in your living room. The real thing, reconditioned by EASTERN CAPITAL GROUP. (Eastern Capital Group, P.O. Box 146, Newport, R.I. 02840; $100) 5. WEBCOR's Cordless (model 512) has a 700-foot range and pocket-size handset with last-number redial. Digitally coded for security. (Webcor, 28 South Terminal Drive, Plainview, N.Y. 11803; $300) 6. Wear your phone; Technidyne's Hands Free Go Fone is a clip-on earpiece/speaker and compact dialing unit. Make and receive calls within a 100-foot range. (Technidyne, 8550 Katy Freeway, Houston, Tex. 77024; $150) 7. A microcassette answering machine and telephone, the CODE-A-PHONE (model 2550) also operates via a remote unit with security coding. (Code-A-Phone, 16261 S.E. 130th Street, Clackamas, Oreg. 97015; $300)

Page 145 (clockwise): The Cobra Cordless (CP 260S), from DYNASCAN, with 1,000-foot range, 9-number memory, auto redial, speakerphone, two-way intercom, touch or rotary dialing, built-in battery recharger. (Dynascan Corp., 6460 West Cortland Street, Chicago, Ill. 60635; $210) 2. The standard in Denmark, part of the Museum of Modern Art's permanent collection, the Danmark by GNT AUTOMATIC is available here. (GNT Automatic, 1560 Trapelo Road, Waltham, Mass. 02154; $135) 3. SANYO's pocket cordless (TH 2000), just a little larger than a pack of cigarettes, operates 700 feet from base with last-call memory and base/handset vocal intercom. (Sanyo, 51 Joseph Street, Moonachie, N.J. 07074; $175) 4. The Call of the Wild: Phona-Duck by SPECIALTY PHONES quacks when you have a call. (Specialty Phones, Inc., 742 Cedar Way, Oakmont, Pa. 15139-1994; $250) 5. Extend-A-Phone (EX-6000) by UNIDEN with digital coding to protect against other cordless users' tapping into your line. With 3-number memory, 1,000-foot range, hands-free speakerphone and intercom capability. (Uniden, 15161 Triton Lane, Huntington Beach, Calif. 92649; $270) 6. ANOVA TELEPHONE CENTER (model 7000) is a voice-activated answering machine that records time of call, in addition to a touch rotary phone with 16-number memory. It has speakerphone capability and remote-control beeper. (Anova, Three Waters Park Drive, San Mateo, Calif. 94403; $500) 7. ITT's elegant antique look, the Petite Classic (PC 704). (ITT, 133 Terminal Avenue, Clark, N.J. 07066; $80) 8. For intimate conversation, EBONY from Federal Telephones is a single unit with touch pad in base. Federal Telephone, 432 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016; $99)

one's own importance at the same time, as in: "Hold all my calls, unless it's David Rockefeller." Or Mick Jagger, or Marlon Brando, or President Reagan, depending on the nature of the business.

Also, what better way of demonstrating that we're needed and important than having a telephone in the car, or a telephone by the pool, or a telephone in the bathroom (a feature of the Beverly Hills Hotel, where every guest needs to feel his or her importance, even when obeying nature's call). In restaurants like the Four Seasons, the important regulars eat with a telephone on the table, and in Hollywood I have seen with my own eyes telephones that float in the pool for the movie mogul who can't be out of touch even when he's swimming. Beepers, on the other hand, have no status value at all.

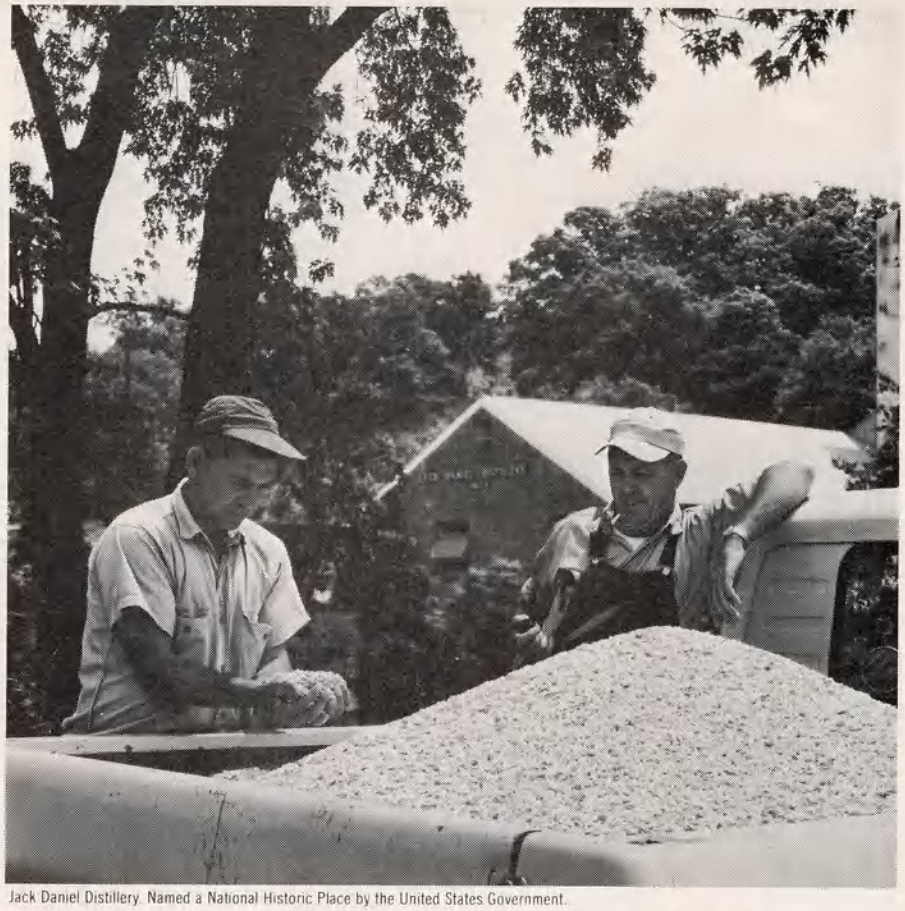
Telephone answering machines have no status either, even (or perhaps especially) with funny messages. Status people have an answering service, and know the people who pick up their messages by first name. I recently called a screenwriter I know, was connected to his service, and was told by a very personable young woman, "He wants to talk with you, but he's on the way to East Hampton and the telephone in his car is broken, and you can reach him at Warner LeRoy's tonight because he's having dinner there." That's a *lot* more statusy than hearing a recorded message ask you to leave your name and number after the beep. In any case, status people don't believe a call is worth taking unless it's important enough to take right away. If you haven't got the time or the ability to track them down, then your call can't be worth much, so why bother?

Of course there's no gauging the misery of somebody who wants to be taken for a powerful person and isn't besieged by telephone calls. At the pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel, where a loudspeaker announces calls all day long ("Mr. Zanuck calling Mr. Warmfleisch from New York"), men have been known to pay people to call them so they can be paged. It's a ritual complaint of modern life that we can't get away from the telephone, but the truth is most of us are more afraid of not receiving *enough* calls than of receiving too many. Far from being golden, silence in the telephone age is the kiss of death.

If only Bell could have foreseen the future! He invented a convenience, and now the convenience has taken over our lives! Which is why, when we want to describe the ultimate vacation, we smile and say, "And there wasn't a telephone in sight!"

And everyone knows what we mean.

But of course we're hooked. I recently spent three weeks on safari, during which time I never saw a telephone or even thought about one. On the way home, our party of four stopped for an hour at London airport; and there, in the Concorde Lounge (where the telephones are free), with the guilty expressions of addicts, we each went to a telephone and plugged ourselves back into normal life.



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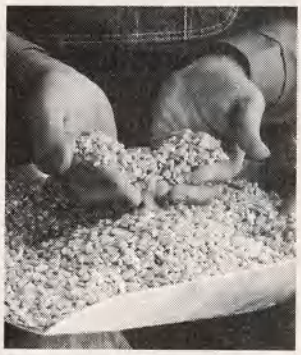

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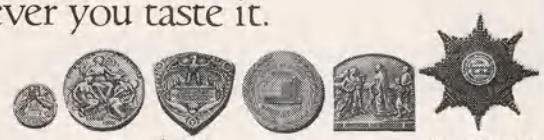

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THE ETHNIC SLUR VERSION OF WILLIAM TELL

SATIRE BY BILL LEE

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JAPAN

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GERMANY

Swiss cheese and clocks that say "coo-coo" have done a lot to immortalize that snow-covered tax dodge in the middle of Western Europe. The opera/legend of William Tell has also helped. Just imagine the sight of a small boy, standing there bravely, with an apple on his head, facing his own father. Daddy stands there, crossbow in hand, waiting patiently for the moment of truth. Will Papa hit the apple or will Junior acquire a new erogenous zone? Anyway, the story has a happy ending. The father hits the apple because he loves his son. The kid hits the bottle because of nervous trauma and the audience hits the vomitorium, upchucking mournfully over the scalper prices they paid for those theater tickets. The *New York Times* reviews it favorably but criticizes the music as being "reminiscent of masked men with silver bullets." To sum it all up, what would you expect from a country whose chief export is yellow snow?

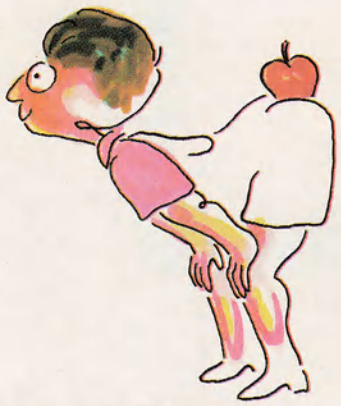
The following show what can happen when you take a legendary show on the road for an international "Ethnic Slur Version of William Tell."

RUSSIA AFGHANISTAN

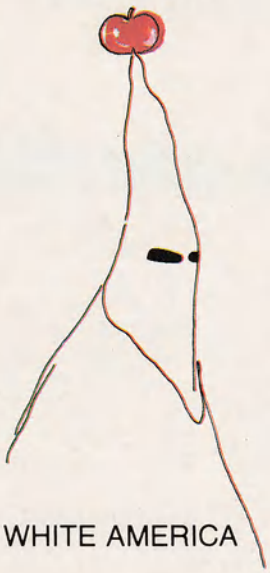
MEXICO

ENGLAND

PUERTO RICO



GREECE



WHITE AMERICA

BLACK AMERICA

Puzzles, perplexities,
challenges, conundrums, and competitions.

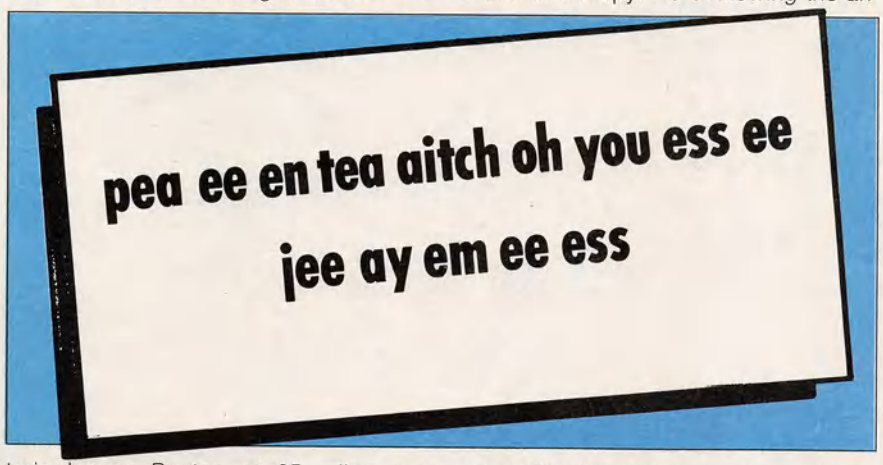
GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

It is in games that many men discover their paradise.—
Robert Lynd

For the past five years I have been conducting "Games" and "Competitions" columns for *Omni* magazine. This month marks the inauguration of a "Games" column in *Penthouse*, but here the emphasis can be on popular culture—sports, cars, entertainment, gambling, sex—rather than on science and the future.

Let's get something straight right off: I'm not a game freak, and this won't be a column for people who are. I don't sit up nights studying chess openings, plotting backgammon strategies, or painting little Dungeons and Dragons figures. I'm no puzzle addict, either. Puzzles that involve mathematical calculations scare me. If someone challenges me with "A train leaves Boston at 65 miles per hour. . . ," I start sweating before I even hear about the train from New York. Those memories of tests and teachers and worrying about getting the right answer are just too fresh.



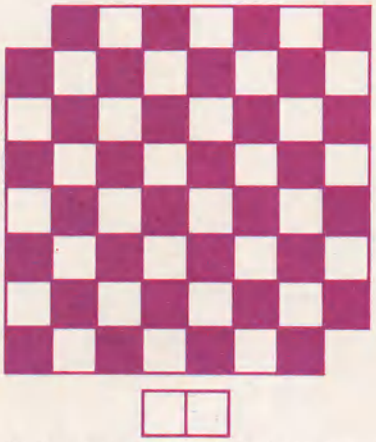
I do like thinking and reasoning, finding solutions and shortcuts, and learning new things. The best problems, to my mind, are the ones that require "lateral thinking," as Edward DeBono calls it: direct approaches get you nowhere, so you come at the problem from a new angle, and suddenly the solution is obvious. Here are a couple of good examples.

1. SIGN LANGUAGE. The note card below with its strange message appeared on our office door recently. What does the sign say? (1 point)

2. THE CHECKERBOARD PROBLEM. If you were challenged to cover the board with 32 dominoes—each one-by-two-inch domino exactly covering two squares on the board—you could solve it in many ways. The checkerboard at right has only 62 squares (two corner squares have been removed), and you must cover this board with 31 dominoes. Can you find a solution? Or if you can't, can you explain in simple terms why no one ever will? (2 points)

Most people suffer from a kind of test phobia—a fear of not knowing the right answer. This column, I hope, will provide a kind of therapy. Here *knowing* the answer will not be as important as *enjoying* the answer. If you learn something new and interesting or get an insight into your own thinking process, or just smile at a joke, that's enough.

For example, if I asked, "Suppose you were out in a field of crickets. How could you find out the temperature without a thermometer?" You should have absolutely no qualms about answering, "Damned if I know." If you *did* know, the answer wouldn't be interesting. So I tell you the answer, which is that some biologist discovered, years ago, that crickets chirp at a rate that is directly related



to the temperature. In fact, there is even a formula that will let you determine the temperature to within a degree or two. The formula is, *Count the number of cricket chirps you hear in 15 seconds and add 40.* The result is the temperature in degrees Fahrenheit.

So don't worry about "not knowing the right answer," so long as you have fun finding it out. Of course, it's always most satisfying if you can find the answer yourself, by working it out or thinking it through. Then you can offer the challenge to friends, perhaps with the promise to buy the next beer if they get it right. Here are two good challenges for sports buffs:

3. ESSLESS. What do penguins have in common with hawks, eagles, and angels? They are all professional sports teams, of course. In the four major American sports (omitting soccer and the new USFL for the moment), there are 98 teams, from the A's to the Yankees. There are 28 teams in NFL football, and there are 26 in baseball, 23 in basketball, and 21 in hockey.

In all four of those professional sports leagues there are only three team names that do not end in the letter *s*. Name them (two names = 2 points; all three names = 5 points).

4. DUPES. Now, if we add the 12 soccer teams and the 12 USFL teams, the total number of professional teams comes to 122. In all of these, there are five *duplica-*

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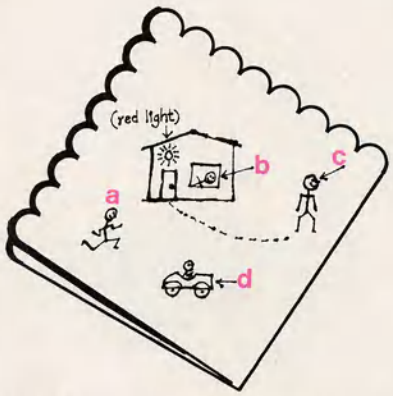
GAMES



tions. For example, there are Oilers in Houston (football) and in Edmonton (hockey), and there are both baseball and football Cardinals in St. Louis. There are three other duplications, and one city appears in all of the three. Name the city (2 points). Name the three duplicated team names (add 1, 2, or 4 points).

5. NAPKIN CHALLENGE. Here is a joke disguised as a puzzle: if you think about it you can supply your own punch lines. It is what I call a cocktail-napkin puzzle. First, you're supposed to draw the cartoon of a whorehouse scene (shown above) or an improved facsimile, and ask your nearest friend to identify the *nationalities* of the four men: A, B, C, and D. First try to answer the question yourself, then figure out which friends you can show it to without getting punched out.

Answers on Page 189

COMPETITION # 1:
UNPRINTABLE LIMERICKS

"The limerick is, and was originally, an indecent verse-form."—Gershon Legman, *The Limerick*

Some of the most concise, memorable, and timeless tales in the English language have been told in those five anapestic lines of the limerick. A limerick's pace is like that of a galloping horse: da-da-DA da-da-DA da-da-DA. Ideally, it has accents on every third syllable (three sets in lines 1, 2, and 5, and two each in lines 3 and 4), but the rhythm is so insistent that the first syllables of a line are often dropped, as if to get on with the story (as in the stock opener "There *once* was a *man* . . ."). In the nursery-rhyme limerick "Hickory, Dickory, Dock," initial syllables are dropped throughout the verse.

Mother Goose isn't the only famous writer who has dabbled in limericity. Swinburne, Twain, Shakespeare, Rudyard Kipling, Aleister Crowley, Isaac Asimov, and even Woodrow Wilson have all had a go at it. It was W. S. Gilbert (of Gilbert and Sullivan) who penned what is perhaps the most ridiculous limerick of all time, a parody on the form itself:

There was an old man of St. Bees
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.
When asked, "Does it hurt?"
He replied, "No, it doesn't,
I'm so glad it wasn't a hornet."

So much for "literature." The best, most enduring limericks tend to be by that prolific author, Anonymous, and are, as editors and contest judges have always said, "entirely unprintable." Mike Nichols was once asked to judge a limerick contest, and when asked how the winner was chosen, said, "It was easy. We just threw out the dirty limericks and gave the prize to the one that was left."

In other words, dirty comes easy (and gets passed around privately), but clean gets printed. *Penthouse* has no such double standard. We'll print the best limericks, even such "unprintable" classics as these:

There was a young sailor from Brighton
Who remarked to his girl, "You're a tight one."
She replied, " 'Pon my soul,
You're in the wrong hole;
There's plenty of room in the right one."

There was a young plumber of Leigh
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea.
She said, "Stop your plumbing,
There's somebody coming!"
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me."

There once was a dentist named Stone
Who saw all his patients alone.
In a fit of depravity
He filled the wrong cavity,
And my, how his practice has grown!

A fellow whose surname was Hunt
Trained his cock to perform a slick stunt:
This versatile spout
Could be turned inside out,
Like a glove, and be used as a cunt.

There was a young man of Madras
Whose balls were constructed of brass.
When jangled together
They played "Stormy Weather,"
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There once was a hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in a cave.
He said, "I admit
I'm a bit of a shit,
But think of the money I save!"

Or this, which a female friend says is her favorite (in fact, the only limerick she likes):

"For the tenth time, dull Daphnis," said Chloe,
"You have told me my bosom is snowy;
You have made such fine verse on
Each part of my person,
Now do something—there's a good boy!"

You get the idea. *Penthouse* is looking for a few good limericks. We'll pick the ten that we like best, dirty or otherwise. (The "otherwise" theme isn't dead despite claims to the contrary.) The grand prizewinner will receive $100, the nine runners-up $25 each, and all ten will get a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse*.

We will judge limericks on the basis of originality, cleverness, scansion, and whether they make us laugh. We want postcards only, please (or a card inside an envelope), with your name and address attached. Send your five-liner to: Penthouse Competition # 1, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, postmarked by October 15, 1983 (two weeks later for entries from abroad). All entries become the property of *Penthouse*; none will be returned.

"Oh, he doesn't surf. He just comes here to pick up girls."

SALVADOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

The second great error was made in March 1982, after elections were held in El Salvador for the Constituent Assembly. Again, it was a secret intelligence estimate that informed the White House that the leftists' inability to interfere with the elections (boycotted by the left-wing opposition) and the large turnout at the polls went far to confirm the belief that for all practical purposes the guerrillas had been beaten. This second misinterpretation of events in El Salvador led the administration to lessen pressures on the regime to investigate and punish earlier murders of four American nuns and two U.S. labor leaders, and to halt wholesale assassinations perpetrated by right-wing paramilitary squads. Similarly, little was done to force the government to move ahead with crucial economic and social reforms.

The shock to the Reagan administration came late in 1982, when the guerrillas launched their dry-season offensive, achieving surprising victories and succeeding to an astonishing degree in destroying and paralyzing the Salvadoran economy. Bridges and power stations were blown up, factories put to the torch, and farm crops ruined. The leftists may have failed to prevent the elections, but they evidently commanded sufficient support in the rural population to mount the 1982 autumn offensive and keep it going well into the late spring of 1983. It was at that point that the administration finally realized how wrongly it had assessed the real state of affairs in El Salvador. A secret decision taken by Reagan in April 1982, setting the stage for military and subversive action throughout Central America would now be translated into reality.

II. **Present Situation**

The gravity of the military situation for the Salvadoran government has been much greater since the beginning of this year than the administration is prepared to acknowledge publicly, even though daily television and newspaper accounts tell enough of the story. Much of the countryside was under rebel control. For the first time, the guerrillas had succeeded in capturing important provincial towns—such as Berlin and Santa Rosa de Lima—and holding them for a day or two before retreating voluntarily. Inevitably, such moves have served to demoralize the Salvadoran troops and to provide the rebels with significant psychological gains. In mid-May, for example, the rebels had established a stronghold in the Guazapa mountain range, less than twenty miles from the country's capital.

At this stage, the Reagan administration was caught up in its own contradictions. While it could not admit that the war was being lost at a quickening pace—an admission of this kind would have completely undermined the client regime—it had to face the new facts of the battlefield. Consequently, it made El Salvador a centerpiece of its foreign policy, seeking to cope with what President Reagan described as the "fire burning in our front yard." Fresh military, political, economic, and psychological plans were rapidly drawn up after Jeane Kirkpatrick, the ambassador to the United Nations and, with National Security Adviser William Clark, a key architect of the hard-line Salvadoran policy, reported to the president on her return from a trip to El Salvador that matters were getting out of hand.

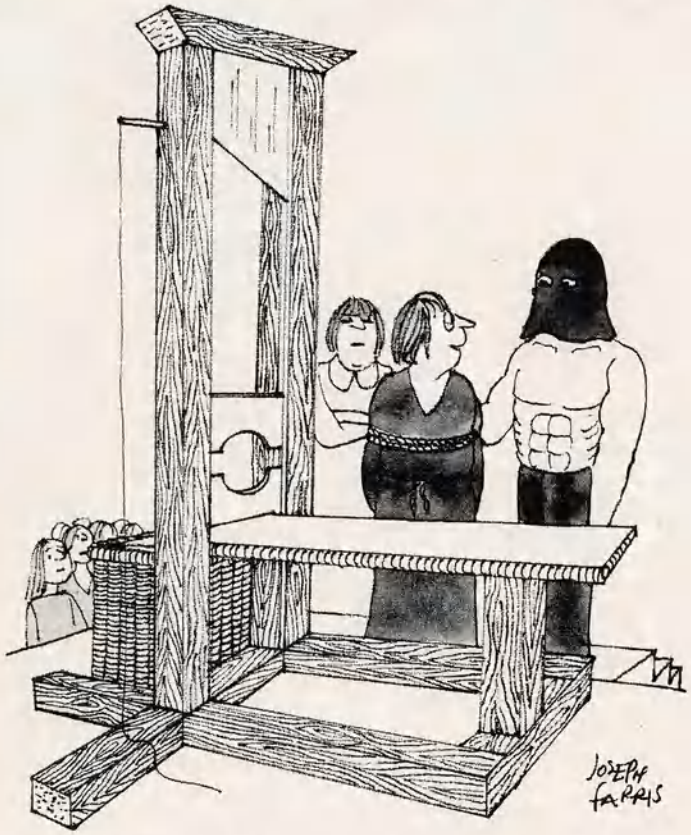
Thus, on April 27, Reagan went before a special joint session of Congress, a most unusual step, to speak of Central American perils and to make a dramatic plea for an additional $110 million in military aid to El Salvador during the fiscal year ending September 30.

The president, however, misled Congress by suggesting, in effect, that the tide in El Salvador could be turned with this money. In truth, few people in the administration really believe it. The funds Reagan has requested are designed simply to bolster the Salvadoran army in anticipation of a new full-fledged guerrilla offensive late in the autumn, when the rainy season ends in Central America, and to avert a total collapse before Salvadoran presidential elections, now tentatively scheduled for December.

The administration thinks, probably naively, that an ostensible legitimization of the regime through these elections would justify, if needed, an American armed intervention to protect "democracy" in the region. In fact, it was under Washington's pressure that the elections were set several months ahead of the original March 1984 date. But many administration officials concede privately that with the leftist opposition, not just the guerrillas, refusing to participate in the balloting, the "democratization" would be an illusion. By late June it was no longer certain whether or when the elections would be held.

Simultaneously, the United States began to set in motion a "rural pacification" program, strikingly reminiscent of the Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development Support, known as CORDS, during the Vietnam War. Under this program, roads, schools, and hospitals are to be built and the destitute Salvadoran peasants assisted in farming.

As in Vietnam, the concept is to win "the hearts and minds" of the population and turn it against the guerrillas. But this is the third time in a generation that the U.S. is reinventing the same idea, belatedly recognizing for the third time the verity that Third World rebellions are rooted in basic social and economic ills—and not simply organized by Communists. The first time the U.S. made this discovery was when the Kennedy administration launched the Alliance for Progress in Latin America after Fidel Castro's revolution triumphed. The second time was in Vietnam, and the third time is in El Salvador. It is a marvel that these ideas occur to Washington only



"Instead of this, may I suggest we try behavior modification?"

when it is faced with a monumental crisis; little is ever done preventively in areas with an explosive potential. And it is surprising that the Reagan administration's experts really believe, if indeed they do, in the feasibility of such undertakings in the midst of a war that is being lost—and after Washington's connivance in the unraveling of earlier land reform programs strenuously opposed by Salvadoran rightist leaders.

To toughen the execution of his policies, Reagan late in May fired Thomas O. Enders, the assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, and Deane R. Hinton, U.S. ambassador to El Salvador, replacing them with officials more compatible with Reagan's outlook. Apparently, Enders and Hinton, both career diplomats, committed the crime of providing the White House with honest, if unpleasant, assessments as well as favoring greater emphasis on diplomacy than the administration is willing to countenance.

III. Balance of Power

Despite two and a half years of U.S. military aid, including the presence of up to fifty-five American advisers in El Salvador (it is the administration's self-imposed limit, though Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger told a congressional committee earlier this year that the advisers' numbers should be increased by twenty, with additional flexibility as required), and the training of three Salvadoran battalions in the United States, the local armed forces are in worse shape than ever.

This is why, in the opinion of senior U.S. military officers who asked not to be identified, there is no reason to believe that the extra $110 million the president has requested from Congress will significantly alter the balance of power in the Salvadoran civil war. Between December 1980, when the Carter administration authorized the first $5 million in military aid to El Salvador, and the summer of 1983, close to $100 million has been expended in efforts to improve the Salvadoran army. Much of the new money was intended for further training, but, as U.S experts point out, it takes around three months to train an army battalion and a year to train officers. While current plans call for expanding the 23,000-man army by some 5,000 (creating fourteen elite "hunter" battalions), the problem is that there may be not enough time to conduct the training. Events are moving too fast on the ground to permit a meaningful turnaround in the numbers and quality of the Salvadoran army.

Training in the United States (the three battalions were trained at Fort Bragg, N.C., last year) is too expensive and cumbersome. It obviously cannot be done in El Salvador in the midst of a war. The administration has consequently decided to concentrate the training—with 120 U.S. Army Green Beret advisers—in Honduras next door, although the memories of the 1969 Salvadoran-Honduran war are still alive, making it politically undesirable. Besides, Honduras already serves as the principal base for CIA-run right-wing guerrilla operations against Nicaragua, and the Honduran army is being built up and retrained as well (last February, U.S. and Honduran forces conducted joint military maneuvers near the Nicaraguan frontier). And the increasing use of Honduran territory by the U.S. is already creating anti-American sentiment there, playing into the hands of local leftist guerrillas.

Salvadoran officers have undergone training at the U.S. Army's School of the Americas in Panama, but the Panamanians, who are part of a Latin American diplomatic group seeking a political solution for the Salvadoran civil war, are leery of it. In fact, Panama increasingly resents that the U.S. is turning the Howard Air Force Base there into a center for staging logistic support for Salvador operations.

The Pentagon's latest idea, not publicized, is to move the School of the Americas to Puerto Rico, which is U.S. territory, setting it up at Fort Allen. However, Puerto Rico's Gov. Carlos Romero Barceló is known to have doubts about the wisdom of it: last February he came under criticism for sending elements of the Puerto Rican National Guard to participate in the U.S.-Honduran military exercises, and the establishment on the island of an army school for training Central American officers may have an adverse political impact there. As Latins, Puerto Ricans generally take a dim view of U.S. military involvements in Latin America.

Still, the most serious problems facing the Salvadoran armed forces are dissensions among its commanders and the overall inability or unwillingness of the troops to carry out an effective anti-guerrilla war. In this, the question of motivation is central to the war. Though the army outnumbers the guerrillas roughly by a four-to-one ratio (as the Vietnam experience has shown, such a ratio is by far too low, anyway), the underpaid soldiers—many of them youths—are often reluctant to risk their lives for a government in which they seem to have limited faith. Officers are equally reluctant to take risks, and it is not uncommon for area commanders to go away to San Salvador, the capital, for the weekend. In the words of a military commentator, the Salvadoran army is fighting a 9:00 A.M.-to-5:00 P.M. war while the guerrillas operate around the clock. *They* clearly have a political and ideological motivation, and the parallel with the Vietnam War—the inefficiency and the corruption of the Saigon army versus the motivation of the Vietcong guerrillas—evidently applies in this particular.

As a result, the Salvadoran guerrillas, constantly growing in numbers, are dominant in much of the country. They hold most of the northern provinces as well as areas in San Vicente and Usulatán provinces east of the capital. They have severed the Pan-American Highway east of San Salvador, thereby blocking all east-west traffic, and, on April 29—two days af-

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ter Reagan's speech to Congress—they blew up six bridges over Goascorán River, effectively isolating El Salvador from Honduras.

It became clear by late spring that the guerrillas' strategy calls for the control of the entire northeast and north section of the country, notably La Unión and Morazán provinces, and the strengthening of their positions in expanding enclaves in the south that threaten the capital. Late in May, for example, the rebels besieged and briefly took the town of Cinquera in Cabañas province, forty-five miles northeast of San Salvador. According to U.S. intelligence sources, one of the top guerrilla commanders has been hiding in the capital since early this year, presumably preparing an uprising there in coordination with an offensive from the enclaves expected to start in the autumn.

Thus the initiative is increasingly in rebel hands, with the Salvadoran army either on the defensive or engaging in costly and pointless engagements along the lines of conventional warfare. To the despair of American advisers, for instance, Salvadoran commanders favor Vietnam-type search-and-destroy sweeps around the enclaves, which produce no results, instead of sustained blocking actions that theoretically could isolate the guerrillas. Likewise, some of the best Salvadoran units often allow themselves to be caught in rebel ambushes. American advisers are not allowed to go into combat with the forces they train, and therefore they can offer no tactical advice.

The replacement in April of Col. José Guillermo García by Gen. Eugenio Vides Casanova as defense minister—triggered by dissensions within the armed forces—is not likely to ameliorate the Salvadoran army's performance. Vides Casanova, who earlier commanded the National Guard, responsible for many atrocities against civilians, may be a better soldier, but his political appeal is questionable. He was among those who most stridently opposed the social and economic reforms advocated by the U.S., and this background is bound to affect his leadership in fighting a civil war, which by definition is essentially a political conflict.

IV. The Guerrillas

Their successes notwithstanding, the Salvadoran guerrillas are not a political monolith. There are five separate guerrilla forces loosely forming the umbrella Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN), named after a revolutionary leader of the 1930s, when peasants fought the landowners' government in a bloody uprising.

Political and ideological differences among the five groups had long been known to exist, but they came dramatically to light in April when Salvador Cayetano Carpio, the sixty-three-year-old leader of the Popular Liberation Forces—the second most powerful of the guerrilla organizations—committed suicide in Nicaragua. Carpio apparently killed himself after his deputy, a fifty-four-year-old woman named Mélida Anaya Montes, was murdered by another Salvadoran rebel. Known as the grandfather of the Salvadoran rebellion, Carpio was a believer in "prolonged war"—until military victory—and an opponent of any form of negotiations with the Salvadoran regime.

The Carpio and Anaya Montes deaths may, however, lead the Reagan administration to still another major error in judgment. This is the expectation that as a consequence the guerrillas may break up along with the rest of the FMLN, and in the end be defeated by the Salvadoran army. Though such an outcome is not impossible, it does not appear to be probable. Thus the guerrillas were able to mount several major attacks after the deaths of the two leaders, and by the end of the spring there was nothing to indicate that the FMLN was coming apart.

Late in May, the first U.S. military adviser—Navy Lt. Comdr. Albert A. Schaufelberger—was killed in the Salvadoran capital in what the Popular Liberation Forces described as the "first execution" of American military personnel in the country.

By the same token, the administration's analysts may be wrong in thinking that

"Rest assured, Mr. Blarney, in the event of an all-out nuclear attack only the rich and powerful will survive!"

Joaquín Villalobos, thirty-two, who heads the People's Revolutionary Army, the largest guerrilla outfit, may be more amenable than Carpio to the kind of negotiations favored by Washington, negotiations for the organization of the forthcoming presidential elections. Some of the analysts believe that Salvador's Communist Party leader, Jorge Shafick Handal, would likewise accept such negotiations.

Latin American specialists are convinced, however, that this is an illusion. Both the FMLN and the Democratic Revolutionary Front (FDR), which is the political organ of the Salvadoran opposition and has close ties to the guerrillas, have rejected pre-election negotiations, and, given the strength of the rebels, it is unlikely that they will change their minds. The leftists hold out for political talks that in effect would bring them into the government, but neither the U.S. nor the Salvadoran regime is prepared to accept such talks, on the grounds that this would amount to "power sharing" and a capitulation. Late in the spring, the Salvadoran leftists proposed direct negotiations with the U.S., but the administration showed no serious interest.

This fundamental difference in views constitutes the heart of the Salvadoran deadlock, increasingly pushing both sides toward a military solution—and, thereby, making a direct American intervention more and more plausible, if Reagan fulfills his public commitments.

In the opinion of some U.S. experts, including critics of the present regime, the only remaining political option is the development of a major split within the Salvadoran Left, but at this stage it is a remote possibility.

Clearly, the momentum is on the rebel side, and in a war that has already claimed nearly 30,000 in civilian lives—most of them victims of assassinations by right-wing commandos, although the guerrillas also carry a burden of guilt for political murders and executions—a political solution does not seem attainable. In this sense, calls in the U.S. Congress and on the part of several Latin American governments forming the Contadora Group (named after the Panamanian island where their foreign ministers had first met) for "substantive" negotiations between the two Salvadoran sides are unlikely to be heeded. For each side, survival is at stake, and the Salvadoran regime and its supporters are increasingly resentful of the way in which Washington tries to dictate their behavior, even short of pushing them into negotiations with the rebels. That El Salvador is turning more and more each day into a U.S. protectorate tends to weaken the government in power and to provide greater credibility to the guerrillas.

At the same time, the Reagan administration is making the mistake—if, indeed, it believes in what it says publicly—of assuming that the Salvadoran guerrillas remain totally dependent on arms transfers from Nicaragua, where they had been arriving from Cuba and the Soviet Union.

This was certainly true at the outset of the civil war, but today the rebels have more weapons than they can use. Intelligence experts in Washington confirm it privately, along with the fact that the flow of hardware from Nicaragua by air and sea (the land link with Honduras was cut by the guerrillas themselves) has markedly diminished in the last year. American interdiction efforts may have played a role, but the rebels keep capturing U.S. arms from the Salvadoran army in addition to the shipments they had received through Nicaragua in past years. The only relative shortage is ammunition.

The Nicaraguans do not hide their sympathies for the Salvadoran rebels, and the guerrillas' *Radio Venceremos* (the powerful radio station whose name means "we will win!") operates from Nicaraguan territory. Nevertheless, the Reagan administration is trapped in a dangerous illusion if it really thinks that the Salvador war can be won if only Nicaragua can be sealed off or, better still, if the Sandinist regime can be overthrown by the CIA "secret army." As a U.S. expert said privately, "what counts is not the arms from Nicaragua or wherever, but the readiness of people in El Salvador to use them against the government." And this may be the basic misun-

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derstanding in Washington concerning the nature of the civil war.

In effect, President Reagan has admitted that the CIA-orchestrated rebel operations against Managua are aimed at the fall of its regime. Apart from the Salvadoran problem, the administration fears that the large military buildup in Nicaragua—including Soviet MiG aircraft and tanks—may be turning Nicaragua into a new Soviet military foothold in the Americas as well as being a prelude to Marxist revolutionary expansion in all of Central America.

V. American Strategy

An American armed intervention in El Salvador would inevitably involve attacks on Nicaragua, U.S. military experts say, in order to isolate the former from any outside aid. Though the Sandinist regime is losing popularity, a U.S. attack would surely unite Nicaraguans under the banner of nationalism. And all operations in Central America would be exceedingly difficult strategically and logistically, inevitably involving an extensive use of American forces—possibly more than the U.S. can rationally spare in terms of its other worldwide commitments.

For one thing, El Salvador lies on Central America's Pacific coast. To carry out a landing on the long Salvadoran beaches with no significant port facilities, U.S. Marines or Army troops would have to be shipped all the way from California, a complex enterprise. Once landed, they would have to fight through inhospitable terrain inhabited by a presumably hostile population—nationalism would certainly rally even pro-regime Salvadorans against a U.S. invasion—to reach San Salvador, the capital. Then, as in Vietnam, the question would arise how to beat the guerrillas on their own turf, an effort doubtlessly requiring an actual occupation of much of El Salvador. And even an occupation would not necessarily mean victory.

A thrust from Honduras would be even harder inasmuch as the guerrillas control most of the border, where most of the bridges have been blown up. An immediate confrontation with the rebels on territory they hold could result in a military disaster, even if the U.S. applied massive aerial bombings.

Besides, an attack from Honduras would revive the memories of the 1969 war, making the Americans appear even more as the enemy of El Salvador. And, for that matter, U.S. forces could become the target of leftist guerrilla bands in Honduras itself, their lines of communications with El Salvador under constant threat.

Would Ronald Reagan therefore risk such an enterprise? In his April 27 speech before Congress, he made a point of saying that El Salvador was not Vietnam, and that there is "no thought" of dispatching American forces to the Central American republic. Administration insiders say, however, that the president did not flatly foreclose an intervention: the phrase "no thought" was chosen with the greatest care, allowing Reagan to declare later, if necessary, that the situation in El Salvador was forcing him into a different "thought." Therefore, there is no firm assurance from the president that American troops would never be used in El Salvador.

Later, Reagan said that thus far nobody had requested U.S. troops and therefore he would not discuss "hypothetical" situations. In June, the retiring U.S. Army Chief of Staff Edward C. Meyer suggested that an American intervention would not be ruled out if chaos reigned in El Salvador.

In the meantime, preparations for operations in Central America and the Caribbean are growing apace. Last year, advance headquarters were established in Key West, Fla., under the name of Command, U.S. Forces, Caribbean, a joint army, navy, and air force command. The Key West command is under the Commander-in-Chief, Atlantic, in Norfolk, Va. Under the 1982 reorganization, the Florida headquarters is in charge of the navy's air and naval station at Roosevelt Roads, Puerto Rico, and of the naval base in Guantánamo, Cuba. While Key West and Roosevelt Roads would have the principal responsibility for air and naval operations in Central America, the Southern Command in Panama would control land operations—assuming that, in the event of a Central American intervention, Panama would allow this command to continue functioning on its soil despite the 1978 Panama Canal treaties.

> The blind policies of two U.S. administrations have made El Salvador a crucial spot in world affairs, playing right into the hands of the Kremlin.

For air support, the Pentagon is reactivating Ramey Air Force Base in Puerto Rico, once the home of a B-52 bomber wing. Additionally, air support would be available from aircraft carriers in the Caribbean and the Pacific as well as from Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and California.

An air force radar station is being set up in Honduras and other facilities may be established on San Andrés, an island off the Nicaraguan coast but belonging to Colombia. Since last year, U-2 spy planes from California have been maintaining aerial surveillance over Nicaragua along with AWAC aircraft from Oklahoma. Navy frigates have been on station in the Gulf of Fonseca to monitor arms shipments from Nicaragua to El Salvador (which have no common border). Electronically equipped C-130 aircraft have been overflying El Salvador, providing the local army with up-to-date intelligence on the rebel movement.

To seal off Nicaragua, the navy has drawn up plans to blockade the ports of Puerto Cabezas and Bluefields. The Defense Mapping Agency has prepared new maps of the Nicaraguan coast.

The administration claims that its military upgrading efforts in the Caribbean are related principally to the growing Soviet air and naval activity in the area. For example, they say, Cuba-based Soviet aircraft have been flying over Puerto Rico as well as conducting reconnaissance flights along the U.S. eastern seaboard. Soviet naval activity in the Caribbean has increased thirteen-fold since 1970, including the presence of submarines and cruiser task forces.

Even without operations in Central America, the navy feels it requires more ships and planes to protect the Caribbean. In the event of a Central American intervention, very considerable forces would have to be drawn down from elsewhere. When former Secretary of State Haig urged in 1981 an air-naval blockade of Nicaragua, the Joint Chiefs of Staff opposed it on the grounds that it would necessitate redeployments of a magnitude threatening the global U.S. strategic posture. Attacks on El Salvador and Nicaragua would be even more onerous, and the Soviet Union would be delighted to see the U.S. bogging down much of its forces in Central America. This, then, is part of the great dilemma facing Ronald Reagan, whose belief is that the loss of El Salvador combined with the survival of the Sandinist regime in Nicaragua would result in a domino effect in Central America, ultimately imperiling Mexico and its oil and posing a direct threat to the United States.

Could this potential nightmare have been avoided? The answer is probably yes.

The origins of our dilemma can be traced back to the Carter administration. Despite their proclaimed concern with human rights, President Carter and his advisers paid scant attention to the emerging Central American upheavals, satisfied that the conclusion of the canal treaties with Panama took care of its Latin American policies.

Even when the civil war in Nicaragua was gaining in intensity in 1978, Washington refrained from showing sympathy to the Sandinist rebels, who then included much of the Nicaraguan middle class, in their struggle against the Somoza dictatorship. In fact, Carter wrote an incredible letter to Anastasio Somoza Bayle, the late dictator, congratulating him on improving his civil rights record. The letter also refused the rebels' private proposals to establish contacts with the U.S. government but agreed to let the CIA station chief in Honduras meet secretly with a Sandinist

leader, an offer that in turn was indignantly rejected: the rebels wanted to deal with the State Department, not the CIA.

Only when Somoza was on the ropes in 1979 did the Carter administration decide to establish some distance from the Nicaraguan dictator and to undertake a form of mediation. With Cuba enthusiastically supporting the Sandinistas, the U.S. reluctance to commit itself inevitably played into the hands of radical and Marxist elements in the rebel leadership, cutting down the influence of the moderates.

Though the civil war in El Salvador was starting in earnest in 1978, the Carter administration showed no interest. A warning, sent privately by a well-connected Latin American revolutionary, that the Salvadoran rebel leaders were the "toughest Marxist-Leninists in the world" elicited no attention.

In October 1979, three months after the Sandinist triumph in Nicaragua, young Salvadoran officers overthrew the regime of Gen. Humberto Romero and installed a civilian-military junta dedicated to the eradication of right-wing terrorism and to economic and social reforms. While the Carter administration welcomed it, the great failure was to give the junta little more than nominal support. Funds and advice for land reform had been made available, but the rightists and the landowners never believed the U.S. had its heart in it.

In March 1980 the most social-minded members of the junta were replaced by Salvadorans of more conservative persuasion, and the reforms slowly ground to a halt. While titles to cotton land were turned over to a limited number of Salvadoran peasants, the second phase of the reform, covering the most lucrative coffee plantations, never got off the ground. Not enough pressure was put on the military and their rightist allies to do away with street terror as a condition for continued economic aid to the impoverished and densely inhabited little republic. Thus guerrilla power grew while the Carter administration, distracted by events in Iran and elsewhere, remained basically inattentive. Suffice it to say that in his memoirs, former National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski does not mention El Salvador even once.

The rest is history. Reagan's election in 1980 persuaded the Salvadoran rightists that they would suffer no pressures concerning reforms or observance of human rights, and that the U.S. would defend them from Marxists and other rebels. Of course, their assessment was correct. In this fashion, the blind policies of two succeeding American administrations have made El Salvador a crucial spot in world affairs, playing right into the hands of the Kremlin and its friends. What happens next will be Reagan's most important foreign policy decision. If he "stays the course" in El Salvador, the United States will certainly face the peril of even greater misfortunes there. O

DEATH SQUAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

group of campesinos [peasants] . . . to tell you the truth, they're not with the guerrillas. . . . They give us a tip about a guerrilla group operating somewhere in Usulután. I'm talking about armed guerrillas . . . you know, assault rifles, pistols, grenade launchers. So we decide a time, the night, the time, the day, we hit them, we hit them but try to gain surprise. So we hit them and we kill them and we capture the weapons. If it is possible to capture one of them alive, we try to gain some information from him.

Penthouse: How do you do that?

Fernando: The usual way. We torture him.

Penthouse: In what way do you torture them?

Fernando: Well, it is tough. . . . There are many kinds of people involved in guerrilla warfare. There are the toughest ones, the tough ones, and the weak ones. The weak ones, we tell them we are going to kill them and they speak. The tough ones, we have to beat them a little bit and then they speak. But the toughest ones, we have to put some blowtorches under their armpits. Well, sometimes if they are very tough—I mean the toughest ones—we have to pop their eyes with a spoon.

Penthouse: Pop their eyes with a spoon? How do you do that? What exactly . . .

Fernando: Why don't you ask the Special Forces? We learned this from the Special Forces in Vietnam. We just pop them with a spoon.

Penthouse: Can you put the eye back in?

Fernando: Sure thing.

Penthouse: What do they do with their

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eyeballs out? How do they react?

Fernando: You have to hear them . . . you have to hear them. There are many ways that people react when you pop an eye from a person. Usually they start screaming, they start yelling, they start running about. . . . Since they are tied to a chair, usually, or to a table, they just bounce their heads around when you pop the eyes from them. Anything else?

***Penthouse*:** After you obtain information, what do you do with . . .

Fernando: With the eye?

***Penthouse*:** No, with the person.

Fernando: We kill him. We dispose of his body in one of the main highways as an advertisement to other guys who are fighting against us. That's the way to tell them that we are fighting them. We used to decapitate them.

***Penthouse*:** Do you have to kill them?

Fernando: They are useless. We already have attained the information we need, so we kill them. It's the same thing *they* do with the government forces when they capture them. I mean, we are fighting a war. We are not playing games here in El Salvador; we are fighting a fucking war. This is a civil war, whether you want it or not. I don't give a damn whether you send some human-rights commission here, whatever. This is a fucking war, the same way that it was in Vietnam.

***Penthouse*:** How many guerrillas have you personally tortured and killed?

Fernando: I lost count. I would say between thirty-two and forty-five.

***Penthouse*:** Now, you're a family man, aren't you?

Fernando: Sure thing. I'm a mechanical engineer, as matter of fact. I have two kids. One of them is seven years old, the other one is one and a half. I love my family, I love my job.

***Penthouse*:** Does your wife know about what you're doing?

Fernando: Sure thing.

***Penthouse*:** How does she feel about it?

Fernando: Well, she feels, I'm not going to say upset, but she knows that if the guerrillas know about my occupation—let's call it that—they are going to try to kill me, or kill her and my two kids. So I might say that she is also a fighter against the guerrillas because she supports me.

***Penthouse*:** Do you feel like a marked man?

Fernando: Sure thing. I feel that if I'm walking today, I don't know, that's because nobody has tried to kill me. But I am pretty sure about it—somebody sometime is going to figure me out, is going to mark me out, and he is going to try and kill me.

***Penthouse*:** What do you think they will do when they get you?

Fernando: Oh boy, same things I did with their friends . . . torture me, try to get some information from me because I'm a head of my counterinsurgency group. Let's call it a paramilitary group. I'm the head of a group that is formed by about sixty members and I'm the head guy. I'm the most wanted man if they know about me. Do you know what I mean?

***Penthouse*:** Do you have combined operations with the government's armed forces?

Fernando: No. To tell you the truth, no, that wouldn't be possible, because we try not to get involved with each other. They know about us, but since we are not a legal group—let's put it that way—we try to stay away from them and they try to stay away from us. We hope in the near future there might be a possibility of making some combined operations, but I'm telling you right now, we are not doing that thing.

***Penthouse*:** We read in the paper about people who decapitate unarmed civilians and dump them on the road, but you claim that your group attacks only armed guerrillas.

Fernando: Well, if we are talking about my group, my *particular* group, well, we've done those things before, but they weren't unarmed people and unarmed civilians. They were armed guerrillas—we have captured the weapons, we are *using* the weapons—I mean we're hitting armed guerrilla groups. I'm telling you we are not a death squad; we're a paramilitary group that's fighting armed guerrillas.

***Penthouse*:** Can you tell us about a typical mission? When do you decide to move?

Fernando: It depends on the tips that civilian people give us. There has been a misunderstanding that the guerrillas are supported by the people. That's not true, because campesinos, or peasants, as you might call them—they are the ones who tipped us about the guerrillas. So we hit them at the proper time while they are together. They are having a meeting at a special safe house or whatever—they call them safe houses, but there aren't safe houses, because the people don't support them, they support us, as a matter of fact. So we hit that house. Usually the head man of the group is useless, so we have to kill him. But if, using an American expression, if you catch the weak link of the chain, there is where the information is given to us.

***Penthouse*:** Let's say these people have families in the house at the time. What do you do with them?

Fernando: Well, we hit armed groups in safe houses, but there aren't any families with them, because it is the headquarters of a guerrilla unit. But in the event that there are some civilians—kids or some women—if they are unarmed, we leave them alive.

***Penthouse*:** Some people charge that Roberto D'Aubuisson, head of the Asamblea, is also head of all the death squads in El Salvador. Is that true?

Fernando: Bullshit. We don't receive orders from anybody.

***Penthouse*:** You are a fugitive, aren't you, from the United States?

Fernando: Sure thing. But now I'm here. I'm fighting my war. I know I violated the laws of the States. I regret it but I expect the American people can pardon me because I'm fighting for my country.

OMNI ON SALE AUGUST 23

FICTION

Dan Simmons's novelette *Carrion Comfort* is a powerful science-fiction horror story set in contemporary Charleston, South Carolina. Three elderly telepaths meet to tote up their achievements—how many accidents, disasters, and personal tragedies they've caused in the past year—and to give a prize to the winner. This chiller makes you wonder whether you're in control of your own life. In the same issue, John M. Ford's "Boundary Echoes" probes the human heart; a musician and a doctor form an alliance to create a highly original chef d'oeuvre. Ford combines science with careful characterizations to create a remarkably moving hard-science-fiction tale.

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SEDUCTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

That night, Arthur Enders, King Hayes, a black model, and I went to Blotto's for dinner. They had spaghetti and meatballs. I had steak tartare.

I called my answering service on Wednesday morning. There was a message from Martha asking me to call. She picked up on the first ring and was brusque.

"I want to see you at ten o'clock tonight at the place where we met."

"The Losers' Place? I'll be there. What is—"

"Ten o'clock," she repeated sharply, and hung up.

I spent all day wondering if her meeting with Arthur Enders hadn't been as satisfactory as described. If she complained, well, I'd tell her she couldn't expect to win them all.

I got to the Losers' Place a few minutes before ten, but Martha Twombly was already there, sitting in a back booth, hunched over a drink. There were a few people at the bar and tables, but thankfully no one I knew.

"Good evening," I said pleasantly. "You're looking well."

She didn't answer.

"What's this—" I started.

"You listen," she said, her voice crackling. "When I fix you up with a friend of mine, I don't want you giving her your number or making dates I don't know about."

Then I was certain she was getting a cut off the top.

"Glenda?" I said mildly. "She asked if she could see me again, so I gave her my number. What's the harm?"

She leaned across the table, thrusting her angry face at me. "I don't want you doing it."

"Look," I said, "I'm new to this game. If there are ground rules, you should have told me before. But don't come on hard because I was polite to your friend."

She gradually calmed, pulling out a cigarette and waiting for me to light it.

"I guess you're right," she said grudgingly. "But now you know."

"Now I know," I agreed.

"I'm new to this game, too," she confessed, though neither of us had named the game. "We'll take it slow, and figure out the angles as we go along."

I nodded. "Glenda was satisfied with the service?"

"I think she's in love with you."

I laughed. "God forbid. I've got a lady at the moment, and she's all I want."

"Are you free on Friday night?" she asked.

"Only for my friends," I said, grinning. "If you want to know if I'm busy, no, I am not busy on Friday night."

"Fine. An old friend of mine flew in from the Coast on Monday. For shopping and to see some shows. She's staying at the Bedlington on Park. She's been going every night. Dinner at friends' homes. The theater. New discos. She's flying out early Saturday morning, so she didn't schedule anything for Friday night. Just wants a quiet dinner, a few drinks."

"Sounds reasonable."

"She wants an escort. She'll pay a hundred for everything: cabs, dinner, and so forth. She just wants company for the evening. Interested?"

"Sure. She doesn't want anything more than company?"

Marthy Twombly shrugged. "That's up to you. I should warn you, she's pushing sixty. But very regal looking. She's been divorced twice. Very smart and very wealthy. She's an investment counselor and does well at it."

"What's her name?"

"Grace Stewart. Pick her up at the Bedlington at eight o'clock on Friday. Don't disappoint me, Peter."

"Have I ever? Which reminds me—how did you and Arthur get along?"

She laughed and drained her glass. "He's sweet, but a little ineffectual. Not my type. But I know some women who'll love him. Let's have another drink."

"You go ahead. I'm fine with this."

She was slugging Scotch like there was no tomorrow, but I couldn't see that it was

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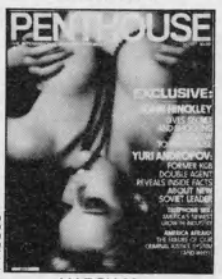

PH8303 MARCH 83

PH8304 APRIL 83

having much effect. Her face might have been slightly flushed, but she sat erect and there was no slurring in her speech.

"You don't know any blacks, do you?" she asked suddenly.

"Sure," I said promptly, "I know a black. Big guy. Part-time actor, part-time model, part-time this and that."

"Think he'd be interested?"

"I can try."

She finished her drink and fumbled in her purse.

"Reach under the table," she said.

I reached, and she slipped bills into my hand.

"Fifty," she said. "Twenty for Arthur, twenty for the black, and the rest for these lousy drinks."

"They don't call it the Losers' Place for nothing. I'll call you about the black. His name is King."

"King?" she said. "And I shall be Queen of the May. I like you, Peter."

"I like you, too."

"My life hasn't exactly been a bed of roses," she said casually. "A lot of hard knocks. But I've gradually developed an instinct for the main chance. I think we've got something good going here. Let's play it slow and cagey. You can make a few bucks and have a few laughs."

I smiled wanly, with the familiar sensation of being pushed into a future over which I had no control.

It was such a grand New Year's party that shortly before midnight a cop showed up and asked us to hold down the noise; there had been complaints.

"That'll be Mrs. Fultz," I said. "Our dear next-door neighbor."

We promised to lower the decibel count, gave the cop a glass of champagne, and sent him on his way.

Jenny Tolliver was there, and Enders and Hayes with their dates. I had invited the three possible recruits, who showed up with ladies. There were three other couples, and five singles, male and female.

The executive-type male model, raffishly dressed, escorting someone else's wife, had arrived half-smashed. His name was Wolcott Sands, and he had appeared in print ads and TV commercials as an attorney, chairman of the board, admiral, and proctologist.

"How's it going, Sandy?" I asked him.

"Surviving."

We were crammed into the tiny kitchen, where Sands had gone for ice cubes to add to his tumbler of straight Scotch.

"You available?"

The model looked at me. "For anything short of murder. And maybe even *that* if the price is right. You hear of anything?"

"A woman I know," I said vaguely. "Her husband's away for a while. She's looking for a quick bang. In and out and no entanglements. She'll pay fifty to someone she can trust."

"Fifty?" Sands cried. "Just tell me where and when."

I smiled, patted his shoulder, and went back into the living room.

The party became rowdier. One of the women threw up on her date, Arthur Enders wanted to Indian-wrestle with Jenny Tolliver, and King Hayes's lady had to be restrained from disrobing. But there were no fights and no bloodshed.

I spoke briefly with the two unemployed actors I had selected as potential recruits, making the same pitch I'd used with Wolcott Sands. Not only did both respond eagerly but one even had a sublet on West Sixty-eighth Street, which he volunteered for his scene.

Guests began straggling away around 2:00 A.M., and within an hour the place had emptied out. Jenny stayed, and Enders passed out on the couch.

Sol Hoffheimer said his wife was having trouble with her plumbing and might need an operation. His younger daughter had been to an orthodontist who wanted $3,000 for the job. ("Probably platinum braces," the agent said mournfully.) And two days ago the transmission of his '78 clunker had dropped out on the Long Island Expressway.

"Sol," I said, "maybe the man upstairs doesn't like you."

"I'm beginning to wonder," Hoffheimer said. "Last week I grossed a grand total of five bucks. You know how? I found a five-dollar bill on the floor of a cab. I was so happy."

"So business is lousy?" I asked.

"No, not lousy. Nonexistent."

I took out my wallet, put three ten-dollar bills on the desk. "Part of what I owe you. Many thanks."

Sol looked at the money. "You're sure you can manage?"

"I'm sure. Drink your coffee before it freezes."

"I've got a couple of little things you should look at," Sol said. He shoved two slips of paper across the desk. "One is for 'Emergency Ward,' the soaper. There's a rumor they're looking for an intern-type feller. The other one's for a voice-over on some cockamamie documentary about the South Bronx. Watch out for that one; the director's a real momser."

"Sounds swell," I said, putting the slips of paper into my trenchcoat pocket. "Thanks, Sol; I'll give them the old college try. Tell me, am I the only client you've got who keeps striking out?"

"Nah," the agent said disgustedly. "It's not you; it's the business. Six million people for every job."

"How many clients do you have?" I asked casually, glancing at the wooden filing cabinet.

"Who counts?" Hoffheimer said. "They're calling me every day, and then they're gone. Maybe they go home to Iowa or wherever. I'd say that right now I got maybe forty regulars—half boys, half girls. Around there."

"Any of them making a good living?"

"Would I be sitting in an ice-cold office

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worrying about my wife's tubes if my people were making a good living?"

"Twenty guys?" I said thoughtfully. "Mostly young?"

"Mostly. Why?"

"Just curious."

Twenty minutes later, down on the street, I took the two slips of paper from my trenchcoat pocket. Without even looking at them, I tore them into small squares and let the pieces drift away on the winter wind.

I discovered, with surprise, that I had a talent for administration. During the next few weeks I accomplished the following:

Set up successful auditions for the three recruits with Martha Twombly. She was especially enthusiastic about Wolcott Sands, the mature model. "A killer," she reported.

Inspected the studio on West Sixty-eighth Street. I found it suitable, but insisted the centerfolds be removed from the walls.

Phoned Martha daily for assignments, set up schedules for myself and my five cohorts, and used both apartments to avoid too much traffic in either.

Visited Martha's apartment every Thursday night at 9:00 to go over accounts, get paid my share, and collect the money for the studs. All dealings were cash.

Remunerated my crew every Friday night in businesslike pay envelopes purchased from an office supply store.

I watched, fascinated, as my income steadily increased. During the first week of February, my crew and I had sixteen scenes. My gross was over $400, with tips. I bought a new raincoat at Burberry's and a suede sports jacket at Paul Stuart.

The woman's name was Betsy, and the moment she was inside my place, she began:

"I hope you don't think I make a habit of this sort of thing, because I certainly don't. I wouldn't be here at all if a certain friend of mine hadn't nagged me. But I certainly don't have to pay a man to go to bed with me, I assure you. Not only am I happily married and very well satisfied in the sex department, but in addition to my husband, there are other men who, shall we say, do not find me unattractive."

"Would you like to take off your hat and coat?" I asked.

She had the shortest hair I had ever seen on a woman. It was a wheat-colored crew cut; a pink scalp showed. Her eyebrows had been shaved, then penciled into thin arches.

"But then everyone seems to be doing it, so I thought, well, why not? All my friends say, 'Betsy is not afraid to try anything' and it's true. If I told you some of the things I've done, you'd just scream. But I feel it's all part of living, and if you—"

"Would you care for a drink?" I said. "White wine? Vodka?"

"I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't mention to anyone that you voted for me."

"No, thank you. And, you must admit, it *is* a new experience. With a perfect stranger. I'm never afraid to seek out new experiences, even though there may be some more dangerous than—"

My eyeballs beginning to glaze over, I led her gently to the bedroom, hoping the sight of the bed might halt or at least slow her verbal diarrhea. But it did not.

In desperation, I began to undress her, unbuttoning, unhooking, unzipping. She was a mannequin, and let me do as I liked.

"The one," she went on. "We all seek the one that is within us—is that not true? That's what life is all about, I feel, and only in the search can we—could I have a glass of water, please? With ice. A lot of ice with very little water."

When I returned with the tumbler, she was lying on the bed atop the blanket. Her arms were raised, hands clasped behind her head.

I had never seen such a *naked* woman. Armpits, legs, and pubic hair shaved. She was as smooth as an icicle.

"Drink?" I said, proffering the glass.

I undressed swiftly. When I turned back to her, she had taken an ice cube from the glass and was rubbing it across her forehead, back and forth.

"Are you all right?" I said anxiously. "Not feeling faint, are you?"

"You do it," she said, holding the glass out to me.

I took the tumbler, fished out another ice cube, began to move it over her brow.

"Lower," she said.

Then I caught on. I did what she asked. Her hairless skin became slick with a film of melted ice. She closed her eyes.

"Everywhere," she said in a breathy voice.

That's what she wanted. That's *all* she wanted. Her skin flushed, her respiration became more rapid. I used up all the ice cubes and went back to the kitchen for more. I had to empty the trays.

Later I brought her a towel so she could dry herself. I dressed, wondering why I had taken my clothes off in the first place.

She was still talking when I put her in a cab. She didn't give me a tip, but I supposed *that* experience had nothing to do with the cosmic oneness.

On Fridays at midnight, when the studs met at Blotto's for a few drinks and some shop talk, the conversation invariably got around to on-the-job oddities. (During these informal gatherings, I surreptitiously distributed pay envelopes.)

Wolcott Sands had a regular who insisted he wear a false mustache and beard during their scene.

King Hayes had a "wife" who wanted only to slather his naked body with Johnson's baby oil. Once he was slippery and glistening, she put on her clothes and went home.

Such harmless eccentricities could easily be accommodated, but as business increased that summer, there were several cases of more deviant client behavior. So

much so that Martha and I had to consider expanding the rules to protect our reputation.

The no-drugs edict was to be rigidly enforced. Obvious drunkenness, of client or stud, was taboo, as were excessive noise (shouts, cries) and the use of obscenities, unless specifically requested by the customer. Making a date with a client independently was grounds for instant dismissal.

The following relations were allowed, to be specified by the client: intercourse, fellatio, sodomy, cunnilingus, and anilingus. Since not all studs were willing to provide the full range of services, the problem became merely one of scheduling.

Sadism and masochism gave us the most trouble, since it was difficult in this area to frame approved standards of behavior. Generally, studs were instructed to accede to their clients' wishes as long as neither party's health or safety was threatened.

Physical violence was to be avoided, particularly if it left marks. Water games were permissible if proper care was exercised, and mouth-to-mouth kissing had to be initiated by the client. Condoms were to be issued and used on request of the customer, as were mechanical devices, such as vibrators.

We had hoped this code of conduct would cover all eventualities, but it soon became apparent that no set of regulations could encompass the full range and ingenuity of human sexual vagaries. For instance:

When Martha said she had a request for a scene between two women and one boy, I was intrigued and volunteered. We both guessed that one woman would be participant, the other spectator.

They turned out to be an oddly matched pair. The younger, Janet, was petite, dark, with a full figure and skin that could not have been creamier without curdling. The older, Gertrude, was tall, raw-boned, with horsy features and hair cut short. Her voice was deep, with a masculine rasp.

Both women chatted easily about the summer theater season on Broadway as they sipped their white wine. Gertrude smoked a brown cigarillo. Janet, with flashing eyes and pouty lips, begged a second glass of wine.

Then the three of us went into the bedroom to undress. I believed a woman's underthings were an infallible tip-off to her personality. I was not surprised to find Janet's bra and bikini of buttery silk trimmed with Alençon lace. Gertrude's lingerie hardly deserved the name: coarse white cotton with panties almost long enough to be Bermuda shorts.

When we were all naked in bed together, Janet said, "Do her first."

Gertrude lay on her back, arms stiff at her sides. The body was a challenge: heavy, muscular, with broad shoulders and hips.

I used all my wiles, and she came alive. My palms slid lightly over ponderous

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breasts, thick waist, pillared thighs. I could feel her flesh enkindle.

Janet, lying on her side, chin propped on one hand, watched intently.

Gertrude's breathing quickened. Fingers rose to my neck to pull me down. I bent to kiss one of her erect nipples and bumped heads with Janet, who was setting to work on Gertrude's other aroused breast.

I looked up in astonishment. Janet was frantic, mouth and hands moving avidly over the older woman's body.

"Darling, darling, darling," she was murmuring. "At last, at last . . . Why did you make me wait so long?"

Janet glanced up, saw me staring at her.

"We won't need you anymore," she said crisply.

I went into the living room, had a glass of wine, and reflected mournfully that I didn't know a goddamned thing about women.

Business was brisk that November. In addition to the three brothels on West Seventy-fifth and Sixty-eighth streets, we were running a small but growing call-boy service. And our escort branch seemed to have potential.

The problem was personnel. I had a work force of perhaps forty studs. But of these, only half were "steadies" who could be depended upon. They included whites, blacks, Hispanics, Orientals, and one full-blooded Cherokee Indian.

The remainder were "floaters," in New York between acting jobs, or drifting away to be married, or leaving hopefully for television auditions on the Coast. They usually checked in with me when they were available, but there was a constant demand for "new talent."

I went to Sol Hoffheimer.

I tossed a manila envelope onto the agent's desk.

"Four hundred," I said. "Cash. Small bills. Count it."

Hoffheimer didn't touch the envelope. He stared at it.

"What am I doing?" he said.

"Making money," I said. "Money has no conscience. A dirty twenty buys as much as a clean twenty."

"You say," the agent said.

"We've got a problem," I said briskly. "We need more boys. Too many are temporaries. I've got to build up my hard-core permanents."

"Hard-core," Sol said. "Ho-ho. That's rich."

"So what I'd like," I went on, ignoring him, "is for you to take out a small, discreet ad in the trade papers. I'll pay for it."

"'Studs wanted'? 'Willing to put out on demand'?"

"Come on. 'Young men wanted for rewarding career.' Something like that. I'll even write it for you."

The agent was silent.

"Sol," I said softly, "you can walk away from this anytime you like. According to my records, you've made close to two grand already. If you have a terminal attack of the guilts, I'll find someone else."

Hoffheimer didn't answer.

"Give me a piece of paper," I said. "I'll write the ad copy right now."

Another problem was that of scheduling. It had become so complex and time-consuming that I seriously considered the purchase of a small, desk-top computer.

Many of our clients demanded a specific time. Others asked for a specific boy. There were several regulars who reserved the same time, same stud, once a week, or twice, or thrice.

I discussed the scheduling difficulties with Martha, and we agreed that at last it was time for the East Side apartment.

"Three bedrooms," I said, jotting notes, "available twelve hours a day. That gives us a daily maximum of thirty-six scenes. I don't think we can handle that with our present personnel, but I think twenty scenes a day is possible, don't you?"

"Of course," Martha said. "That gives us a gross of sixty thousand a month. Half to the studs. That leaves thirty grand for rent, expenses, and our cut. I think we could go as high as five-thousand-a-month rent."

"Heavy," I said, shaking my head. "But I suppose an elegant place would help business."

"Sure it would," she said. "We'll try to get something suitable for less, but we better be prepared to spend."

Oscar Gotwold was a Kewpie doll of a man with a large, round head you expected to start bobbing at any moment and never stop. A comfortable corporation bulged the vest of his pin-striped suit. His hair had thinned to a horseshoe of silver around a polished pate.

The attorney had delicate hands, fingernails beautifully manicured, and tiny feet shod in gleaming wingtips. Shrewd little eyes looked out with some amusement at a corrupt world. There was a burble of laughter in his sonorous voice, mocking his own solemnity.

"In my opinion . . ." he said, looking back and forth from Martha to me.

He told us that the nature of our business, with its high traffic flow, dictated an East Side apartment with a private entrance.

"You want to maintain a low profile," he said, "and minimize the neighbors' curiosity, the attention of doormen, elevator operators, and so forth."

Gotwold conceded such apartments were rare, especially in the size and neighborhood we desired. A townhouse would be the ideal solution, but the cost would be prohibitive.

"Did you find anything at all, Oscar?" Martha said.

But he would not be hurried. After torturing us with a couple of unlikely candidates, he finally told us his assistant had

located a penthouse on the top floor of a modern, twenty-nine-story apartment house on East Eighty-first Street near Third Avenue. Three bedrooms and a den that could easily be converted to a fourth. Completely furnished, including linens and kitchenware.

"You could move in tomorrow with nothing but a toothbrush," he assured us.

The penthouse was presently rented under a three-year lease by a man who had moved to Rome until his problems with the IRS could be resolved. Meanwhile, he was subletting his apartment on a monthly basis, mostly to large corporations for the use of out-of-town executives or foreign visitors.

There were 300 apartments in the building, which made for a busy lobby. Two doormen were on duty during the day, one at night. Security arrangements included alarm systems in all apartments, and closed-circuit TV cameras on all floors with monitors at the doorman's desk.

"Best of all," he said, "the penthouse has its own self-service elevator, so there's your private entrance. You can't go up until the resident of the penthouse identifies you on an intercom and presses a button activating the elevator."

"Oscar," Martha said, "did you actually see this place yourself?"

"I saw it," he said. "It's handsomely furnished, in my opinion. Very modern. Lots of glass and stainless steel. The living room is enormous, done in shades of beige and sand. Good rugs. The three bedrooms are done in different colors: rose, blue, and green. Three bathrooms and one lavatory. Terrace, den, pantry, kitchen, dining room."

"My God," I said. "How much for this palace?"

Oscar Gotwold looked at us with his impish smile.

"Seventy-five hundred a month."

We were silent.

"They won't give more than a year's lease," the attorney said. "In case the owner settles his tax problems and wants to move back. If you take it for a year, I think they'll come down to seven thousand. Two months' security."

"It's more than we wanted to spend," I said in a faint voice.

"I am aware of that," Gotwold said. "But in my opinion you should at least look at the place."

"All right," Martha said firmly.

"Good. And now may I offer a little unsolicited advice?"

"Of course."

"Because of the, ah, peculiar nature of your business, in my opinion you should take steps to disguise your activities if you decide to rent the penthouse. The manager and doormen will have to be paid off, of course. But even with the private elevator, other residents of the building are bound to notice the unusual traffic."

"What do you suggest?" I asked.

"Oh . . ." the attorney said with his elfin smile, "some sort of nonobjectionable business or association that could provide a facade of respectability and justify all the comings and goings of your, ah, employees and customers."

"A boutique?" Martha suggested.

"Oh, no," Gotwold said. "The building isn't zoned for anything like that. In my opinion, some kind of a service would be best. I was thinking along the lines of a school that provides instruction in yoga or an esoteric Eastern religion."

"A school?" I said. "I could teach acting."

"Could you?" the lawyer said. "An acting school? That might do very well. It would account for that busy private elevator. You might even put up a modest brass plate."

"Peter's Academy of Dramatic Arts," I said.

"Splendid!" Oscar Gotwold said, beaming.

So that's how Peter's Academy of Dramatic Arts came to be. I told myself I was providing all those women the opportunity of realizing their wildest dreams and most enigmatic wants. It *was* acting in a sense. And finally I was going to be well paid for my talent, even if my stage was in a penthouse and not on Broadway.

I thought I had the whole world by the tail.

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

have much money. But in this country we're not talking about the kind of poverty you see in South America, where there are no jobs and no standard of living, where people scrape the soil to grow a little corn and then somebody takes it from them. We are talking about inner-city unemployment. But poverty is not hard to imagine and understand. Having no money is not hard to understand; it could literally mean starvation. I think there may be some cases of it in this country, but the existence of unemployment insurance, Social Security, and other social services means that real starvation is not a fact of life here. And I don't think that's looking out of pink glasses.

Now mental poverty, and the depression that comes from not having a job, that's a whole different thing. It's a tough thing, and I'm not unsympathetic. There are lots of people who want one and those people don't stay down forever. They shift. They move to where the jobs are.

Penthouse: Do you think President Reagan and his administration are sensitive and sympathetic to the poor?

Forbes: I think the president has received some well-intended but very obtuse advice. I mean, he's talked about people not falling through the poverty net, but he's been so misinterpreted. He is a warm and decent human being and probably has as big a heart as in his movie roles. But what he's trying to do is so basic: he's simply saying that we must reverse our social deficit spending—for instance, the growth of food stamps and other programs that are now costing billions of dollars and growing geometrically every year. The programs have gotten out of hand. All he's trying to do is limit their growth. Otherwise we'll come to the point where most of what you earn will go for taxes—a redistribution of the wealth. There's nothing wrong with capping great wealth if it doesn't stifle ambition, and there's nothing wrong with redistributing some of it and taking care of needy people.

It's easier to dramatize cases where Reagan's program has worked a hardship—and these cases make for exciting news—than it is to dramatize some guy who is happily doing his job and getting to keep a little more of what he's earning. You've got to keep in mind the carrot as well as the carrot-eater.

Penthouse: What about President Reagan's enormous defense-spending programs?

Forbes: I think [Secretary of Defense] Weinberger is the biggest bust we've had in the Defense Department since his predecessor, Harold Brown. I don't think Cap Weinberger has performed well for the president. I think he's a perfectly nice guy, but he is not a national asset. In my mind he's performing no service for the president, because he doesn't make any hard choices and say to the president, "I think we don't really need an MX missile"—which program, in my opinion, is an exercise in strategic futility. I think we'll have better defense with infinitely less spending and by making hard choices among different strategic weapons systems instead of trying to buy them all.

Penthouse: Do you think we can make do with, say, 80 or 90 percent of our current defense budget?

Forbes: I think cutting back across the board is the wrong approach. For instance, cutting back on the amount of exercises, the number of training missions. Hell, the only reason that our planes, in Israeli hands, wiped out the Russian-supplied Syrian Air Force during the war in Lebanon was because the Israelis knew how to use the weapon. They had hours of training, flying, and combat experience. Our pilots probably aren't half as good as theirs, simply because they haven't had as good training and flying experience.

So you don't cut back across the board. What you cut out is a whole proposed system. For instance, this business of building two new aircraft carriers and their support ships is crap. We already have thirteen. That's enough to project our power where it can stand. If it's war against Russia, for God's sake, those forces would be sitting ducks.

I don't think all that proposed defense spending is necessary. The president needs tougher and sounder analysis of Russia's capability than he's getting sieved through to him by either Cap Weinberger or [National Security Adviser William] Clark.

Penthouse: Are you afraid of the Russians?

Forbes: I'm not a bit afraid of them.

Penthouse: Do you think they want to come here?

Forbes: No, but I think they certainly would like to spread their power—to be able to dominate Western Europe and the rest of the hemisphere.

I think that to minimize the Russian threat would be as foolish as to overinflate it. Remember that the Russians were ripped apart in two world wars. They are surrounded, mostly by hostile neighbors. How would you like to be a Russian soldier marching toward a Western front with Czechs and Poles on either side of you and the East Germans behind you? My God, you'd be shot from behind or from the side long before you'd be shot by NATO soldiers. The Russians have a deep fear, and the only thing that makes them a superpower is their enormous nuclear military capability—that and their missile capability. They're not a superpower because of what they produce or because of their standard of living, not from all the things that have given the United States power.

I don't minimize the Russian threat. All

"I've been fingered by the mob."

I'm saying is, we sometimes get overwrought by it, and thus we can overspend militarily and by defense overkill hurt ourselves and our economy from within.

Penthouse: You've been to Russia and China. What did you find?

Forbes: I motorcycled from one end of Russia to the other, and I motorcycled in China. I certainly had a good reception in both countries. You know, people-to-people isn't the problem. People say things would be different if they could just know each other. Witness the Russian athletes in Kansas the other day getting such a warm reception. It's statesmen tending to national interests and defending their country that's the problem. The people aren't responsible for developing defense systems, but without those systems a people cannot be free. Turning the other cheek may be a Christian ideal, but look what happened to the Jews for many hundreds of years. Now look where Israel stands. Why? Because they don't turn the other cheek anymore. They *punch* the other cheek—they have the military capability. Do you think they'd be free today and have a country if they weren't militarily capable and aware of their danger?

Penthouse: Let's get back to one of your favorite topics. Do you think capitalism is an eternal system, or will it transmute into something else, into a synthesis of today's various political and economic systems?

Forbes: Capitalism doesn't lend itself to rigorous definition. Human nature is eternal, and that makes capitalism eternal. Capitalism deals with the essence of human nature: the ambition either to do better or to do one's own thing—and that's not going to change. So capitalism is a very fluid system. It needs regulation, certain stringent government controls to prevent abuses, to prevent fraud either against the consumer or in the marketplace.

Penthouse: Do you think socialism can ever coexist happily with capitalism in one state?

Forbes: Sure. There is no purity in any system. We have socialism in this country—the mail system and a lot of operations that are essentially government-owned. What's the fire department? It's socialism. What's the police department? It's a form of socialism. But if government has to confiscate businesses to support giveaways, it cuts its own throat. It reduces income. Look at the Scandinavian countries, which were the example par excellence of freedom, democracy, and socialism, i.e., the guarantee of cradle-to-grave security. Much of their economy is now underground as people swap services because they don't like to pay 60, 70, 80, 90 percent of their income in taxes to the government to support all the free services. People are contradictory. We're all contradictory. We don't vote against any of the guarantees that either come from the heart or answer a real need, but we also resent the government taking our income. In a socialist system you can't have competition. The state owns the existing chemical business or the drug business. They control the research. So there's no reason not to do things the same old way, no spur or need to be competitive.

Penthouse: What's the most capitalistic experience you've ever had?

Forbes: Having a *Forbes* magazine jet, which we painted gold and money-green in large letters. We painted the name "Capitalist Tool"—which is the slogan of *Forbes* magazine—on the plane's nose. Once we had Nicholae Ceausescu, the president and Communist party chief of Rumania, on our yacht and he said you must visit us in Rumania. I showed him a picture of our airplane and he saw "Capitalist Tool" printed on it, and I said, "Wouldn't that present problems when we landed in Communist Rumania?" He laughed and said, "Well, we'll probably have to double the airport guard, but I'm not sure if it's to keep people off the plane or because they want to get on it."

Penthouse: Do you agree that avoiding nuclear war is now mankind's most important task?

Forbes: Of course, and I also think it's only because of the existence of nuclear weapons that there's been no atomic war on a worldwide scale yet. The capability of each side to destroy the globe has, relatively speaking, ended direct confrontation of the superpowers.

Penthouse: Do you think nuclear war is survivable?

Forbes: I suppose it will be for some.

Penthouse: Would you want to survive?

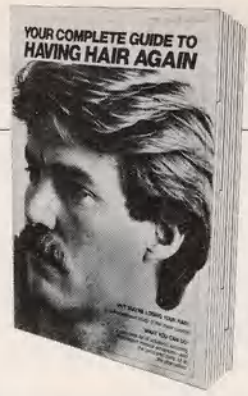
Forbes: No, and I don't think it's a question most of us would have to face if there were nuclear war. I think there will be survivors, but it's going to be a different jungle, like the whole thing beginning all over again. I wouldn't want to come out of a bomb shelter and look around and see here and there a few people and everybody dying of radiation. It's unthinkable and survivability is irrelevant, because I doubt there's anything you're going to want to survive for, with, or about.

Penthouse: President Reagan has been talking lately about sophisticated space defense systems. Do you agree with him that we can have a perfect defense against Russian missiles?

Forbes: I would say this: the only perfect defense is always to have military capability in any area in which we can retaliate—it's the only insurance of peace. I don't think there's ever going to be a perfect defense. There's no such thing as *ultimate* safety, except being up to or ahead of the state of the art.

Penthouse: Well, what about President Reagan's plans to develop space lasers and other exotic space hardware?

Forbes: Lasers, yes. We have no choice, because the Russians are looking into that, too. We damn well better go all out to be the first, and not to have a big time lag when they are one up on us in some of those things. That is a matter of necessity,



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and fortunately the president has given it a full head of steam.

Penthouse: Do you think that nonmilitary spending on space projects should be increased?

Forbes: Yes, I think it probably has been cut back too much. They've had to postpone some of the space exploration shots and so on—because of military spending. We must have the military capability, and that's taking a disproportionate amount right now. I hope that we spend more on the peaceful exploration and uses of space as soon as we can order our priorities.

Penthouse: How do you feel about government support for the space industry?

Forbes: It's an absolute must from the point of view of survival. If there were to be another world war, space and the control of it and the ability to operate in it would be essential in terms of our survival against the Russians. That survival could depend on our knowledge and capability in space. The free world depends on our capacity in space. But even generally speaking, we should be in space. The vast fallout, if you will, of derivative benefits in science and high technology that were developed from our space shots have been of immense value. So this is an area where it is a function of government to be a prime source of funding that is beyond the capacity of private industry. Thank God, we're doing it.

Penthouse: Do you think we'll eventually colonize and live in space?

Forbes: Nonsense. I think that makes for amusing science fiction, just like building cities in air bubbles underwater. Who needs it? We've got plenty of space to live in, right here. Why should we transport our problems of pollution and so on into space?

Penthouse: So you don't agree with Professor Gerard K. O'Neill of Princeton University, who is busy planning blueprints for entire colonies in space?

Forbes: I'm sure there's a value in it for military capability. As for a life-style, it might be fun to spend a weekend in Space City, but it's got no feasible function.

Penthouse: Do you believe in détente with the Russians?

Forbes: Absolutely. We have détente now; we just don't give it the name. We call it the "cold war." Détente is not a warm friendship; it's a standoff, just a mutual agreement that we're not going to wipe each other off the globe and the globe with us. We have to talk with the Russians; we have to reach an accommodation at a level we can support. To have a nuclear freeze now is almost meaningless. It's not that we don't have enough. It's that we want to be able to survive a first strike and they want to be able to survive one. In that name, they want a greater-than-first-strike capability. It's an endless race. We could probably win in numbers but we would pay an economic price, too. Witness our prospective national debt and the setback to our economy, the setback to funds for social needs. Yes, militarily, I think we're doing more than we need to.

Penthouse: Trade problems between the United States and Japan seem to be heating up to the point of real animosity. How do you envision our future relationship with the Japanese?

Forbes: We should remember that world trade is a major part of our economy. Our agricultural exports nearly pay for the oil we import. Some estimate that at least one out of five jobs in this country is directly related to world trade. So we can't take too narrow a concept. The fact is that the American consumer is the one who has made the choice for Japanese products because—as in the case of motorcycles—the Japanese have a better product; you get more for your money. The Japanese took high tech and applied it to their assembly lines, whether it was televisions, or this recorder that we're talking into, or stereos, or automobiles.

After all, one of our most popular and least polluting cars is the Honda. It was the only one that had low emissions, high mileage, and met even California's tough pollution specs years before the gas shortage and years before Detroit tried to compete.

But, as a people we are competitive. Our "Japanese problem" is really a reflection of management, not of Japan as a

"If he smote them hip and thigh, isn't that like hitting below the belt?"

competitor. Our problem lies, in most instances, in our own executive suites. We aren't going to save our inefficiency by erecting high tariff walls. That would effectively stop American growth. The world is a marketplace and America has the capacity to have a very large share of it. We do now and we'll continue to. But where we have lost out, where people have lost jobs, is in companies that didn't know how to or couldn't compete against Japanese products and thus went out of business. The answer to them is not to save an industry that has become less efficient, but to go into areas where we either have a lead or can develop a lead. We are doing that in the fields of high technology.

Penthouse: Lots of people now talk about the Japanese way of doing things. But it seems that Japanese society is so different from ours—it's so homogeneous. Are there really any valid lessons we can learn from Japanese labor and industry, or from their style in general?

Forbes: There's a lot. We're learning from them in the automobile industry, for instance. Instead of having to shut down an assembly line and/or spend large amounts of capital on inventory and spare parts in manufacturing, they have developed a way of bringing parts into the factory almost as they're needed. It's cut their cost. They can get their parts right from their supplier onto the assembly line without the expensive steps of inventorying and storage.

The Japanese also have learned to make "associates"—to use a loose sort of word—out of assembly-line workers. They pool suggestions on how to do a better job and so on. We're now developing that. There is no longer the rigid foreman-worker separation that was the key to American management's feeling: that it was their role to make decisions and the most they would allow workers was to suggest whether paper towels might be better than cloth ones.

Our steel, automobile, and other industries are studying Japanese management and manufacturing techniques. We're going to learn from them just as they came over to the United States and learned from us after World War II.

Of course, we are never going to have—and who wants to have?—the sort of worker loyalty to the company in which workers do exercises at the plant in the morning and sing company songs, and, in general, where the worker's life is the company. That's crap in America. We don't want any part of that life-style. When we work, we give a day's work, but we don't want to make it a lifetime way of life—give and die for IBM. It's a very important part of the Japanese style. It's an ingredient of their success. But we in this country wouldn't want to pay that price. We want to lead individual lives. There, as you point out, because of the density of the population, the proximity of everybody to everybody, privacy is very important. But the community's interests come ahead of those of the individual. In Japan, everybody has to conform. Here that would be a total minus.

Penthouse: Speaking of conforming and privacy, what do you think of the Reverend Jerry Falwell and the Moral Majority?

Forbes: I regard it as an abuse of religious conviction. I think that anybody who thinks that everyone has to follow his idea of what is right and wrong—anyone who sets himself up as everyone's moral arbiter—is arrogant. I have no use for extremists, in any area, who proclaim that what they believe is what other people should live and be guided by. Fortunately, such people are not often of lasting influence—these waves and periodic voices, they come and go.

Penthouse: Inheritance aside, you spoke of your father allowing you to attain the position you have today. Could you amplify on that?

Forbes: He always emphasized the importance of who has the steering wheel. He used to say to me—and it's been my guide in the conduct of *Forbes* editorially—that he never bought stock in a company on the basis of a balance sheet. He always recommended investing in a company on the basis of his impression of the caliber of the guy who ran it.

Penthouse: How would you set out today to make a million bucks?

Forbes: As the old saying goes, it takes money to make money. If you have some money, it's much easier to multiply it than to get the scratch to begin with. If I were starting out as a young man—nothing in my pocket, so to speak, except an education or principally an ambition—I think obviously I would go into my own business. Find out what it is you like, what you most enjoy. It should relate to what you've learned from working for somebody else, or to what you really care about. Look at the people who like to climb mountains that have made money from it. They got in the business of developing light tents, backpacks, and other gear. Every day we see new millionaires in people who understand the computer and the computer software business.

If you have the desire, you can make it in any field, whether you're a garage mechanic or a motorcycle dealer. What you are into you can turn into a good living if you are willing to put in the time and realize that you'll probably have twenty-five-hour days before you're done. You get loads of headaches, but you have the fun of being your own boss. Also, if you can make your business make a buck, you get to keep a bigger share of that dollar than if you're a salaried employee.

It doesn't mean you can wave a wand and be a millionaire. But what do you use money for? Things that give you pleasure. That's what philosophers of economy teach in college—they call it psychic income. You use your money, if you have it, to buy things that give you pleasure. If work gives you pleasure, then you've already gotten some real income.

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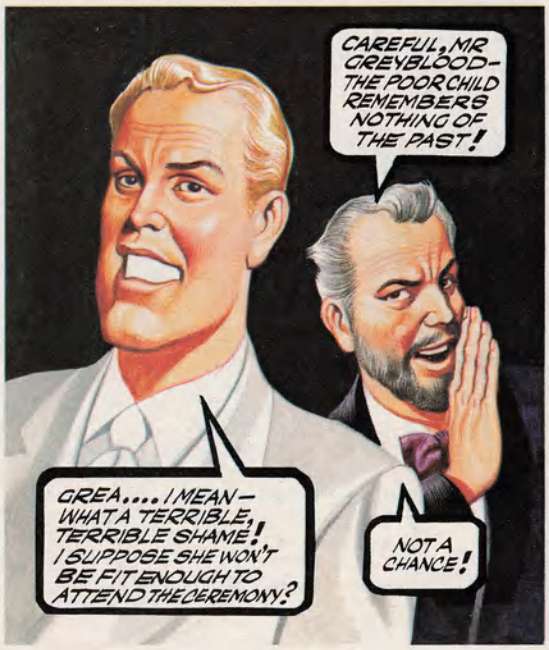
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GREA.... I MEAN— WHAT A TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE SHAME! I SUPPOSE SHE WON'T BE FIT ENOUGH TO ATTEND THE CEREMONY?
NOT A CHANCE!

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IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY AT THE WEEK END!
EXCELLENT! I WANT MY SPEECH READY TOMORROW TO GIVE ME MAXIMUM REHEARSAL TIME

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WE'RE ON OUR... I MEAN— YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY, BILLY BABY!
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I'M RELYING ON YOU TO KEEP 'EM HAPPY! I DON'T WANT THE PRESS NOSING AROUND THIS EVENING!
THE PRESS! NOW, WHAT SHALL I WEAR? DO I NEED A FACIAL AND SHAMPOO?
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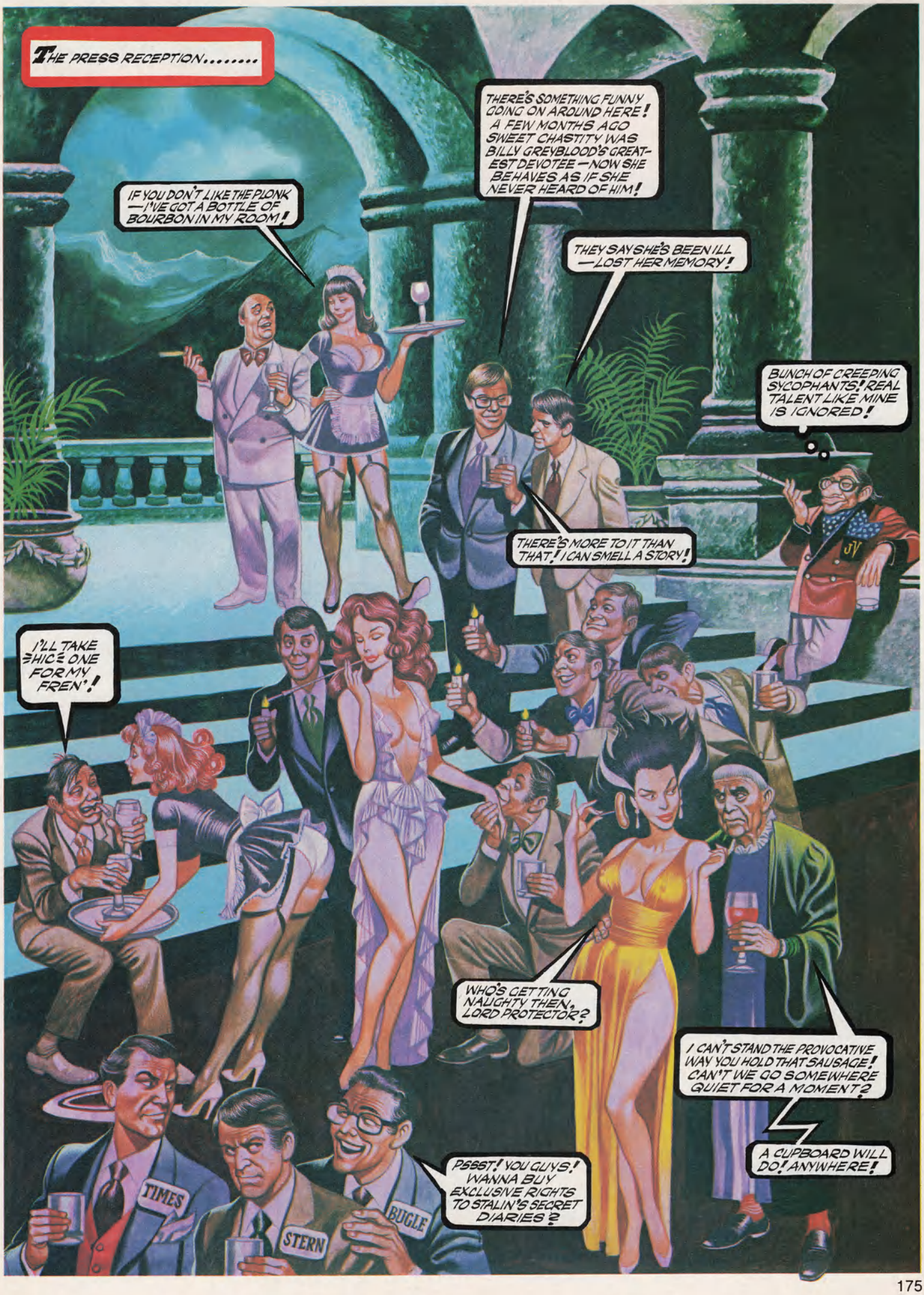
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THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON AROUND HERE! A FEW MONTHS AGO SWEET CHASTITY WAS BILLY GREYBLOOD'S GREATEST DEVOTEE —NOW SHE BEHAVES AS IF SHE NEVER HEARD OF HIM!
THEY SAY SHE'S BEEN ILL —LOST HER MEMORY!
BUNCH OF CREEPING SYCOPHANTS! REAL TALENT LIKE MINE IS IGNORED!
THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT! I CAN SMELL A STORY!
I'LL TAKE THIS ONE FOR MY FREN'!
WHO'S GETTING NAUGHTY THEN, LORD PROTECTOR?
I CAN'T STAND THE PROVOCATIVE WAY YOU HOLD THAT SAUSAGE! CAN'T WE GO SOMEWHERE QUIET FOR A MOMENT?
A CUPBOARD WILL DO! ANYWHERE!
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WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENING?
YE GODS—IT'S WORLD WAR III!
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OPEN SEASON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

- Libel cases must be brought to speedy trial; endless filing and refiling of new motions and amendments should be prohibited.
- The defense costs should be paid by the plaintiff when he loses. This would discourage frivolous plaintiffs from filing suit.
- Put an end to the practice of punitive damages against the press. These outrageous awards are in effect a fine for publishing, and as such are of questionable constitutionality.

If this sounds familiar to some of you, it should. Much of the legislation I propose is in effect in Great Britain. It seems to be working all right there.

Such a law would put an end to the harassment of the press, which has now reached epidemic proportions. It would not be self-serving legislation for the benefit of publishers; it would protect and enhance the public's right to know what's going on. And that, after all, is what the Founding Fathers had in mind when they adopted the First Amendment.

To those who worry that winning such protection through legislation would acknowledge the right of Congress to regulate the press, I say, "Horsefeathers!" Anything is better than sitting around biting our nails and waiting for the next crippling libel award to come out of a jury room.

Corporate oligarchies, fanatic cultists, greedy or publicity-seeking individuals—anyone with enough money to hire a lawyer has a license to go after the press with a libel suit. It's open season on journalists.

Meanwhile, at least one publisher is fighting back. W. E. Chilton III, publisher of the *Charleston Gazette* (Charleston, W. Va.) countersues. James Haught, an investigative reporter for the paper, describes the Chilton technique: "Our policy is not to sit and take it when someone whose feelings are hurt decides to sue us," Haught says. "We don't sue the plaintiffs. We turn around and sue the lawyers who bring the suit, because that's where the irresponsibility lies. If we win a few of these suits, we're going to discourage lawyers from filing spurious suits with no basis."

It is all too common in government to cover an error by silence. When a bold statement turns out to have timid foundations, many an official has disappeared into an impenetrable silence. This escape into the void is impossible for those of us who cast light on others; we must also stand in the light ourselves.

I don't ask that the press be excused from its errors. A mistake, if honestly made, if promptly and openly corrected, might be forgiven. But an error negligently made, willfully persisted in, shielded against inquiry, unretracted or retracted in a sneaky manner—this is just cause for legal action.

IN THE SEPTEMBER FORUM

THE INDELIBLE AFFAIR

Max Perry was a notorious womanizer. Natasha Sarnoff was nonorgasmic with her husband. She wanted Max, but first she got a divorce and toured Europe to get a sex education. Their subsequent affair lasted for two exciting years. Now happily remarried, Sarnoff recounts the grand passion of her life that has left its indelible mark on her lovemaking.

THE LONG SEDUCTION

Bruce Travis claims women go to bed with him too easily. His complaint is neither a boast nor a call to return to pre-sex revolution mores. Rather, he thinks the long-drawn-out interplay of seduction is in danger of extinction. "The teasing, toying moments of esclating arousal and resistance will be lost," he writes, "unless both sexes make a tactical change in ground rules."

HOW I FLUNKED ULTRA-ORGASM

Hoping to get a Ph.D. in carnal knowledge, Joanna DiVicci enrolled in a course on "Oriental Orgasmic Practices." Sex gurus Alex and Ilene Gross promised to teach their students ultra-orgasmic methods devised by Eastern cultures. Hopelessly Western Joanna found working on her bachelor's more rewarding.

FORUM'S FIRST FICTION

"In the topmost bedchamber the Prince found Sleeping Beauty, who had been asleep for a hundred years. Mounting her, he sucked on her lips, he drew the life out of her into himself, and feeling his seed explode within her, heard her cry out." An excerpt from a new erotic classic, *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, by the pseudonymous A. N. Roquelaure, marks the fiction debut of *Forum*.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

DR. RUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

ested. And I would go with her to see somebody. All right?"

"Thank you."

"You're very welcome."

"I love your show."

"Thank you for calling."

"You are on the air."

"Hello, Dr. Ruth. I have two problems. The first one is, well, I'm engaged to my girl friend and I love her very much. Approximately three months ago I went over her house and no one was home and I had sex with her younger sister. Now what happened after that, I felt bad and everything, but since then her sister uses that against me and has threatened to tell my fiancée, to make me be with her."

"Which means the younger sister says that unless you continue that relationship she's going to tell your fiancée?"

"Yes."

"Oh dear. You do have a problem. Yes. And you cannot live with a threat like that."

"What do I do?"

"You have to take that younger sister aside and you have to say, 'Either you stop it—whatever happened happened, I do love your sister—or I'm going to tell your sister.' I mean, don't tell if you don't have to. But if the younger sister continues to . . . Let me ask you something. Is she just trying to break up the relationship between you and her sister?"

"I don't think so."

"How old is she, the younger sister?"

"Eighteen."

"I would really have a very serious talk with her, but a very firm one. Don't show any fear, because if you show fear about her telling her sister, that's showing some kind of weakness and she's going to continue like that. Doesn't she have a boyfriend of her own?"

"Yeah."

"She does? Aha. Did you ever threaten her that if she doesn't stop it, then you will tell him?"

"No, he's a little bigger than me."

"But you know what?"

"What?"

"I would threaten her with that. I would tell her, despite the fact that the guy is bigger. I would threaten to tell him. Don't tell him, just threaten."

"Okay. My second problem is . . . it's not really a bad one, but I'm very truthful with my fiancée and . . ."

"Except for her sister?"

". . . My ex-girl friend calls me sometimes and my fiancée gets jealous, and I have to go and get my haircut by her . . ."

"By the girl friend?"

"By my ex-girl friend."

"I understand. If I were your girl friend, I also wouldn't want you to go back to the ex-girl friend. I would want you to choose another barber. I think you will have to do some shopping around and you will get

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another barber. All right?"

"Thank you."

"Good luck to you. Bye-bye."

"You are on the air."

"Hello, Dr. Ruth. I have a little bit of a problem that I think some people might envy. My husband and I have an excellent sex life and I get orgasms from him that are so good that my movements become so uncontrolled that I end up pushing him out no matter what position we try."

"Hmm. You mean when he is in the male superior position and also when you are in the female superior position."

"Right. Even when he enters from behind me."

"Even from behind? At that time, when you have your orgasm, has he ejaculated already?"

"I don't know. I'm in total oblivion. I don't really know whether he is or not."

"Okay, I'll tell you something. Can you sometimes hold your body movement, not move so hard?"

"No."

"Even if he holds you very tight?"

"Even if he holds me tightly."

"Okay. I would suggest, since you do have good sex, and you do have orgasms, and if you have tried . . . have you tried all of the positions in the book, for example, *The Joy of Sex*?"

"We don't have the book."

"Try that book. That's what I would try first. Try the book, because there might be some positions in there that you haven't tried. If that doesn't work, what I would do is make an appointment at a human-sexuality clinic for one session. Sometimes one session with a therapist—if you need some names, send me a letter—sometimes one session clarifies certain things. Thank you so much for calling."

"Okay. Thank you."

"Bye-bye."

"You are on the air."

"Hello, Dr. Ruth. I have a problem with my girl friend. It seems like wherever we go she's always putting her hands all over me—not like holding hands or anything like that."

"On your penis?"

"Last night we went to a play and she put her hand onto my leg and slowly worked it down to my crotch."

"In the middle of the play?"

"Yeah."

"You know what you do?"

"What?"

"You tell her, 'Cut it out!' "

"I said that and she told me that I'm a prude or . . ."

"Never mind a prude. You tell her that Dr. Westheimer said, despite the fact that I speak so openly and sexually explicitly, and despite the fact that you do love her, tell her that I said that this is not proper behavior. Because, after all, you don't want to sit in the theater with a full erection. And you don't want to constantly, when you are with her, worry about where she's going to put her hands. You know what you do: tell her that it just makes you nervous, because you never know where she puts her hand next . . . I have another idea. You start to hold both of her hands in your two hands. Do you understand? Wherever you go, for the next couple of weeks, you take both of her hands and you hold them."

"She does it while I'm driving, too."

"While you're *driving*?"

"When I have to pull up to a toll booth, then that's what they're looking at."

"That's really dumb, because you could have an accident. Nobody can drive a car with a full erection. I mean, what is your girl friend trying to prove—that you can have an erection in the theater and in the car and at the toll booth?"

"You see, we both live with our parents."

"And you don't have a place where—to be together?"

"Yeah."

"Okay. You have a car. Fine. Let me give you an idea. You make a contract with her that every week when you go out, part of the time—either before or after the theater—the two of you will go to a lover's lane. You close the car and you push the buttons down."

"The whole thing is that I kind of like it."

"I'm sorry, Rachel. Real men don't eat pussy."

"I know that. For you to like it is all right, but still it should be done in the appropriate places. You don't want to get arrested for exposure—and then I have to come to the police station to bail you out!"

"That's very nice of you!"

"All right. Thank you so much for calling. I do hope your girl friend is listening in. Bye-bye."

"You are on the air."

"Hi, Dr. Ruth. This is the first time I've listened to your program and I'm really enjoying it. I'm learning a lot."

"Thank you."

"I hope you can help me. Right now I'm seeing a man who used to be a gigolo and he still sort of carries on that way. I don't enjoy knowing he's being with other women."

"When you say 'gigolo,' that means that he was with other women, or was he paid?"

"He's paid by other women."

"And he still continues . . ."

"He doesn't feel that it's affecting our relationship."

"Is he doing it still, right now?"

"Yes."

"And he wants to continue doing it while having a relationship with you?"

"Right. Frankly, I don't know what to do."

"I'll tell you. If you would tell me it doesn't bother you, then I would say have fun. I hope you use contraception. But if it bothers you, I think you might have to tell him, 'Hey, honey, it's either having sex for money with the other women or having sex with me with no money, just for love.' I don't think that you should just go along with that. Why does he do it? Does he need the money?"

"Sometimes."

"Does he have a job?"

"Yes."

"And he makes enough money?"

"It keeps him in rent and food."

"I think you have to do some very serious talking with this man. Whatever happened in the past happened in the past. That's different. But right now, for you to have to share doesn't seem fair to me."

"I don't feel like I want to end the relationship because of it, though."

"But then you have to take a stand. Maybe he is willing to give up the sex for money if he feels that you really mind and you really don't like it. Will you try to talk to him?"

"Sure."

"Okay. Bye-bye."

The other day I left my office and caught a cab to WYNY. The driver knew my voice from the radio. Nice man—Irving. (First names only!) He was a part-time stagehand with a rival network. He asked me, "Are those phone calls real?"

Yes, Irving, they are real. I may tell people to rehearse in therapy, but we never rehearse "Sexually Speaking!" Real calls from real people.

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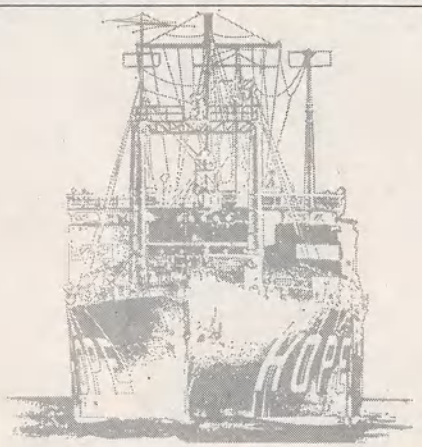

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

when that guard is on some sort of authority kick, and looks at all convicts as a bunch of animals in cages.

What they, and a lot of people in the free world, don't realize or don't want to accept is the fact that we're human beings, and only ask to be treated as such!

I, as a convict, will be one of the first to admit that a lot of what people hear about is either bent completely out of shape or just plain ignored.

There are still things that are happening throughout the U.S. prison system that need to be corrected. I believe that most true convicts aren't looking for an easier prison system, just a better one!—*Richard A. Hodge, Tenn. Colony, Tex.*

I have never spent time in any American prison. But I did have the unfortunate opportunity to spend thirty-two months "inside" in Australia. That was a time I won't forget.

I gather from your recent article on prison guards that American prisons are disciplined and controlled by procedures similar to those used in Australia, and if the United States system is also a hand-me-down from 300-year-old colonialism, then it's way past time for America to allow some modern thought to penetrate the seemingly impregnable wall of ignorance that protects the banal policies that control most of the penal systems in the world.

People are sent to prison as retribution for breaking the laws of their society. Their punishment *is* prison. The judge, when handing down the sentence, may or may not add the burden of hard labor, but I have never heard of a judge sentencing anyone to additional "harassment and aggravation by whatever means are at the disposal of prison guards, whose duty it is to see that the convicted man's life is as close to living hell as possible."

I have once again been sentenced to a prison term, this time by Swiss law. However, here I have seen a somewhat different and more realistic approach to the problem of running a prison. After eight months I have yet to see a guard become the victim of any sort of attack. This can only be attributed to the civilized attitude employed by the guards as part of the psychology involved in their job. The same atmosphere of hostility and tension just doesn't exist in either of two institutions in which I've spent the past eight months. In this country the guards seem quite capable of treating all inmates with some degree of respect, which is no more than the respect that any human is entitled to expect from one another. The big difference here is that guards carry out their function without antagonizing or provoking inmates to the point of explosion just for the hell of it.

Perhaps if guards in other countries could be persuaded to employ techniques similar to those used in some European countries, they might find themselves far less anxiety-prone and might even gain some recognition and respect from both sides of the wall for their contribution to society's process of law and order. They might even be able to produce the more desirable result that a prisoner finish his time retaining his self-respect instead of losing it!—*Thomas Austin, Switzerland*

CARTER AND THE PLO

After reading the dialogue between Russell Warren Howe and Jimmy Carter (Interview, April 1983), I can understand why Jimmy Carter never succeeded in getting the PLO leader, Arafat, to recognize Israel's right to exist.

Jimmy Carter stated that he met with King Hussein of Jordan, King Khalid of Saudi Arabia, and President Assad of Syria, and encouraged those leaders to intercede with and "encourage the Palestinian leader to recognize Israel's right to exist, so that we could begin direct conversations with the Palestinians." How could the leaders of Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and Syria be expected to encourage Arafat when they have never recognized the State of Israel? On April 18, 1983, Israel will have celebrated thirty-five years of independence. Egypt is the only Middle East country that recognizes Israel's right to exist. Jimmy Carter was unable to succeed with Arafat because he was unable to succeed with Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and Syria. Evidently, Mr. Carter failed to provide a quid pro quo to obtain recognition of Israel. Our overwhelming need to buy oil and sell weapons is just too great to form the basis for discussions.

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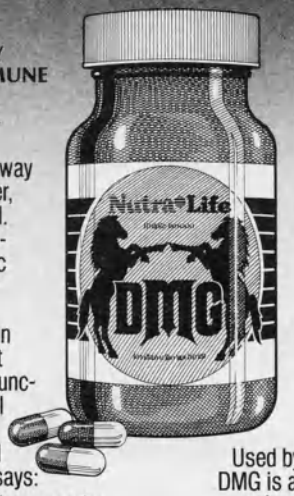
Pipes, T.V., Physician and Sports Medicine, 7 (11) 17-18 (1979), and Med. and Sci. in Sports and Exercise 12:98 (1980).



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Levine, Steve, et al., Equine Practice, Vol. 4, No. 3, March 1982.

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Graber, C.D., et al., Journal of Infectious Diseases, 143 (1) 101-105 (1981).

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Meduski, Prof. J.W., et al., Abstract of Presentation given at 1982 Pacific Coast Biochemical Conference, July 7-9, 1980 at the University of California, San Diego.

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ing the door to peace in the Middle East. Jordan may not recognize Israel *de jure*, but since numerous Jordanians cross the border into Israel daily to work, there is de facto recognition. If Jimmy Carter in his mission of peace in the Mideast continues to brand Begin as the intransigent, King Hussein will not be encouraged to budge.

Let us hope that President Reagan can do a bit of jawboning and succeed where Jimmy Carter left off.—*Edwin Morgenstern, Silver Spring, Md.*

CHILD MOLESTERS

Your article "Child Molesters and Their Victims" (April 1983) doesn't mention one of the most destructive and common varieties of child molesters: men who, behind the mask of medicine or religion, try to make their own circumcised state seem normal by amputating the foreskins of babies.—*John Erickson, Biloxi, Miss.*

MOANS & GROANS

With all due respect, do you really know who your competition is? From your last several issues, I would venture to say that you are trying to compete with *Playboy* in your centerfold spread and with *Club International* in your off-the-wall kinky photo-to-journalism. What gives here?

I don't purchase *Playboy* because I feel that it caters to older, more conservative men who think a woman with two large breasts and a cold beer is sexually attractive. I don't purchase *Club International* because, frankly, it got too kinky for my taste. All the crap about shit blisters, aroma caskets, and coprophagia conflict with my mental image of what a desirable, sexy woman should emulate.

I buy *Penthouse* for "Forum," the informative journalism, and the sexy pictorials; for I am a connoisseur of fine women, if you will. Your last few issues have left much to be desired in this area. In your January 1983 issue, I was overwhelmed at the beauty and sexiness of Monika Schebesta (35-22-35)—what a rare find. Why was she given second billing to Carmen Pope? (38-22-36). In my opinion, Monika was much more attractive.

In your February issue, Danielle Martin is truly a sexual being. Why ever did she lose ground to Loretta Lee Ybarra, your weight-lifting, tattoo-emblazoned professional stripper? Hard-core, rough women like her are not very feminine, to say the least, and can be bought for the night in just about any downtown district. Perhaps that pictorial was supposed to be photographic proof to the I.R.S. that that particular trip to Hawaii was indeed a business trip. And what was that article *America Off Guard* all about?

In your April issue, Marty (!), what a sexual bombshell. Six pages, six pages of unrevealing photos—what a crime! She is a beautiful nymphette with a ton of girlish charm. You treated her as if her cunt was the only sexual thing about her. She should have been where Veronique Jolie was in that same issue. (I thought your centerfolds were the "cream of the crop." With all your experts, there was one photo with the top three inches of the model's head cut off. I don't even have pictures like that in my family photo album.) Once again, I feel I must remind you that two large breasts doth not a centerfold make.

If you continue to try to appeal to everyone, from the perverts who find your article on European punk interesting to the rednecks who find Carmen Pope sexually stimulating to the bikers who find Loretta Ybarra attractive, you will lose me as a customer. I'm damned tired of playing second fiddle to special interest groups.—*Name and address withheld*

The two nuns found guilty of child abuse, featured in your May 1983 "Hard Times," were not "suffering the children."

What Christ said, properly interpreted, is "Allow the little children. . . ."

In the future, please consult with qualified clergy before quoting Scripture lest some little sheep be lost.—*Rev. Darrell Jackson, Orlando, Fla.*

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

more noticeable, and I know from experience that the more gooky she gets between the legs the more she's turned on. Lucy quickly moved to the crotch area and she applied oil all around the bikini bottoms. She started to get bolder and bolder and was forcing Paula in a gentle way to open her legs. All the time she kept brushing Paula's mound and eventually actually slipped her hand under the suit. This was a scene right out of my wildest fantasy happening right before my eyes. I could hardly breathe.

Just then the kids came running up from their little pool yelling and screaming, and our little party was broken up. But not forever.

After the kids had been put to sleep the three of us sat down for a nightcap and to watch some TV. Lucy sat in a chair slightly opposite from us, sitting on the couch. She had her sheer nightie from the night before hiked up her leg a bit. She was constantly changing her position in her chair, and each time she did I/we got a little better leg view. Then she put her knees up and slightly spread her legs. There it was: her beautiful, black, hairy cunt staring Paula and me right in the face. It was hard for us to compose ourselves and I knew she was doing it on purpose. Paula responded by raising her knees in the same fashion. So here was the three of us, all silent, but all communicating and all thinking the same thing.

I had such a hard-on I could barely stand it, but I almost popped when Lucy started to subtly play with her pussy lips right in plain view. Well, the silence was killing.

Finally Paula said her back was sore and she would really like a massage. Lucy quickly got Paula on the floor and started running her fingers all over her. I asked if I could help, so I started to massage too, but I went after Lucy, not Paula. I soon had my hands on her breasts and there was no resistance, so I promptly slipped her nightie off her shoulders and revealed the most beautiful breasts with huge nipples. By this time Paula knew what was going on and we all starting kissing and caressing each other. Man, it was great.

The best thrill was when the girls started to eat each other, and after that they kissed each other and their faces were all wet and slobbery with cunt juice. I look forward to great times in the future.—*Name and address withheld*

DUTY CALLS

I am a loyal fan of your magazine, especially the "Forum" column. It has generated many hours of amusement and pleasure for me in the past. In fact, I usually read each column several times. I am a sergeant in a small police department, and as such have quite a bit of time on my hands. During these times I open your magazines. Like all police departments, our "library" of *Penthouse* magazines is extensive.

Recently, our small airport has been plagued by persons stealing the aviation fuel from the parked aircraft. While sitting in my office, I overheard a woman telling our dispatcher that her airplane was the most recent victim. Since we have put many man-hours in there recently, working surveillance, I figured I had better talk with this woman. I approached, and the dispatcher introduced me to this attractive young lady. Her name was Nella.

I was definitely taken by this red-haired beauty as soon as she was introduced to me. I found out she was twenty-nine years old and single, possibly the most beautiful woman I had ever had the pleasure of meeting. She stood five-four, measured later, and was very physically attractive. Even though she was wearing a loose sweatshirt (from my college alma mater) and old, tight blue jeans, it was easy to see she was a lady of style. She was a fox.

I asked her to step back to my office to discuss her complaint more thoroughly. Once there, I locked the door so the patrolmen could not interrupt. She quickly related the hows and wheres of her gasoline larceny. We easily established an excellent rapport. It was not long until we were joking with one another, despite her financial loss. The situation got interesting when she began to tell me the whats involved.

She had become very relaxed and casual, and while speaking she crossed and uncrossed her beautifully shaped legs, almost on purpose, it seemed. She also had begun to lean forward occasionally, each time giving me longer to look into the billows of the loose sweatshirt at her more-than-ample breasts. The skin around her shoulders and breasts was very lightly covered with freckles. Her nipples were fully erect, not as large as some I have seen, but perfectly ample. My quick, sidelong glances showed her that I approved of the show she was giving me. My cock began to bulge against my uniform pants. Her "carelessness" became more and more frequent. It was all I could do to retain my professionalism.

She then began to tell me that it was lucky that she discovered her gasoline missing or she might have had problems on takeoff. While talking, she had placed one foot on the edge of my desk, revealing a narrow tan line left by an ankle bracelet. She had slipped her shoes off while talking with me. Upon seeing those perfectly shaped, narrow toes with the evenly manicured nails, and the perfectly tanned foot, I knew I had to make some kind of move. I brazenly advised her that I had a foot fetish, and that she was driving me wild. She replied that I should see where that could lead me.

I had heard enough. Her foot was still on

the edge of my desk, and she had a sly twinkle in her eye. I slowly reached out and ran my forefinger the length of her instep. She giggled like a teenager and told me it tickled. I took each foot and laid them on my desk, extending her legs, but causing her no discomfort. I had become so obsessed with the situation I had lost all regard for my uniform, my duties, and my surroundings. What would the other two sergeants say who shared my office?

I was on my knees now, sucking each of those beautiful toes, lingering at each of those toes, absorbing all of this real-life fantasy I could. My hands were massaging her insteps, her heels, her ankles, then inside her pant legs to her calves. She told me she had never experienced anything so exciting. That really turned my crank. She had maneuvered around to where her legs had straddled my shoulders, and she buried her boobs into my back in a very complete bearhug. I was still marveling over her feet, but turned around to place my attentions elsewhere. She helped me to remove her sweatshirt, revealing the breasts she had been taunting me with for the past minutes. It was amazing how her tan and freckles existed together.

I slowly caressed each breast with my hands, giving her nipples the full attention of my mouth and tongue. It was driving her wild. She was rhythmically moving her body, running her fingers through my hair, flexing and unflexing her legs around my ribs. It was driving me crazy.

By this time I could refrain no more. I moved my mouth between her breasts (already missing those rock-hard nipples), down her smooth flat stomach to her navel. I lingered there while my fingers fumbled with the top button of her jeans. She had begun to lightly exercise her fingernails up and down my back, between my shoulder blades, around my shoulders. I finally opened her jeans, and she raised her hips to allow me to pull them off. I found, to my total pleasure, that the lady wore no undergarments, and that her pubic mound was covered with a thick bush, the same color as her hair. Again the tan lines hinted at the pleasures onlookers had enjoyed while she had been sunbathing. I was totally taken by this lady. I wanted to consume every part of her. I was hers.

I began by sliding her hips further forward on the chair she sat in. Once she reached the proper position I slowly began circling her pussy lips with my tongue. She continued her rhythmical movements, using her fingernails ever so gently. Her soft, throaty moans were proof that I was discovering where this lady lived. I began flicking my tongue in and out of her pussy lips, not yet reaching for the clitoris, only hinting of what was to come. I had begun using my hands to gently massage the outside of her thighs and buttocks. My uniform could hardly contain my cock!

When I finally began to explore her clitoris with my tongue she showed I was doing it properly by giving me a short, low

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moan while quickly and gently tugging my hair. I decided to give her the complete lesson. I continued to lick and massage her until her upper legs quivered, my face was completely soaked, and her moan became constant. At that point I jumped up and fought to get my clothes off. My sudden movement startled her, but she quickly recovered, also fighting against my uniform.

She finally freed my cock; then it was my turn for a complete lesson. She kept me standing while she went to her knees. She lightly fingered my cock, my pubic hair, then my balls. All the time she lightly licked the end of my cock. Suddenly she swallowed my entire six inches. She then gave me the best head I have ever received. She alternated between sucking my balls and swallowing my cock. This lady knew what she was about. She slid her hands up and down my legs, between the crack of my ass, up and down my ribs. I could only lock my knees, close my eyes, and enjoy. I found myself lightly outlining the shape of her ears with my fingers.

Just as I was about to pop, I gently pulled her up and got her to sit on the edge of my desk. She spread her legs in anticipation and I drove my cock just as deep as I could. We stayed that way, hugging each other tightly for a brief time. I enjoyed those boobs pressing against me, but I could not wait for the greater pleasures awaiting me in mere moments.

I slowly began to move in and out of her, then back and forth. Whether it was sheer excitement or pleasure I really do not know, but her cunt was the most inviting I have ever encountered. She resumed lightly scratching my back and shoulders with her fingernails. She also added a new excitement by lightly sucking and biting at my shoulders. I was so lost in the totally consuming pleasure that I came before I wanted to. She did not complain, though. Instead, she came alive. She began bucking up and down, contracting her cunt on my cock, then releasing the pressure. She locked her thighs around me, then relaxed them, then started all over. I came and came and came. She finally let out a slight shriek, then collapsed completely against me. Each of us had given all we had to give.

We slowly put my office back together and redressed, all in silence. There was nothing more to say. I finally broke the silence by telling her that hers was the most wonderful case I had ever worked on. She thanked me, then slyly asked if I worked all cases this way. I assured her that hers was indeed special, and it would require many and frequent follow-up investigations.

She replied by saying she would try to do her best to cooperate with the law in any way she could, adding that she would welcome my prematurely graying, uniformed presence any old time. I then led her out of my office, and we tried to be nonchalant for the dispatcher.—*Name and address withheld*

PHYS ED

Last fall I discovered that my future days at my small western New England college, whose name will be omitted, would be ten times more satisfying than summer vacation ever was. Summer fantasies were miniscule compared with the territory covered by my coach. I mean Coach Beverly, the healthiest phys ed instructor with the most phenomenal lung capacity I'd ever encountered. And, oh, could she give head! She sucked so hard and fast and you'd come so much, so often, that you'd begin to wonder if it was still the same orgasm, or just a part of one big multiple orgasm.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday after class the coach would lead me seductively from the main gym into the wrestling mat room under the pretense that she had some equipment that she needed a hand with. Just like the first time, only the new equipment wasn't in the mat room but in her locker in her office next to it.

Our first mat room session was a shock to me. I know my dick went from two to ten inches before a millisecond of time elapsed the first time I saw her. I thought for sure I was going to pop a hole in the tight designer shorts I had worn to impress any female students I might run across. My dick grew harder and sorer through the whole class. My illusions that the coach had winked and was trying to tease me by constantly walking by, brushing my leg, and knocking her double-D tits into my back wasn't helping the situation.

I never thought ten o'clock would arrive so I could go sit in a cold shower for an hour. Just as I thought the agony was over and the coach told us we could go, the pain came back quickly when she walked up to me and asked if I could go with her to the mat room. My buddies chuckled loud enough for Beverly to hear. She reaced by placing her hand on my butt. She said, "You don't mind if I have a little fun teasing your friends." I floated the rest of the way to the mat room. One glance down at those big gorgeous blue eyes was the only explanation I needed for the absence of the equipment.

Under these conditions bluntness is best. I lifted her off her feet and placed her on the mat. A one-piece sweat suit never melted off so easily, and what's even more amazing is that she had grabbed the elastic waistband of my shorts and pulled them down to my ankles at the same time. Sensing that the initial climax was fast approaching, I wasted not a second in entering the cave between her widespread legs. I had barely pumped a second stroke into her body when we both violently exploded in a multiple orgasm that lasted for one half of an hour and left a puddle of sweat and juices. Soon afterward she said, "Since you're so experienced I should run into my office and bring out the equipment I needed you to give me a hand with."

After she left the room, my body dropped to the floor to rest and recover for

a minute. The door to Beverly's office reopened, and out strolled Beverly with a whip and three pairs of leather pants and shirts in her left hand, a handcuff on her right wrist, and the other handcuff attached to the right wrist of my roommate, Harry, naked as a jaybird, carrying a box of various sexual toys.

"Look who I found hiding behind the door with a camera around his neck." Harry was up to one of his usual pranks that he'd played on me since I met him in the sixth grade. But this time he got caught and had to be punished. Beverly undid her half of the handcuffs and tied Harry's arms behind the punching bag. Then she turned to me and took my cock to the deepest, darkest depths of her throat. She positioned it for the chain reaction that would follow the rhythmic slurping noises that were now being emitted from deep down in her throat. Then it happened, a second multiple orgasm that seemed to send a rush of energy from my head to my toes, shooting a cannonball of sperm out.

Harry was busy trying to escape. Beverly and I lifted the punching bag from between his hands and back. For some reason Harry seemed to be the only one to be able to fit into any of the leather pants. While Beverly slipped her legs around Harry's shoulders and placed her juicy pussy lightly on his lips, I brought out the thirty-foot chain and proceeded to wrap them in it, while they made a meal of each other in the sixty-nine fashion.

After fifteen minutes Beverly had decided she'd swallowed enough of Harry to dry him out for weeks. She bolted out of the chains and leaped with wide-open legs to a perfect landing on the head of my shaft. Slowly her pussy engulfed my full boner. Her rhythm of fucking crept up to practically a stroke a second. I was sure to come any second just as the snap of the whip we had brought out sounded the explosion of our juices. Pain from a whiplash never hurt so good. The three of us went at it until lunch with one bondage scene following another. Many sessions followed, and needless to say, all the guys in that class received *A*'s.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Rachel Wesley, appearing on page 79, was photographed by Norman Oberlander with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, Norman strobes, and Tiffen and Hasselblad filters. Suze Randall photographed "The Caretaker," beginning on page 114, with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

fuck and that she was going to sleep for twelve hours.

That has been the story of my sex life up to now. I am thirty-six years old and have loved dozens of women, but I've never come inside a woman's vagina. I last a long time and I leave women exhausted and happy. Do you think my cock was desensitized by being rubbed back and forth between my legs, and that now the soft insides of a woman don't provide enough friction to get me to come? I still jack off the same way I always have, but lately I've begun using my hand, the way other men do. I figure that if I can get myself to respond to less friction, I should eventually be able to come inside a soft pussy. Do you have any suggestions?—A.R.

You obviously did get thigh-tracked. But you're on the right course taking the pressure off by changing to your hand. Eventually you'll stop and settle for a nice, warm pussy—preferably one that has not given birth to any children, so it will be tighter. How about a virgin, or anal sex? Maybe that will help you get started.

SAILOR FAILURE

I am a twenty-two-year-old male and am presently serving in the United States Marine Corps. About three months ago I was home on leave for Christmas and ran into a young lady I once considered my younger sister's friend. She is an eighteen-year-old brunette, weighing approximately 105 pounds. Standing at a perfect five feet two inches, she has a body that I just can't resist.

Well, it turned out that I saw her for the first time in over a year when she stopped in to visit my younger sister on Christmas Eve. We spent a few minutes talking about the past year, and then I asked if she would like to come along while I did some last-minute Christmas shopping.

About an hour later we found ourselves looking at some Christmas cards. She showed me one of them. It had a cow on the outside asking, "Are you in . . ." When you opened the card, it showed the cow finishing with "the moood?" I knew I had to do something since it had been almost four months since I'd had any tender loving care. When I dropped the girl at her home, I asked if she would like to spend Christmas night with me. She was more than happy to comply.

The next day I was at her door shortly before 6:00 P.M., and she greeted me with a half-drunken smile. Three hours later, after a romantic candlelit dinner, some coke, and a bottle of wine, she gave me a real serious look and asked me what I wanted for Christmas. My answer was obvious.

As we were making our way to the bedroom, she told me she was very inexperienced and wanted me to be her mentor/professor.

Well, I was not slow in getting my new student undressed and soon had her gorgeous body spread-eagled on the bed. I told her foreplay was important in successful lovemaking and proceeded to suck on her hardening nipples as she moaned softly. Very slowly I licked and kissed every inch of her body on my way to her very wet and aching pussy. I nibbled on her clit and occasionally probed her lips with my more than willing tongue. Every now and then I would let my tongue run the length from her tight asshole back to her swollen clit.

I continued this action for a half-hour until I could no longer stand the tension building up in my stiff cock. I very slowly stuck the head of my shaft just inside her pussy lips and let it sit there until she was begging for me to ram it into her young cunt.

We couldn't have fucked more than five minutes when I filled her with my hot come. Our sex continued for at least an hour before I realized she had not had an orgasm. I asked her what she wanted me to do in order for her to climax. She said she didn't know, because she'd never had one before. Well, we tried every position imaginable and various other techniques that have been very successful in the past. Still no orgasm. Later that night, when I was driving her home, I told her the only thing I had in mind for the rest of my leave was to give her her very first orgasm.

Well, one week later, and after many hours of tonguing, probing, licking, and fucking, we still had had no response. So it was back to my duties with the U.S. Marine Corps as a very disappointed fellow. Now don't get me wrong. I enjoyed every fun-filled minute of it. But I still feel as if I'm incapable of performing my duties properly. I guess she enjoyed it as much as I did since she now has a commitment to me and is waiting very patiently for my next trip home.

So now I have two months to figure out a way to give her the experience of a lifetime, like I have so many other women in my past love life.

I'm very serious about this and have trouble sleeping at night over it. Sex aids are out of the question. I am willing to try practically anything, but she is an old-fashioned, back-to-basics girl who enjoys fairly basic sex.—L.M.

The fact that you did not have sex with anyone for four months means you must have been out of practice yourself. The young girl is obviously still shy and got drunk for the date with you. After more drinks she was not totally in control of her reactions, and that, combined with the coke, may have caused her the trouble she had getting an orgasm. Many men when drunk cannot perform well either, and some don't come. Coke often postpones the climax as well.

Anxiety can have an effect worse than that of the drugs. You state somewhere else in your letter that most women would

have had two or three orgasms after half an hour of foreplay. Where do you get that myth from? Most women are happy just to have one orgasm. Remember that a woman's climax is not the most essential part of lovemaking. Men are much more orgasm-oriented.

Your girl friend is still very young. Give her time and be patient. Don't make her orgasm the main issue. As long as she can enjoy herself and not feel she is missing out, you might accidentally give her an orgasm. Forcing the issue will only make matters worse, for it leads to self-consciousness rather than spontaneity.

Maybe you ought to read my book *Supersex* and let her read it as well. A bit of sexual education may go a long way. Although you think you know it all, you may be being too rough, or even too gentle, with her. Suggest that she try masturbating, either on her own, by hand, or by means of a vibrator or in the bathtub under the water spigot. You can either let her do it on her own (and watch her, masturbating yourself) or help her masturbate by participating and interchanging that with oral sex. Try remembering how much fun you used to have playing doctor.

GAMES

ANSWERS FROM PAGES 150 & 152

1. SIGN. The sign marks the PENTHOUSE GAMES office, with each letter spelled out phonetically.
2. CHECKERBOARD. You can solve this with pages of diagrams and calculations—or, by an insightful shortcut, in just a couple of sentences. Every domino must cover two adjacent squares—that is, one black square and one white square. The diagonally opposite squares on a checkerboard are of the same color, both white in our example. You can arrange 30 dominoes so that they cover all 30 white squares and 30 of the black, but there will always be 2 black squares left, and the one remaining domino can't cover them both.
3. ESSLESS. There are no essless teams in NFL football or hockey. There is one in basketball (Utah Jazz), two in baseball (Boston Red Sox and Chicago White Sox).

In soccer, the NASL has four essless names: Team America, Montreal Manic, Chicago Sting, and Toronto Blizzard. The USFL has the Chicago Blitz and Denver Gold.
4. DUPES. There are three other duplicates, and New York has all three: (a) Giants: New York (football), San Francisco (baseball); (b) Rangers: New York (hockey), Texas (baseball); (c) Jets: New York (football), Winnipeg (hockey).
5. NAPKIN. (A) Him Russian, (B) Himalayan, and (C) Him Finnish. The man who is driving the car (D) is a Polack waiting for the red light to turn green. (An alternate, and non-ethnic, answer is that he's a Nicaraguan.)

MAIL ORDER

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

BALDNESS CURE?

EXCLUSIVE

THE PHOTOS SHOWN ARE NOT STUDIO PHOTOS. THEY WERE TAKEN BY AN ACTUAL CLIENT AT HOME. THE POOR REPRODUCTION ON THIS PAGE IS DUE TO THAT FACT.

According to the Federal Trade Commission nothing now exists that can re-grow hair on a balding scalp.

Although **scores of satisfied clients,** both men and women, that once suffered from the problems of baldness **are convinced** the formula known as **MEDITEC 90™ was the cause for their regrowth of hair,** their own documented testimonials stating the incredible results achieved with the use of MEDI-TEC 90™ is not what the Federal Trade Commission consider acceptable proof.

NOTE: The actual file photographs shown on this page, photographs of the progressive re-growth of hair experienced while using MEDI-TEC 90™ have not been altered.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

But with the complex regulations binding various governmental agencies, the possibility of *coincidence* prohibits endorsements by any such agency.

FACT: That there is a definite progressive regrowth of hair while under the MEDI-TEC 90™ program is not in question.

WHAT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE REGROWTH OF HAIR?

For the many who have used MEDI-TEC 90™ and experience the regrowth of hair. The daily application of the MEDI-TEC 90™ solution was the cause. They feel, as the following testimonials state, that without the daily application of MEDI-TEC 90™ their suffering and embarassment would not have ended.

"I'm writing you this letter because I must apologize. When my husband ordered your product I was mad. Throwing money away on some worthless product again. But now after about 5 weeks hair is growing. I can see it myself with my own eyes."
- Mrs. S.C.

"I started using your formula at — (a well known private clinic.) Now I apply it (MEDI-TEC 90™) myself at home. The formula works — my hair has grown on the balding areas and it only cost me ⅓ the price."
- Mr. P.G.

"What more can I say but thank you, thank you, thank you." **- Mr. L.M.**

"Besides the fact that your product works...It's easy to use, no odor and not greasy!!" **- Mr. H.B.**

"Your product has done more for me than grow hair on my scalp...It has given me back my confidence..."
- Mr. C.D.

NOTICE

The above testimonials, although real, true, and documented, are ignored by the "ENLIGHTENED" Medical Community in the U.S. because "THEY" state there is no known cure for baldness (that is, no known cure that "THEY" are aware of). However, the European "ENLIGHTENED" Medical Community, not as set in their ways, disagrees and ACCEPTS the use of various "baldness" preparations. While all the "ENLIGHTENED" Medical Communities are bickering about who is right, and who is wrong, THOUSANDS OF OUR CLIENTS ARE OVERJOYED WITH THE RESULTS THEY, THEIR FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND CO-WORKERS CAN SEE WITH THEIR OWN EYES.

If you want to be one of the thousands who regularly use and testify to the success of MEDI-TEC 90,™ NO ENLIGHTENED MEDICAL COMMUNITY ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH CAN STOP YOU.

SEE RESULTS IN WEEKS.

The fast acting MEDI-TEC 90™ Formula will start to work immediately. This exclusive formula will begin to allow the hair follicle to "breath." In 2-4 weeks you will start to see evidence of new hair growth in previously bald or thinner areas. After that your new hair will gradually continue to fill in and thicken.

MEDI-TEC 90™ — THE ODORLESS, GREASELESS, EASY TO USE FORMULA

This powerfully effective formula is easy to use. It is odorless, it is greaseless, and it is easily applied with a spray applicator that is supplied at no extra charge. Simply spray MEDI-TEC 90™ onto the thinning or balding areas of the scalp a few times each day. You will see results. GUARANTEED!

CERTIFIED GUARANTEE:

The only claim the Robertson-Taylor Co. makes is this: For whatever reason, (medical or otherwise), our clients have seen a DEFINITE improvement in the appearance of their hair and scalp.

The Robertson-Taylor Co. stakes its entire reputation on the incredible results achieved by thousands while using MEDI-TEC 90™ Formulations. We urge you not to miss this opportunity.

Our guarantee contains no "fine print" nor misleading terms. Simply stated, if you use our fine MEDI-TEC 90™ Formulations and do not see the same positive results experienced by thousands of our most satisfied clients, we will refund the entire purchase price (We do not believe you should pay your hard earned money for something that does not work.) Again, let us restate: If for any reason MEDI-TEC 90™ Formulations do not work for you, your money will be refunded promptly. There is no reason not to try to better yourself. Others have tried and have been overwhelmed with the visible results. CAN THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED CLIENTS BE WRONG?

Thank you. The Robertson-Taylor Co.

ORDER MEDI-TEC 90™ NOW!

MEDI-TEC 90™ Therapeutic Lotion and Scalp Stimulant
National Drug Code Registration #51729-4490-08
(1 month) 8 oz. $24.50 _____

MEDI-TEC 90™ Therapeutic Lotion and Scalp Stimulant
National Drug Code Registration #51729-4490-16
(2 months) 16 oz. $42.50 _____

MEDI-TEC 90™ Therapeutic Shampoo and Scalp Cleanser
National Drug Code Registration # 51729-4390-08
8 oz. $12.50 _____

Total $ _____

(Shipping & Handling) $ 2.00

Total Amount Enclosed $ _____

NO C.O.D.'s PLEASE. Check/Money Order ☐
Master Card ☐ Visa ☐

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone _____

Mail To: THE ROBERTSON-TAYLOR CO.PM8,
129 East Oakland Park Boulevard Suite 290,
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33334

THE ROBERTSON-TAYLOR CO., A DIVISION OF INTRA-MEDIC FORMULATIONS, INC.

COMING IN THE OCTOBER PENTHOUSE

BOB GUCCIONE

PIA ZADORA: NOT-SO-LONELY LADY

On next month's cover, and in an all-new portfolio of photographs taken by Editor and Publisher Bob Guccione, hitherto unexplored facets of Pia's incredible beauty and charisma will be revealed. One of today's legendary worldwide sex symbols, her sizzling performance as the sensuously daring teenager in "Butterfly" ignited the screen and caused an endless number of fans to return to see her again and again. Next month's pictorial will also feature stills from her latest film, "Lonely Lady," making October's Penthouse a collector's edition you won't want to miss.

© BOB GRUEN/STAR FILE

I LOVE YOU/I KILL YOU

In the fall of 1978 Sid Vicious, star of the punk rock group the Sex Pistols, stabbed to death his lover, Nancy Spungen, in the Chelsea Hotel. Emotionally disturbed since infancy, Nancy had sought refuge in rock 'n' roll, heroin, and, finally, the warped life of punk rock's biggest, and most violence-prone, freak. For the first time since the tragedy, Deborah Spungen, Nancy's mother, speaks about her child's brutal love-death relationship with Sid Vicious. Excerpted from the forthcoming book *And I Don't Want to Live This Life* (Villard Books/Random House).

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

POLAND: 1939

James Michener, whose fictional chronicles have covered areas as vast as the South Pacific, South Africa, and outer space, now turns his attention to a country that even today remains on the front pages. In this special excerpt from his latest Random House novel, Michener explores one of Poland's darkest hours: when Hitler's stormtroopers imposed a reign of terror on the land. Michener describes the heroic resistance of the Polish partisans, who swore they would never give in to the Nazi invaders, no matter what the cost.

JOHN MUTH

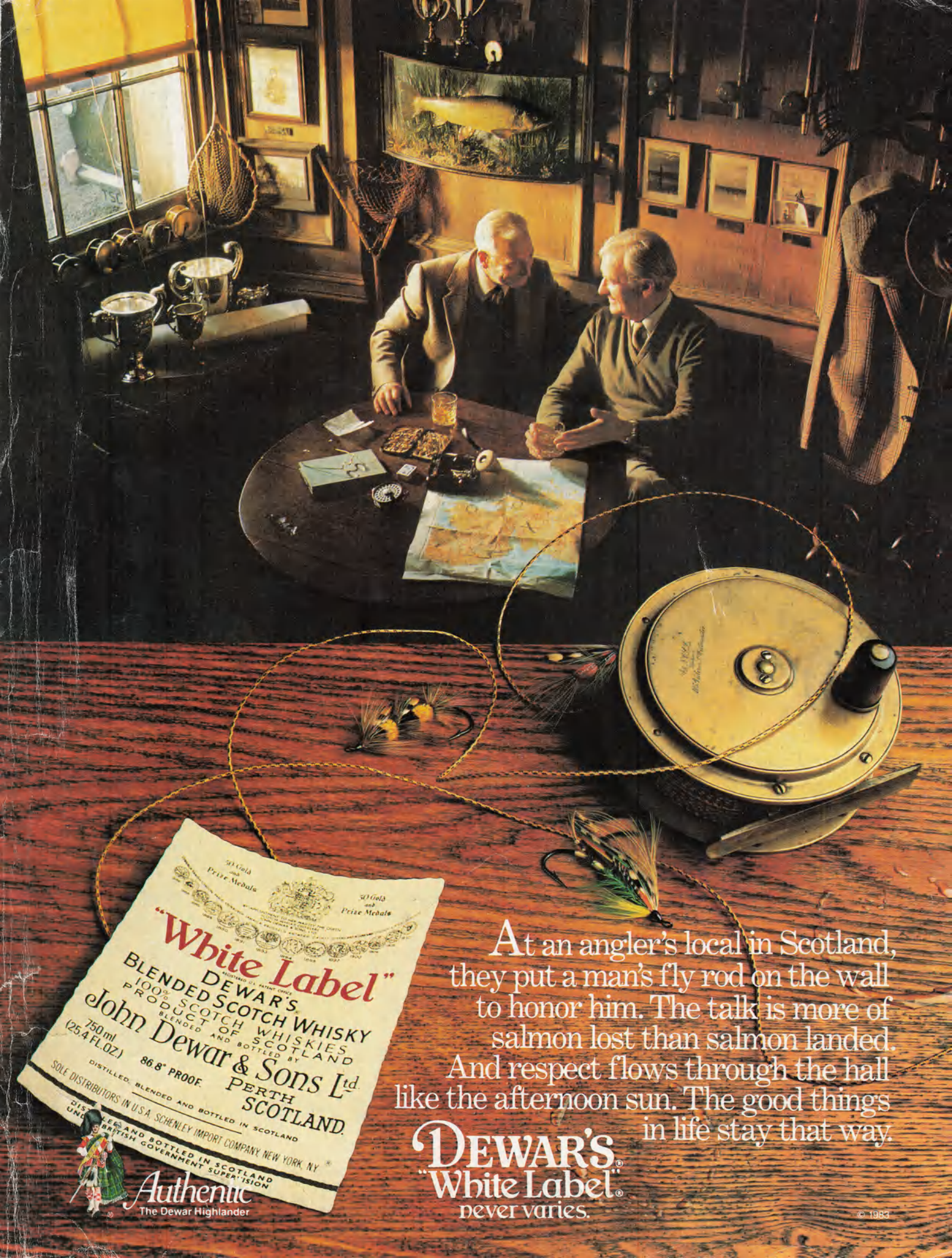
THE COMPLETE SEXENDERS PROGRAM

Do you resent your girl friend's multiple orgasms? Do you have to think about the person you are with in order to climax? Has impotence become just another way of saying "I have a headache"? If so, you are ready to join Sexenders—for those who should quit but can't break the habit. Experience the six love positions that are guaranteed to fail. Pick off boys who try to pick up girls with many great no-fail turn-off lines. Learn how to make love to your furniture. You don't need a lover to be a lover. Excerpted from Cathy Hiller and Robert Hofler's forthcoming book *The Complete Sexenders Program* (Priam/Arbor House).

DIANA WALKER/LIAISON AGENCY

SIMON WIESENTHAL

Forty years after the end of World War II, the recent capture of Klaus Barbie, the Butcher of Lyon, is yet another reminder that major Nazi war criminals remain at large, finding sanctuary in various fascist countries around the world. The legendary Simon Wiesenthal has dedicated his life to avenging the horrors of the Holocaust by bringing those responsible to long-delayed justice. In next month's *Penthouse* interview, Wiesenthal talks about those Nazis he continues to pursue, including the infamous Dr. Joseph Mengele (who specialized in mutilating "medical experiments" in the concentration camps), and the increasing threat of the neo-Nazi movement in America.



At an angler's local in Scotland, they put a man's fly rod on the wall to honor him. The talk is more of salmon lost than salmon landed. And respect flows through the hall like the afternoon sun. The good things in life stay that way.

DEWAR'S®
"White Label"®
never varies.

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NEWEST RELEASE!

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

U.S. Gov't Report:

Carlton Box–Lowest Tar King. No Brand Listed Lower

Less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine

Carlton–Lowest Tar Menthol

Less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine

Carlton–Lowest Tar 120's

Regular & Menthol–6 mg. tar, 0.6 mg. nicotine

Carlton 100's Regular & Menthol

Less tar than [illegible] 160 brands–4 mg. tar, 0.4 mg. nicotine

19th Consecu[illegible]ve Report: No Brand Listed Lower Than Carlton.

Carlton Box 100's

Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine

Read the numbers on the packs

Box King–lowest of all brands–less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.

Carlton is lowest.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine;
Soft Pack and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine;
120's: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.